

Periodical Publications K 3

THE
PLAIN DEALER:
BEING
SELECT ESSAYS

ON SEVERAL
CURIOUS SUBJECTS,
RELATING TO

FRIENDSHIP,
LOVE, *and*
GALLANTRY,
MARRIAGE,
MORALITY,

MERCANTILE
AFFAIRS,
PAINTING,
HISTORY,
POETRY,

AND

Other Branches of *SCIENTIFIC* LITERATURE.

Publish'd Originally in the YEAR 1724.

And now Collected into TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for J. OSBORN, at the Golden-Ball, in
Pater-Noster-Row. M.DCC.XXXIV.

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L O N D O N :

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TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

John Lord Hervey,

Vice - Chamberlain of His
Majesty's Household.

My LORD,



AM E D for being a firm Friend to
the Sciences and the Muses, as You
indeed ought in Gratitude to be,
since they have all, in their Turns,
been so friendly to You, to concur,
after an extraordinary Manner, in furnishing and
inspiring You with every Grace, Talent, and Ac-
complishment, that can adorn the Man of Letters,
the Man of Worth, and the polite Nobleman ;
You will give me leave to approach your Lord-
ship, with a Present of the following Papers,
which, though written for Entertainment, were

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at the same time intended to recommend the Advancement of Learning, Virtue and Politeness, and celebrating those, who were famous enough to be Patterns of each in almost all Degrees of Life, met with a general Success in those three principal Points for which they were intended.

YOU will not only pardon me, my Lord, but be pleased that I have placed your Lordship's Name at the Head of these PLAIN DEALERS as their proper Patron, and assured Protector, when You shall have perused some of the well-known amiable Characters justly celebrated in them by the skilful Pen of a great Genius who condescended to be concerned with me in this Undertaking. Having mentioned a friendly Co-adjutor (tho' I have not leave to tell his Name) who has such a happy Way of drawing Pictures from the Life for the Benefit of those Readers, that love to copy moral Excellencies, I dare go so far as to aver, that You will be uncommonly delighted to find a great many of your Acquaintance, of both Sexes, shining as much in these Papers, as they ever did in Person at the Place where You make so conspicuous and leading a Figure, the Court of GREAT BRITAIN. They shine here, my Lord, in Description with this greater Advantage, that they will appear here to Posterity when in Person they can appear no more; and they will appear for the Benefit of Posterity, the chief Ornaments of which shall be those, that can copy their Manners best,
and

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and imitate their Virtues so closely as to be worthily counted their living Representatives at our British Palaces in future Times.

THE Variety, which is to be constantly met with in these Papers that were daily to furnish out fresh Entertainments upon such a Number of different Subjects, must render the Perusal of them pleasing to a Person of your Lordship's great Taste and diffusive Knowledge, beyond the Books of Essays, which, tho' finely written, are commonly confined to a few Heads; and this the more especially, where the Author shews a Variety of Stile suiting those several Subjects, and always manifests, whatsoever he takes in Hand to treat upon, an Ingenium par materiæ, an Excellence very rare to be found in One and the same Person; and for which Mr. ADDISON is with so much Reason admired. And, truly, if Mr. ADDISON had a great Ability in this Way, our Author's is not less; he shews his Knowledge of Men and Things to be no more limited than the Other's, and is, like him, a Master of the Language and the Styles, in which he expresses them. He is every where remarkable for the same Propriety, both as to Words and Thoughts; He is as refined, polite, easy and genteel a Writer, as graceful and familiar, as sublime and as facetious, as sharp and as sprightly, as smooth and as strong, as pathetic and concise at Times, and yet, at Times, as copious too and as fluent, as learned and sententious, in fine

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as full of all Kinds of Seasonings and Ornaments, according as the Subject and the Circumstances of Persons, Places, Times, and Things treated of, occasionally, require.

TO carry on the Resemblance a little further between these two masterly Authors in this Way, it may alike be said of both of them, That each Essay of theirs (tho' so called by them) is a finished and perfect Piece, a consummate, elaborate Work, and a Pattern for all Writings of the like Nature. It is peculiar to them two, to give a Signification to Trifles, to make common Things appear the most uncommon, by their surprizing and uncommon Turns; by the finest Ridicule they teach Men how to avoid it, and turn our very Follies into Wit; and in Subjects that are sublime, they raise Men's Minds with Ease to Heights, to which they must judge that of themselves they could never be capable to reach, even tho' they put themselves to the greatest Exertion and Difficulty.

IF Architecture, Poetry, Painting, and Musick, yield Entertainment, they lead one thro' the most pleasing Prospects and Enjoyments that are to be met with in all the Parts of those polite Arts and Sciences, and give one from them, the best Feasts that one is capable of relishing. Thus they improve the Understanding to an extensive Degree, and not to a less extensive Degree do they enliven Men's Memories, correct their
Wills,

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Wills, and mend their Hearts. Here are numerous Examples, fine Lessons, for the Lover, the Friend, the Man of Sense, the agreeable Companion, the good Citizen, the well-bred Lady, the fine Gentleman, the Courtier, the Noble, the Patriot, the Judge, the General, and the Prince.

HOW general and unlimited almost are these Instructions? and what Pleasure must your Lordship, who are fam'd for your Philanthropy and Love to Mankind, take in seeing such various Advices, so elegantly written (and mostly exemplified in Persons of Quality intimately known to you) for the Benefit of your fellow Subjects, which all Classes of them, from the lowest to the highest, may profitably apply to almost all the Occasions that can occur in the Compass of the whole Commerce of human Life?

THERE is one Thing in which, with a happy and special Super-eminence, This Author, X whose Name I conceal, differs from almost all the greatest Wits of this, and the foregoing Age, when he writes on the nice Arguments of Galantry and Love. He writes of Love with as much Decency, as a good Divine performs the most solemn Ceremony belonging to it, and yet expresses as warmly, and as naturally, all the true Delicacies and Rejouissances of it, as any modest Bridegroom, or Bride ever felt, that wished to pass thro' that Ceremony, and thought it the

A 4

greatest

X Aaron Hill, Esq.

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greatest Bliss that the Laws of the other World have licensed to be enjoyed in this. Every Thought, and every Expression is masterly, moving, but yet in such a Way, as is most Mannerly and Modest. A Vestal may read it without a Blush, and yet no tender Maiden Heart can bear the reading of it, without chaste Wishes to change its single State, and an honest Commotion. Now you, my Lord, who have so fine and true a Taste of Love, and have made so elegant a Choice of a fair Partner in Life, must be highly delighted with such Delicacies in Writing, that are rare and difficult to be met with. I know of scarce any thing in this Way, that can be so apt to divert a Leisure-Hour, unless I may have leave to mention a Poem that I have read on this nice Subject, most wisely and genteely penn'd and shewn to me by your Brother Mr. HENRY HERVEY. The Author very probably derived part of the happy Inspiration, that vivifies and animates the whole Composition, from being an Eye-witness of the commutual Blessings of Life, that are enjoyed in a married State by his Brother and Sister the Lord and the Lady HERVEY.

*NOW I am speaking of Poetry, my Lord, You will find by several of his Papers, that the excellent Author, whom I am introducing to your Company, has, among his other shining Qualities, an exquisite Judgment, and refined Taste, in that your favourite Art; and give
me*

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me leave to assure You farther, He is too, what Mr. ADDISON was, an admirable Poet, and, like him, excells as well in Verse, as in Prose. Speaking of this, permit me for once to indulge my own Vanity so far, as to tell your Lordship a Secret, how I made a poetical Work of his redound, in some measure, to my own Glory. It was, by prevailing upon him to have an English Poem of his put into Latin (which his own Modesty would never have suggested to him); by which means, without any Design, or Application of the Author, it soon reach'd the Hands of that truly Great and Imperial foreign Sovereign, in whose Praise it was composed. The Consequence of my Advice was, that he received for it, from the greatest Princess in Europe, the Honour of a Gold Medal, sent over, on purpose, to be deliver'd to Him, as from her own Hand. I mention this, that You may know, that he, who has written these Things so well at Home, has added Fame to the Genius of our English Nation Abroad, which will endear him to your Lordship, who are Yourself an excellent Poet, and who, if You would not conceal that fine Qualification in a Gentleman, and could be prevailed on to publish your Poems, would be an Honour, not only to the Age, but to Eloquence, to Poetry, and to Learning itself. When I inform You I have read many of them, and heard many of them read, I tell You, I dare say, a Secret concerning Yourself; and that leads me, with further Delight, to inform You,
what

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what You may now think you have a Right to know, how I came to hear these Poems of your Composing.

MY Lord of BRISTOL, whom one can no sooner see in his happy Retirements, amidst his noble, spacious, delightful Park of Ickworth, but, with a kind of a reverential Awe, one immediately entertains the solemn Idea of that Sort of Person, whom the old Romans honour with the venerated Name, in their Language, of Pater familias, the Father of a Family (just as he appears, on important and extraordinary Occasions, a Pater Patriæ in the Senate-house) entertains sometimes some select Persons, at this his rural Retreat, in the same elegant Manner, as was usual among the Roman Nobles, that had the most refined Taste of Literature, by reading to them some excellent Composition. Accordingly, when he thought he had Company proper for an Audience, after a friendly and hospitable Treat, the noblest Part of the Feast was yet to come; which was not spent, (as COWLEY excellently expresses it to his most ingenious Contemporary and Friend, and our Ancestor, Mr. WILLIAM HERVEY)

In Lust, or Toys, or Wine;
But Search of deep Philosophy,
With Eloquence and Poetry, &c.

More

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More than once, when the Earl honoured and delighted me so far, as to think me worthy to be one of his Hearers, a Manuscript of your Lordship's was the lucky Choice, in which were many excellent Verses happily written on several Occasions, both diverting and instructive. He pronounced them so well, as that it was impossible not to judge in their Favour; But then he examined so closely into them, that he shewed he would have no Applause given them, but what first appeared manifestly and strictly due to their Merit. This made the Pleasure, on all Sides, truly substantial. When every Hearer thought it an Honour to be the Countryman of the Writer, how great must be the well-grounded Pleasure of the noble Reader rightly considering the meritorious Author in the beloved Son? These Recreations are as great, as they are rare, at this time of Day, to see a wise Nobleman (when most are taken up with the Pursuits of Titles, Riches, and Vanity) enjoying himself with contemplating the Hereditary Virtues and Eminences of a rich Mind in his Son!

I have often with Pleasure, reflected on this as an Entertainment truly worthy of that great and good Man your Father, who always lived in Amity, and held (during his Recess from a London Conversation) a constant and intimate Correspondence, at this Country Seat of his, by Letters, with the Lord COWPER, the Duke of
MARL-

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MARLBOROUGH, and particularly with that Oracle of Wisdom the Lord SOMERS; which Letters must most assuredly be as desirable, and as valuable to Britons, if they were ever to be seen, as those of the Tullii, Attici, Bruti, were to the old Romans, who look'd upon them beyond all the finest Histories, and prefer'd them to all the most curious and important Monuments of Learning, besides, of their Times.

AFTER having boasted of this Familiarity, with which your noble Father hath condescended to treat me in the Country, give me leave to address the Person of his Son, shining in his Station at Court.

WHEN I think of You in the Post you now enjoy there, (which was worthily filled by an Ancestor of Yours in a former Reign) I consider You like some fine Picture placed in a good Light to have its Value so thoroughly known, as to be likely still to be removed to a better, and put still in a more advantageous, that is, a higher Light hereafter; and thence I conceive Hopes, from this Post of Vice-chamberlain, as only Preparatory, of having the Pleasure to see You one Day Lord Chamberlain, which the Men of Letters, and the best Poets that know You, must with Joy and Gladness reflect upon, because they can easily exercise that Part usually attending their inspired Genii, that of prophesying on this auspicious Occasion, that they shall then be likely to flourish again, as under a
new

The DEDICATION. xiii

new Lord DORSET. Let me beg Leave and Pardon of You, at the same time, for making one Request to You, as Mr. DRYDEN did to him. Be prevailed upon to publish some Poems, that the learned World may be universally the better, when they come to know and understand their Worth, which only a few private Persons have hitherto had the happy Benefit of reading, and hearing read, with Admiration and Delight. For how many great Genius's would excell themselves by desiring and endeavouring to imitate them, tho' few or none could come up to them? I know great Men do not now try to be great Poets, as they have used to do, and since, perhaps, they are conscious they shall probably produce no Works in this Way, that will deserve extraordinary Praise, very politically would perswade others, of better poetical Capacities, and conclude, cunningly enough, if not wisely, for their own Sakes, that Praises of this sort, are but little worth, if not impertinent, and so discourage an Art, which, if encouraged, they think would but very little indeed redound to their Honour. But as there is no Necessity for You, who are capable of thinking, and going so far beyond them, to content Yourself with confining your Thoughts to Theirs in this Point, and with stopping short, and (by doing Violence and Injustice to your own Abilities) abiding with them in so narrow an Opinion; for notwithstanding the great Vulgar, as well as the small, this will eternally hold good, and be a Truth æternæ veritatis, as well as an eternal Verse,

Carmen

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Carmen amat, quisquis Carminē digna gerit.

MRS. MANLEY *has given a kind of prophe-tick Proof of this in your Family, by a Copy of Verses, which she wrote to a Beauty that Britain boasts of, the Countess of BRISTOL, when You, her eldest Hopes, were but a Youth, and, by Consequence, all her Children, were very young, in Mr. HAMMOND's Miscellany, in which she foretells your Inclinations to that Art of Poetry, by which your several Excellencies would be sure to be celebrated; which has proved as true as what she there says, that all the Graces, and all the Venus's of Mind and Body, would be hereditary to the HERVEYS. Permit me to repeat some of the Lines, that are so apropos to this Occasion.*

Beauty and Wit to all of BRISTOL's Line;
But each in some peculiar Grace shall shine;
Or to excel in Courts, and please the Fair,
Or Conquest gain thro' all the watry War:
With Harmony divine the Ear to charm;
Or Souls with more melodious Numbers warm:
By wond'rous Memory shall some excel
In awful Senates, and in speaking well:
To hold *Astræa's* Scales with equal Hand,
And call back Justice to the happy Land:
To teach Mankind how best the Gods to praise,
To fix their Minds on Truth's unerring Ways.

Thus

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Thus all her Honours BRISTOL's Sons shall wear,
While each his Country's Good shall make his
chiefest Care.

HERE I could shew a Brother of Yours eminent in every different Way, which this fair foretelling Poetess luckily described as severally assigned for them, when they were Children; but I am now writing wholly to your Lordship. I wish I could make the Desert my own, of presenting Mankind some of the admirable Pieces written by You; and I don't doubt but the greatest Genius's who would value them the most, would vote even the Publisher, in such a Case, worthy of a Reward and great Commendation for his Pains.

My Lord, the greatest Honour I pretend to in these Papers, I am now offering to You, is of the like Kind, where, desiring your Pardon rather than Applause of those among them which fall to my Share, I presume to value myself upon no part I have in them, so much as that of having made another truly great Genius exert so variously his extraordinary Talents and Abilities, for the Entertainment and Service of the Publick, which had otherwise probably lain concealed.

THIS, You will say, is being an Endeavourer to deserve well of the Publick, and as TULLY and PLINY took Pleasure, Pride, and Pains to patronize such as only endeavoured in that Way;

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Way; Do You, who are like them in Genius, be also like them in this generous Temper and Inclination, to give Countenance to such inferior Capacities as mine, that may grow more exalted, perhaps, by such Encouragement. If, for what Share I have in this Work, I can pretend to but little Power of courting your Lordship's Judgment in my Favour and Applause, I will shelter myself by a more natural Plea and Address to your Affection, for Countenance and Protection. What Indulgence You cannot grant to me entirely as a Writer, grant to me, as to the Grandson of Her that was the noble and beloved Sister of your Lordship's noble and beloved Grandfather, and withal,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

Most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

W. BOND.

See J. Dunciad, B. 2. V. 118.



THE PREFACE.



HO' such ESSAYS, as compose the following Volumes, are in Universal Esteem, and liable to every One's Observations, yet it has not been my Fortune to meet with any Discourse written purposely upon the Nature of them. The ESSAYISTS are apt to beat the Imagination in Search of strange and exotick Subjects to write upon, while a Disquisition into their own Works, which are capable of affording Matter so ample, seems to be intirely overlooked by Them. In this resembling the human Mind, which while it enters into, and examines the Depth of all other Sciences, seems to consider nothing less than its own Motions.

MOST other Kinds of Writing have, I think, been the Objects of Criticism, and
A 2 Rules

Rules and Orders have been laid down for the Writers of them to Observe; but in this Species, nobody is confin'd; The only Rule that I know, (and it is generally well observed) is not only to go without, but to go against all Order and Method whatsoever. Montaigne, if I mistake not, was the Inventor of it; and He is in all its Beauties and Faults the best Pattern to examine it by. He has a great deal of Wit, much good Observation, and some Learning; but his ESSAYS are wild, rambling, and incoherent; some of them don't treat at all of the Subjects propos'd, and others might as well have any other Title as those they wear: They are, in effect, like Mr. Bays's Prologue, that would do either as Prologue or Epilogue, or serve indifferently for any other Play, as well as that which it was written for.

T H O' there are to be found among the Antients some little Tracts upon particular Subjects, which if they were written at this Time, would be called ESSAYS; yet as they were generally (if we except the Symposiacks of Plutarch) made by Receipts, and done with a View to the Rules, which Orators and Declaimers laid down for such Compositions; the Honour of this Invention must still be ascribed to Montaigne, who first introduced that useful Practice of Digression into Treatises upon select Subjects; and by giving us every whimsical Conceit that came into his Head, has led us as it were dancing after his Morality, much more pleasantly than

than if we walked in the Stilts, or were directed by the Leading-Strings which Seneca had accustomed us to. Montaigne had a great many Followers in France, and some in this Country : But the best, and he that excelled his Original, was La Bruyere ; the finest and most delicate Remarks, the strongest Sense, and the justest Reasoning, all embellished by an Elegance of Style, and a Felicity of Expression, are to be found in his Works ; to which we must add, that the frequent Egotisms, the needless Quotations, the whimsical Display of the Author's Character and Manners at every Period, and other Impertinences which pass upon some for Humour, are not to be met with in him. He has all the Variety, and an Appearance of the Irregularity which pleases, but intirely divested of the Digression and Distraction which confound and disgust the READER in these Performances. In short, reading Montaigne, is Hunting in a Country where you start so much Game as to spoil your Sport ; while La Bruyere gives you all the Pleasure and Variety of the Chace, without the Fatigue of following the Prey too far.

WITHOUT arraigning the Taste of others, I will venture to say, That very little in this Way, worth Observation, has appeared at Home till the TATLER began to retail his Pennyworths of WIT. Several Political Tracts, it is true, have come forth, and some Argumentative Discourses which had their
Shares

Shares of Merit; but did not come properly within this Species of Writing. The Character of BICKERSTAFFE, had it been real, was more upon the Humourist and Whimsical than that of Montaigne; and I believe the Fiction which was seen in it, by being natural, heighten'd the Pleasure which it gave us; besides, the Limits of his Paper prevented his being so diffuse and prolix, as we often find the Frenchman, who for want of such a Confinement, sometimes disgusts us. The SPECTATOR, and NESTOR IRONSIDE, are Characters also excellently well adapted to the Creation of our Pleasures, by our Knowledge of their being Fictitious: For such is our Malignity of Temper, that we can't forgive a real Author acting or thinking oddly or idly, though our Entertainment arises from thence, because we consider him as a reasonable Man, and obliged by a superior Duty to another kind of Behaviour; but we can indulge an imaginary, or assumed Personage in any ludicrous, frolicksome or whimsical Words or Opinions, because we know that he only plays the Fool for our Delight and Amusement, which we grudge him to do for his own. Thus Montaigne's Faults are the Beauties of BICKERSTAFFE and IRONSIDE; and thus Cibber and Hippestly are applauded on the Stage, for what they would in private Life run the Hazard of Correction,

CERTAINLY, writing under an assumptive Character is a fine Improvement in this Way;

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V

Way; and I believe the Novelty of it, without derogating from the Wit, Humour, good Sense, or excellent Style of those mentioned Papers, made up the greatest Part of their Merit: The little Incidents of human Life, Pieces of Conversation, and familiar Arguments, which may be thrown into Writing under such a Character, give it the Advantage of all other Methods: And I am of Opinion it must eternally Please (and the Success of the following Papers, when first publish'd, corroborates the Opinion) if as new Matter is continually rising, some Genius's could be found able to treat it in a Manner equal to their Predecessors. Tho' perhaps, The Stamp Act first, and then the Rise and Multiplication of Weekly Journals, are now such Impediments to a fair Hearing in this Method, as almost amount to a Prohibition of such ESSAYS for the future.

THE Invention of Weekly Journals, was, I believe owing to the Taste which the Town began to entertain from the Writings of the TATLER, SPECTATOR, and others. Small ESSAYS were so much liked, that it was imagined worth while to put a little Wit, and a great deal of History in a large Quantity of Paper, and sell it for the same or a less Price than The Stamp Duty had rais'd the half Sheet Treatise to. The Project succeeded, and we have had several excellent Things publish'd in that Way; some that in their Fame almost rivall'd any Thing that went before them, but
by

by the Nature of their Subjects, ought to be excluded from this Class of Writing; which whatever Liberties Men take, ought never to be drawn into Controversies about Religion or Government, Things that, to be sure, require a more orderly and regular manner of Treating, than is consistent with the Freedom and Latitude of an ESSAY.

BUT, as I hinted before, we have almost lost the Advantage of Entertaining in any other Manner; the Journals come abroad so seldom, that if a Humour was begun, Men would forget it before it could be prosecuted, and the Jest would be lost before it was found. The general Way now of communicating our Thoughts to the Publick, is, by distinct and unconnected Letters to the Author of this or that Journal, and the common assumed Characters are, a Philosopher, a Critick, or a Divine; in these, some important Point is constantly laid down, and as gravely and solemnly discussed. Thus we intrude upon the Pulpit, and seem not to think that to mend the Heart it is necessary to please the Imagination.

THIS certainly is missing the Mark, and these little ESSAYS are written in the truest Taste, when they cloath good Sense with Humour, and embellish good Morals with Wit; when they instruct Familiarly, and reprove Pleasantly; when they don't swell above Comprehension, nor sink below Delicacy: In short, when

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when they adapt the Wisdom of the Antients to the Gust of the Moderns, and constrain Montaigne's Pleasantry within BICKERSTAFFE'S Compass.

I CAN'T conclude without mentioning two Objections, which amongst others, these Sort of Writings, and their Authors, are liable to, the first is, That as from the Nature of their Subjects, it is often necessary they should be Occasional, which requires Dispatch, and prevents that Accuracy, which much Leisure, and frequent Reviews, generally produce in other Works, that in such Cases, to sketch out, or design well, is as much as can be performed, which certainly can give the Mind but a half Pleasure, and so far the Work must necessarily be Imperfect.

THE Second is to be found in Ben Johnson's Discoveries, which therefore take in his own Words.

SOME that turn over all Books, and are equally searching in all Papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet without Choice; by which means it happens that what they have discredited and impugned in one Work, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the *Essayists*, even their Master *Montaigne*. These in all they write, confess still what Books they have read last; and therein their
OWN

own Folly, so much, that they bring it to the Stake *raw* and *undigested* : Not that the Place did need it neither, but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

T H E S E Objections *had not been mentioned, but that we believe the following Pieces stand clear of them; the Reception which was at first given them, encourages us in that Thought, and it is hoped, That from a Perusal of them, the candid R E A D E R will entertain the same Opinion.*



T H E



N^o I.

THE

PLAIN DEALER.

V O L. I.

— *Hoc est*
Vivere bis, Vita posse priore frui. MART.

MONDAY, March 23. 1724.

HEN a *Stranger* comes into Company, the *Whisper* goes round, *Who is He?* and the Face each Man wears, is the Effect of his Information: You ought therefore, to know, who I *am*, that you may regard what I *say*; and then, it is to be hop'd, we shall converse without Jealousy.

I AM a talkative *Old Batchelor*, in my grand Climacterick, of a sanguine Complexion; well-limb'd, strong and hearty; in Stature more than middling; my Face is round and smooth,

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B

my

my Forehead high and open, my Eye-brows are widely arch'd, my Teeth sound, and white; I have a Nose a little *Aquiline*, Eyes black and spritely; my Hair is brown and short, but somewhat of the thinnest, with a Silvering of Grey among it: I wear my Cloaths plain, am a great Lover of Walking, and go commonly alone; I carry a pair of Mouse-colour'd Gloves in one Hand, and my Oaken Stick in the other, instead of a Cane; for I am naturally partial to the Manufactures of my Country, and an irreconcilable Enemy to the *East-India Company*.

My Father, who was one of the *Cavaliers* of the last Century, had a *Dash* in his *Temper*, of what his Mistresses called *Surly*; but he was of frank Heart and simple Manners. There was an unlucky kind of Contrast in his Disposition, for he was Amorous, but Unpolish'd: He seems to have been rather Serious, than Witty; yet he lov'd Wit in others, and was particularly charm'd with the Wantonness of Mrs. *Behn*. That arch Baggage has made bold, in her Comedy, called the *Rover*, both with his Name, and his Character. — Whoever has seen *Ned Blunt*, has seen, not the Copy, but the very *Life* of my Father.

He left me an Estate, rather moderate than plentiful; which I have neither improv'd, nor diminish'd. I was naturally dispos'd to Quiet, and affected to think calmly: For this Reason I have obstinately resisted MARRIAGE. I pass my Summers at *Blunt-Hall*, the ancient
 Seat

N^o 1. *The* PLAIN DEALER. 3

Seat of our Family, in the dirtiest Part of *Sussex*: My Winters I enjoy in Town, where I am the oldest Member now alive of an Assembly, of both Sexes, very numerous and diversified: We meet, twice a Week, at the House of a sober Widow, whom we placed there on Purpose. But, because I delight in Study, and am an Enemy to the Faction and Flutter of the Polite End of the Town, I have my Lodgings in a low-built, silent House in the City, which has a large, shady Garden, and covers the very *Spot*, where, of old, as *Stow* tells me, stood the Watch-Tower of *Barbican*.

It has always been my Custom, To keep a daily Account, in Writing, of my Actions and Observations, even to Particulars of no seeming Importance. By Help of these Notes, I live over again my past Time, and learn Wisdom from my Follies. — I have lately been reflecting, and taken it strongly into my Fancy, That, wanting Children of my own, I should be Every Body's Father: I have so many Things to say, and am so naturally fond of *Teaching*, that I promise my self no small *Fame*, from the Success of my Weekly Counsel: The SUBJECT of my PAPER gave me little or no Pain: My Propensity to Talking required, That it should be *General*, and *Unboundedly Copious*; But the NAME was a *Difficulty*, that I could not easily get over: That *Large Part* of Mankind, which consists of SUPERFICIALISTS, judging every Thing by Appearance, *taste* but coldly of a Meaning which

is not *dress'd* to their *Relish*; and the *Will*, that is too stubborn to bend to the *Fancy*, shall hardly be able to work upon the *Understanding*.

THIS Doubt was so knotty, that I submitted it to the *Assembly*, where a learned *Clergyman* spoke first, and was for calling it the INQUISITOR; He was honestly proceeding to give his *Reasons* for that Name, but was smartly interrupted by an *Alderman's Wife*, who, with Eyes full of Fire, and Face as red as her Ribbands, told him, *That, however the Inquisition might agree with His Principles, it would never go down with honest People and Protestants: — If you desire, (said she to me) That your PAPER should be read by the Friends of the Government, you should give it a sober Name, and call it the TRUTH-TELLER.*

A pert *Coquet*, who sat next her, a Toast, and a great Fortune, burst into a loud Laugh; *Oh! Heavens! cry'd the Gipsy, I shall faint at the odious Formality of that Title! Ah, Madam! How could you be so unreasonably mistaken! The TRUTH-TELLER! — Lord, deliver us! why, the COURT can never bear it! and all the gay World will despise and abhor it! — No, no, if you wish your PAPER to Spread and grow Publick, you have nothing to resolve, but to call it the SECRET.*

FOR my Part, answered a grave Virgin, about Fifty, *I think they would do well to entitle it the COQUET; There's scarce a Fop in Town but would be fond of that Name; for he would consider the PAPER as his Property.*

A FAMOUS

A FAMOUS Critick interposing, remark'd, *That the Taste of the Age was so vitiated, that no Name could be acceptable, unless it were Musical; and the Wind, (says he,) of Modern Arguments, being an Over-match for their Weight, I am for calling it the BAGPIPE. — Oh! much rather the FLUTE, reply'd the Coquet; The BAGPIPE is so filthy, so horrible an Instrument! that 'twould be impossible to bear the Sound of it, unless 'twere introduc'd in an Opera.*

A Justice of the Quorum, my next Neighbour in the Country, and an eminent Fox-hunter, maintain'd, with invincible Strength, both of Voice and Authority, *That it ought, by all Means, since it was intended for Society, to be called the GOOD FELLOW; But he bow'd, and chang'd his Mind, when our Alderman's Young Daughter, who sat at her Mother's Elbow, blush'd, and whisper'd in his Ear, That for her Part, she could think of no Name, that would be so pretty, as the SWEET-HEART.*

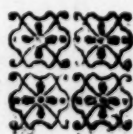
AN Old Maid of the Widow's, to whom, for Pleasantry-sake, we indulge the Familiarity, and Privilege of Impertinence, had been standing all this while behind her Mistress's Chair, and broke out, on a sudden, with an Air of Amazement; *Hey Day! if you must whip it about thus, and keep it constantly spinning, the best Thing you can do is, To call it the WHIRLIGIG.* All the Company laugh'd at the Wench's Conceit; 'till the Critick, assuming a surpriz'd and decisive Air, assur'd us,

6 *The* PLAIN DEALER. N^o 2.

positively, *It must take; for that No Body could fail to expect as much Wit, at least, in the WHIRLIGIG, as in the What-d'ye-call it.*

I was unsatisfied with All This; and having a natural Partiality to my own Character, I bethought my-self of the PLAIN DEALER. The whole Assembly agreed in Approbation of That Name, and gave it, as their Joint-Opinion, *That, Whether it would be generally liked or no, it was never more generally wanted.*

THE LADIES, when they hear, That my Design is PLAIN DEALING, will consider me perhaps, as an Old-fashion'd Fellow, who can have nothing to do with Them; yet I know they will be frequently kind enough to furnish me with Business, and I shall handle them, as often as they allow me Opportunity.—The CHURCH and the STATE I have no great Genius for meddling with; They are either *well as they are*, or will never be the *better* for any Thing I can *say* to them. But the *Passions*, the *Humours*, the *Follies*, the *Disquiets*, the *Pleasures*, and the *Graces of Human Life*, All these I claim a Right to consider as my Subjects; and shall treat them, without Prejudice, in the most frank and open Manner; so that the *Watch-Tower of Barbican* shall again resume its Use, and *overlook* this Antient CITY, for Her *Service*, and Her *Safety*.



N^o II

The PLAIN DEALER.

—— *Ridentem dicere verum**Quis Vetat?*

HOR.

FRIDAY, March 27. 1724.

THREE Enormous Abuses, have grown of late Years to a scandalous Height among us, *Masquerading*, *Gaming*, and *Stock-Jobbing*. They are Enemies to the Civil Society of Mankind, and Destroyers of that valuable Doctrine of PLAIN DEALING which I would so earnestly recommend.

MASQUERADES are the Undoers of Beauty, Honour, and Innocence, and, methinks it should be enough to deter any young *Lady*, if she did but reflect upon this Great Truth, That her Masque, has, at best, thrown a Cloud upon her Reputation, that will hang heavy for a long Time after, and sink her in the Esteem of her former Admirers.

As to *Gaming*, the Sons of our Nobility, and the Heirs to plentiful Estates, especially those who become too early their own Masters, are the Victims of Sharpers, the Prey of those Man-hunters, who form Affo-

ciations to over-turn as many Honest Societies as they can; and only live in Peace together, by being united in a Confederacy to spread Desolation among others. The Heads of our best Families may not improperly be called the GAME of this wide-wasting Fraternity.

STOCK-JOBING is the Overthrow of all regular Commerce, and involves many a rich Trader, in the utmost Distress.

THESE Three Grand Enormities stand in direct Opposition to PLAIN DEALING; and the Province which I have undertaken, demands of me to declare War against them, and exert my best Endeavours to remove them out of the Way as fast as I am able. They grow out of the Obliquity of a Mind, that meditates an unnatural Increase of its own Ease, by diminishing the Satisfaction of other People, and filling them with Uneasiness and Disquiet. These Subjects are so fruitful, that I shall employ this whole Paper upon the *Masquerades* alone, and defer the Correction of the other to a second Opportunity.

THE *Count* of the *ill-favour'd Visage* may be considered as the Leader and Captain-General of these Forces; and therefore, if in entering into a single Combat with him, I am valiant enough to get the better, I doubt not but the Army under his Command will pull off their Masques, in Respect to my Victory, and not be ashamed to shew their Faces, when they appear on the side that is uppermost.

THEY

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THEY who lay *Masques* to the *Count's* Charge, have accounted for it very pleasantly, and will have it to be a politick Undertaking. He ought, say they, by the Laws of Sympathy to have Regard to a Vizor, since his *natural* Countenance bears such Resemblance to those *artificial* ones, that the only means in his Power to look like a *Man*, was to teach every Man to look like a *Monster*.

BUT I am not in a Humour to content my self with such abstracted Speculations, which appear to me to be artfully framed on purpose to *excuse* a Man they pretend to find fault with. It is true, they make a Jest of the Person, but they throw a *Masque* over the Mind, which ought certainly to be most chastised. I dare swear for the *Count*, it is not his nature to be angry with any Body, that, by handling his *Face* a little *freely*, gives him a *handsome* Opportunity for handling the *Pockets* of other People. Greater Statesmen than *He*, have been contented to look *silly* for a *wise* End, and to become the Jest of the People, when they have been sure of an *Equivalent*. This makes me afraid that these Waggs, who speak of him with so much seeming Smartness, are his Friends at the bottom, and I doubt, if the Truth were known, he has bribed them to be of his Party by letting them now and then, into the *Secrets* of *Masquerading*.

I MUST therefore take leave to look a little seriously into this Matter, and I am afraid we
shall

shall find, That the *Count* has not so much a Design to make Persons of Quality with their Masques on, look like the *Count*, as to make the *Count* look like Persons of Quality with their Masques off.

SEVERAL Clergymen, some Bishops, and other grave Personages, have thought this a Matter of *Importance* enough to take Notice of as well as I; but still, it seems, the *Count* is secretly resolved to have Wit enough to take no notice of any of us. It must be allowed indeed, That he is a Person of uncommon Parts, to stand Proof against the Reasoning of so many Learned, and Great Men, without being in the least convinced or perswaded.

BUT, tho' this Power, of resisting the Force of so many Eloquent Reasoners, proves him a Prodigy in *Genius*, and demonstrates him to have a world of Wit, yet I would not have him forget, that there is *some* Merit also, in *Modesty*. If a Clergyman or a Bishop, give their Opinions against him, he thinks it sufficient to shrug his Shoulders, and say, grinning in his own Defence, That he wonders they should make such a Bustle, *for that a Domine, a Cassock, and a Mitre, are the most common Masques in Fashion*. This raises a loud Laugh, and he comes off cleverly among the *young Fellows*; but he must not imagine to escape so with Persons of *my* Gravity.

SEVERAL old Counsellors of State, and at Law, grave Physicians, ancient Citizens, and worthy Country Gentlemen, just come up with their

their Wives and Daughters, to pay a Visit to the Town, have all complained of him in their Turns, and met with no better Quarter, and notwithstanding all they can say to the contrary, he has continued to carry on his Shew with very successful Raillery: I expect that he will give *me* my Share of his Taunts among the rest; but I have as little Taste for his *Wit*, as I have for his *Sweetmeats*; and to deal plainly with him, I am in no such merry Vein, as he may think, when I tell him this unwelcome Truth, That the Effects of *Masquerades*, are very serious Things to Husbands, and Fathers, tho' they are Jokes to him and to *some*, who are pleas'd to support him. I must, therefore, desire him to lay aside his *Wit*, and consider, with a little *Wisdom*, whether He may not be in Danger of falling hereafter into the Clutches of a certain dark Enemy, who is now his Friend in *Masquerade*, and who will not be so easily eluded.

He may recollect, if he pleases, in one of the *Masquerades*, a strange Spectacle, like a Man, whom he took, at first, to have a Vizard on, but found upon a more narrow Examination to have exactly the Lineaments of his own Face, the same Shape, the same Air, the same Gait, the same Cloaths, as himself, and his very Wig of the same Colour, and hanging with the Fore-top on one Tip of the Ear, just like his own: He may remember, that this ghastly Mimick, constantly attended him, that whole Night, did every thing that he did;
said

said every thing he said; and went to every Place where he went: He may remember, that he was struck with a terrible Panick, and did not know what to think of this uninvited Companion of his, but took him, sometimes, for a meer Mimick; sometimes for a Spectre, but at last he was convinced, that it cou'd be no other, than the *Devil*, which a great many *well-meaning* People believ'd was certainly the Truth: and he very well knows, that he, and his Companion, were easily mistaken for one another, and that no body at last could well tell which was the *Count*, and which was the *Devil*.

THO' the *Count*, as the Phrase goes of him, looks *bad* enough at the *best*, he was remark'd to look much worse after this Vision, than at any time before: He was for many Days much dejected, and profoundly pensive and melancholy, and the terrible Apprehensions he was under, caused a visible Increase of Wrinkles, and furrow'd him into such Frightfulness, that if ever he went to *take Coach*, the *Horses* wou'd start, and run away from him.— But one Day, above the rest, when he was deep in the doleful Mood, an airy young Fellow hearing him say, He intended to have no more *Masquerades*, got out of him the *Secret* of his *Disorder*: This Youth who was afraid, that if that Diversion discontinued, he should not succeed with a Lady, for whose sake He was us'd to *hide* his *Face*, that he might charm her, with less Difficulty, found an Expedient to

N^o 2. *The PLAIN DEALER:* 13

to free the *Count* from his Fears, and made him believe, that it was a *Trick* of the *Prince de Monte Aspero*. But the poor *Count* is imposed on, if he gives Credit to that fictitious Story, and might have been better advertis'd of the Truth, if he had only had an Eye to the *Club-Foot*, which stood out, and plainly shew'd his Companion, as several innocent Spectators then present could testify. Besides, as a *Poet*, who would preserve *Probability*, could produce no Body proper to personate *Amphitryon* but *Jupiter*, nor to mimick *Sofia* to the Life but *Mercury*; so the *Count*, if he reflects sufficiently, upon his Person, Parts, and Qualities, must of necessity be convinc'd, in his Mind, that since nothing *Human* could so exactly resemble him, It *must* be, at least, a *Cacodæmon*.

UPON the whole, if he lay this seriously to heart, as I hope he will, he will lay aside jesting, become a true Penitent, and take the good Time of *Lent* to consider, Whether it will not be proper to quit all Thoughts of *Masquerading*, for fear that Ghastly Figure that once took his Person upon him, shou'd the next Time, *take off* his Person.



N^o III.

The PLAIN DEALER.

— *Non est mortale quod optas.* OVID.
 — *dicique beatus*
Ante Obitum Nemo supremaq; funera possit.

MONDAY, March 30, 1724.

SO weak is the *Frailty* of Human Nature, that we can never be too *secure*, tho' *arm'd* with the sublimest *Vertue*, against the repeated *Attacks* of so many *Passions*, as constantly besiege us; and, tho' the Garrison of the Mind may be never so well provided with all Means of Resistance, the greatest of *Qualities*, *Vertues*, and *Perfections*, that our Nature is capable of attaining; nevertheless *Treachery*, within, *Force* or *Stratagem*, from without, may surprize and defeat us: An Example of which Infirmary the following *Story* will furnish the Reader, and teach him, of all Things, to avoid, what is call'd *Spiritual Pride*, That Contempt of another for not being so good, as himself, when he sees how, in an Instant, the greatest Piety and Religion, may be chang'd, (by indulging only one dangerous *Passion*) into the other Extream of *Wickedness*; so that

we

we may apply to the Lubricity of Human Vertue, what a wise Man of Greece, said of *Happiness*, That it can never be determin'd, 'till Death.

IN the following *Story*, which is true, as to Fact, I shall be obliged to *disguise* some *Circumstances* of Time and Place, to prevent the unfortunate Subject of this *Paper*, or his *Family*, from being known, so that it will be enough to inform the *Reader*, That, less than half an *Age* ago, there liv'd a certain Gentleman, of good *Birth* and *Fortune*, who had polish'd, and finish'd, a Learned Education by the Improvement of a *Camp*, and a *Court*; in Both which He spent some Time; when about the Thirtieth Year of his Age, he thought fit to settle himself in the World, and change his *Condition*, by chusing a Partner of *Life*, whose *Mind* was as well Adorn'd, as her *Person* was Engaging: This happy *Couple* spent Five Years together, in perfect Felicity; the *Husband* with Reputation, as well as Fortune, and the *Wife* with Vertue, not inferior to her Beauty.

BUT what crown'd all their *Bliss*, was, That mutual *Esteem* they had contracted for one another; in this time they had two or three *Children*, who all dy'd in their Infancy: And now, it pleas'd Heaven to snatch, from this *happy* Man, the only Joy and Comfort of his *Life*; his Charming Spouse died, and left him not only an inconsolable, but almost distracted, *Widower*: When the first Emotions
of

of *Grief* were over, he retir'd, from his own *House*, to a little Farm, in another *Country*, where no *Object* should come in his way, to revive in his Memory the *Loss* of his lamented *Wife*: Here he spent two Years, which led him into the Thirty Eighth of his *Life*: this Time he divided between his Studies and Devotion; being *Religious* from his very Infancy: Which natural *Piety* was, now, so much increas'd, by his late Loss, that at last he resolv'd to quit his Native Country, and to retire into a *Convent*, being born, and bred in the Roman Catholick Communion.

THIS Resolution was no sooner known to his Friends, but they endeavour'd to *divert* it, by all manner of *Persuasions* and *Arguments*; by remonstrating to him, That he was, now, in the Flower of his Age, and blest with a plentiful *Fortune* to give him all the Comforts and Pleasures of *Life*; that it would be unjust, thus, to fling himself away, not only to himself, but his Friends and Family, to whom he ow'd the Debt, which he had contracted, for Posterity to continue his Name: They told him, That he had paid all the Tribute to the Memory of his deceas'd Wife, that the Laws of Honour, Decency, and the Obligations of a good Husband required; that he was now at Liberty to make another Choice; that one good Woman was not a Phoenix, but that others of the same Species might be found, to make him as happy as before.

THESE

THESE Arguments, tho' back'd with Reason, were all ineffectual; he was deaf to every Remonstrance; and pass'd over into *Flanders*, where he plac'd himself, at first, as Pensioner in a Religious House; and liv'd with the same Strictness, that even the Rules of that Order requir'd from those, who were under Vows of such Austerities; nor did he receive more Edification from the Example of others, than he gave by his own.

AFTER a Life led, for some time, with the greatest Esteem and Reputation, he communicated to the Superiors of the House, his ardent Desire of being receiv'd into their Society: The good Fathers, tho' inwardly pleas'd with the Honour of having so excellent a Person, in their Order, did not receive his Proposal with that Chearfulness, which he expected: Their Prudence suggested to them, that he was yet too young a Man, to be really, upon good Grounds, disgusted with the World, into the Love of which he lay under great Temptations of relapsing, by reason of that large Fortune, which could furnish Means of enjoying those Pleasures, which he must now for ever abandon; and the Loss of which, if he should repent his Vows, would make him as miserable, as he propos'd to himself to be happy: They conjur'd him, at the same time, strictly to search his own Heart, so as to be convinced, that this Desire was an Impulse, and Call from God, and not any Temporary Disgust of the World, which might

blow over, and vanish in time: He submitted to this Proposal, and in a little time assur'd them, That it proceeded from the Directions of that Providence, to whose Service he had so strong and glorious a Passion to dedicate the rest of his Life: Upon this, the Society consented, on Condition, That he would undergo a double Noviciate, that by the length of the Time, they might be assur'd of his being confirm'd in those pious Resolutions.

THIS he accepted, and immediately sent over Powers into his own Country, to convey and settle his Estate upon his Heir, which was accordingly done; and the Time of his Noviceship being expir'd, he took his Vows, and embraced that Life in which he propos'd to himself so much Heavenly Satisfaction.

HE had not thus lived long in the Convent, but his great Capacity and Learning, render'd him too necessary to the Service of his Order, to be kept at home; by Command of his Superiors he went on several Commissions into other Countries, where he executed the Orders, which he had receiv'd, with wonderful Address and Fidelity; at the same time acquiring an universal Reputation, for his extraordinary Sanctity of Life.

HIS Fortune settled him, at last, in *France*, where he met with the same Esteem, and Veneration, as in other Countries, being universally carefs'd, and admir'd: At last his ardent Zeal for the Service of God, inflam'd him with a passionate Desire of laying
down

down his Life, in asserting the Cross of Christ; nothing wou'd now satisfy his growing Fervour, but to be sent on a Mission, to convert Infidels to the Christian Faith, in which Employ he had the holy Ambition to meet with a Crown of Martyrdom. This pious Inclination he communicated to the Superiors of his Order, but was repulsed in his Request, being told, That Men of less Weight, than he, might be as serviceable in the Conversion of Savages; that less Abilities, than his, were sufficient to instruct Nations, so stupidly ignorant; that his Presence was more necessary in *Europe*, where they had so many Learned Adversaries to combat.

THIS Repulse not a little mortify'd the Zeal of the good Father, whose Passion for Martyrdom was now more inflam'd, by hearing, That there was a new Mission of *French Jesuits* going over to *America*: He apply'd himself to the *Bishop* of *Quebec*, who was just upon his Departure for *Canada*; this Prelate was so charm'd with the Zeal, and Piety of the Man, whose Character he had heard before, that he enter'd into his Sentiments, and made use of the Interest he had in the Court of *France*, to get the Request of this New Apostle granted by Authority. Thus, Master of his Wishes, he went over with the *Bishop* to *Canada*, where he met with as much Veneration of his Piety, Humility, and all other Christian Vertues, in *America*, as he left behind him in *Europe*: After some time of Refreshment, he prepar'd

for his Apostolical Function, and went with his Collegues, among the most savage, and cruel Nations of the *Indians*: Some of his Comrades were murther'd by these People; others died of the Hardships and Fatigues which they endured, while our Missionary escap'd, thro' the Goodness of his Constitution.

IN this first Expedition, he was several times in imminent Danger of Life, having once the Knife over his Head to scalp him; but Providence, whose Secrets are unsearchable, preserv'd him, and would not vouchsafe that Honour, which he so passionately desir'd, of dying a Martyr: In this first Attempt, he succeeded so far, as to vanquish the Obstinacy and Ignorance of Twenty-two *Indian* Men and Women, whom he baptiz'd, and brought with him to *Quebec*; which Town he enter'd, triumphantly, with his Converts. The Reader may guess at the Veneration paid him by the People, who look'd on him as a Saint and Apostle, and prest near to touch, and kiss his very Garments: The Winter Months he was oblig'd to spend his Time at *Quebec*, it being impossible to preserve Life in so cold a Country, without the Cover of Houses against the Inclemency of the Air: The Summer-Seasons were taken up, entirely, by the Labours of his Mission, in which he had wonderful Success the third Winter, at which time he approach'd the 50th Year of his Age: The Governour, who had a profound Respect for him, invited the good Missioner to come and reside at his House,
with

with a Request to instruct his Daughter, who desired to learn Languages, and Mathematicks: The good Father chearfully undertook his New Province, and very assiduously attended his young Pupil, the Pregnancy of whose Parts made his Pains the more agreeable: This Lady was about Eighteen Years old, with a Person equal to the Beauties of her Mind, and all the Vivacity so natural to her Country: The Preceptor had not often attended his fair Scholar, but he found those Emotions in his Heart, which, in a little time shipwreck'd his Vertue; he fell desperately in Love, and thro' the Eyes, suck'd in that Poyson, which now tainted a Soul, that so much Vertue had long, and constantly defended before: LOVE, that invincible Tyrant, entirely subdued, and added the Heart of this once Holy Man, to his other Triumphs: In order to make himself the more agreeable, he cut off his Beard, and now put on Linnen, next his Skin, which he had not worn for some Years, the more to indulge his Mortification, tho' he was not oblig'd to that Austerity by the Rules of his Order: That Devotion, which had flam'd so long in his Heart towards God Almighty, was now turn'd into Adoration of one of his Creatures; LOVE converting all others Passions into itself, as the Plague does all other Distempers.

IN short, he managed his Amours with that Address, That, at last, he triumph'd, and gratify'd his Criminal Desires; the Fruits of which soon appear'd; the young Damsel was with

Child, which flung the Lovers into the last Confusion and Distress: There was no Remedy, but one, which was, To fly; accordingly one Night, the Summer now advancing, so as to permit them to lie in the Woods, they got over the Ramparts, and fled to the *Indians*, among whom he had a great Interest, and who now receiv'd them with open Arms. As he had seen some Campaigns in his Youth, and understood Fortification, and the Mathematical Part of War, he began to Train and Discipline the Savages, whom he persuaded to revolt against the *French*: In the mean while, the Governour, overwhelm'd with Grief for this terrible Misfortune in his Family, sent out several small Parties to bring them back; but these were defeated by the Superiority of Numbers; upon which the Governour march'd with the whole Garrison, and all the Fighting Men he could muster; the Lovers animated and encourag'd the Savages, whom they brought, in great Numbers, to oppose the Enemy; the little Armies came in fight, and while the Two Unfortunate Lovers stood close to one another, she, with an *Indian* Quiver at her Back, and Bow in her Hand, the first Fire from the *French* laid them both on the Ground: Such was the sad Catastrophe of this unhappy Man, whose Piety, and good Life, for so many Years, could not prevent his Falling, at last, so Memorable an Example of *The Imbecility of all Human Accomplishments*.

The



The Plain Dealer. No 4.

— *Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem*
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit Urfis. Juv.

FRIDAY, *April* 3. 1724.

GAMING, and *Stock-jobbing*, come to Day, under my Observation. The first methinks, needs no Aggravation of its Guilt in order to extinguish it; since it may so truly be said, That there is nothing *Honourable*, that it does not aim to make *Vile*; nothing *Great* and *Magnificent*, that it does not reduce to look *Little* and *Despicable*.

How would the deceased *Bucharis* have been able to leap down from behind the Chariot of a departed Lord, and step into a finer of his own, if he had wanted the *happy* Turn of obliging *unlucky* Gentlemen to live in a more uncomfortable State, than even his Companions, (before himself became a Gentleman.) What must the great *Cartæarius* think when he prances along the Pavements, upon a Par with the Prime Nobility, and sees a Wretch walk the Streets half-starv'd with Cold and Hunger, dress'd in *Sagathie* in the Depth of

C 4
Winter,

Winter, whom he knew to have been his Superior in Wealth, and Magnificence, till *he* reduc'd him to this *Disparity*? Can my Readers imagine, That *Cartæarius* must not lose the Jollity of his Heart for a Moment, at so mortifying a Prospect? or, Do they think he can be Brute enough to enjoy himself upon the Reflection of his different Fortune, and of the Tricks he had play'd in his Life, and the *Numbers* he had made as wretched, as the *Object* I have mentioned?

THIS is a strange and melancholy *Fate*: a Box and Dice heartily stamp'd upon a Table here in *London*, shall have a more powerful Effect, on the Walls of a strong-built Castle in the *Country*, than the firing of Twenty *Mortars* against it could have had, on the Spot, and shall force the Possessor to surrender it at *Discretion*, with all the Territories round about it, to one who is *innocently* called, a *fair Enemy*, and who attacks it in *Play* only.

It is still more strange, That a Custom, which has been known to have brought such uncommon Calamities upon the greatest and richest Men, should at last become common, among the common People themselves: And yet this was lately the Case. Tradesmen and Sharpers of a Lower Rank, committed the like Hostilities, and Shops were shut up *by way of Gaming*. I know one *Wise Man* an *Apothecary*, who neglected his *Business* to become *Rich*, and has been seen to lose more Money by shaking his Elbow over a *Gaming-Table* in three Hours, than he
could

could recover by brandishing his Arm over a *Mortar* in three times as many Months.

I AM the more slack in my Remarks, and throw together only a few loose Hints against this vicious Habit, because a more effectual Way has been lately taken to check its Progress. And, if People of Fashion did not think themselves above the Benefit of those Laws which vulgar Persons are cautious of transgressing, for fear of being treated as Cheats, and Impostors, this Discourse would be render'd useless. The Nature of Imposture, is no otherwise alter'd, by being the Fact of a Person of Distinction, but by its becoming more highly Criminal. Out of Persons of Fashion and Estate, are generally chosen those, who are obliged to watch over the publick Welfare: And can they guard Property in publick Life, who lay Snares to entrap it in a private Capacity? No Man should be allow'd to appear in an Assembly of *Business*, who has made himself a *Member* among the Surrounders of a *Hazard Table*. There have been of late but *Two* Gamesters, that stepp'd high enough to have any Rule in publick Affairs entrusted to their Management, *Exlex* and the young *Montanus*; these, tho' otherwise Men of signal Capacities, and many worthy Qualifications, could not resist their Natural Propensity, and thereby infus'd into two Kingdoms such an universal Spirit of *Avarice* and *Gaming*, by strange Schemes, 'till then unheard-of, as must, if continued, have soon

soon accomplish'd the Ruin, which they threaten'd at their first Appearance.

As to *Gaming* in lower Life, the Justices of the Peace have acted with such commendable Vigilance, That they have scarce left me a known Sharper in the Town, to exercise the Edge of my Satire upon. Most of them have, I believe, by this time, taken to the more *honourable* way of Robbing with a *Pistol* and *Brace of Balls* in it, which is much less *dangerous* to the *Offended*, and less *safe* to the *Offender*, than a *Box* with a *Pair of Dice* in it: Others have gone in Gangs like Foot-pads, and while one knock'd down the Passenger, the other rifled him, which is only a kind of *Emblem* of their Play called *Two poll One*. Thus I believe, that, if a strict Scrutiny were made into the Numbers that are left, of the *Fraternity*, we should find, that, since the happy Dissolution of that Knot, most of the loose ones have been swept away, by his Majesty's industrious Subject Mr. *Jonathan Forward* Rear-Admiral of the *City Transports*.

BUT there is a Species of more mischievous *Gamesters* remaining still among us, who ought, methinks, to have had free Passage in some of that Great *Pilot's* Vessels — I mean, the present *Fraternity* of *Stock-jobbers*.

THIS *Brotherhood*, who play their Game upon the Hopes and Fears, of other People, make use of *cant* Names, as the *Gamesters* did, and with just the same Propriety. The *Gamesters* called their Instruments of Mischief by the Denomi-

Denomination of *Squibs* and *Puffs*, and the *Stock-jobbers* have their *Bulls* and *Bears*; nor were *those* half so formidable in *Covent-Garden*, as *these* are about the *Royal-Exchange*, in *Corn-bill*.

A *Bear* is a Beast of Prey, who, not having perhaps a Morsel in the World, appears with the Pretence of a whole *Paw full* of *Stock*, which he agrees to deliver on a Day. But, if *Stock* rises, he must, as the Phrase is, *Shew his Tail*, that is, he must *Run away*.

A *Bull* is just the Reverse of this: He, is as Pennyless as his Brother Beast, but roars and bellows for *Stock*, and *Devours* all that is offer'd him; and if, at the Time when it is to be paid for, it happens to fall, then he too must *Run off*, as the *Bear* did.

NUMBERS of honest Tradesmen are deluded by these *odd Beasts*, and kept warm with imaginary *Hopes* of turning their Money better and faster upon *Stocks*, than in Business: And where the Unskilful are drawn in to try their Fortunes this way, their Money becomes a *Sacrifice* to the *Jobbers*, and themselves *Bankrupts* to the *Publick*: *Bulls* and *Bears*, as opposite as they are in their Natures, agree very well together, and sometimes personate one another to draw in an honest Citizen; and if he once gets between *both*, by that Time the *Stocks*, have had a few Variations to and fro, he is sure, by their *tossing* him from one to t'other, to be *worried* out of his Senses.

MY Friend the *Alderman*, who has sometimes a way of Jestings peculiar to himself, says, That when he has been running over the *Advertisements*, relating to Bankrupts in our *Gazettes*, he would frequently make Marks on the Margin, denoting, Where such a *broken-hearted* Butcher has been forced to shut up his Stall upon being Gored by the *Horn* of a *Bull*; and where the *Paw* of a *Bear* has pulled a rich Linnen-Draper by the Head and Ears, over his Counter. I warrant you, my old Friend, (will he often say, for he is apt to dwell upon old *Jokes*) when the Watch-Tower of *Barbican* was standing, the sharpest Eye of any Man that stood in it, could never perceive round this whole City, one such voracious Animal, threatening Ruin to the Inhabitants, as the Modern *Bulls* and *Bears* are.

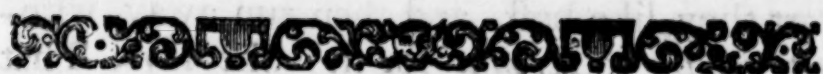
It is certain, That the *Alderman's Jest* was true in *Earnest*. For our wise Ancestors made wholesome Laws for extirpating all wild and mischievous Beasts out of the Land, and set a Price upon their Heads. It must be therefore very wrong in such a Populous Town as this, to permit *Bulls*, and unmuzzled *Bears*, to have their Stalls and Dens about *Exchange-Alley*, where they have Opportunity to run out and destroy unwary Citizens. Besides, the *Alderman* told me (as a Remark of his Wife,) That under Boast of the vast *Stocks* they deal for, they tempt the yielding Hearts of many a rich Citizen's Daughter, and pin themselves on Families to be kept without a Groat, and some-
times

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times take a *Bite* of the young Lady, in that Part they like best, and then run away, without *coming to account* for it. She says, That Mr. *Honeyman*, a Sugar Baker, has Two Cubs upon his Daughter's hands, by a *Bear* that has left the *Alley*; and that Mr. *Simple's* Favourite Child is upon the Point of being delivered of a Calf, begot by a silly awkward *Bull*, that *Burst* himself, by *swallowing Stock*, beyond the Power of his natural *Digestion*.

THESE are Things not to be tolerated in any Civil Government whatsoever; for they manifestly tend to the Ruin of Commerce; and at this rate it will come to pass in the course of a few Years, That while *Russia* is polishing its rough Inhabitants into the finer Resemblance of *Englishmen*, the Politeness of *Britain* will be transformed into the Barbarity of *Russia*, and the greatest Part of this Metropolis will be overrun with an unheard-of Generation of *Savages* and *Monsters*. It is, therefore, my serious Opinion, That the Practice shou'd be put down; and that for the Quiet and Safety of *sober Citizens*, every *Bull* and *Bear* of them all, should be first driven out of the City, by the way of *Newgate*, and then transported out of the Kingdom.





The Plain Dealer. No 5.

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Castra Cupido.

OVID.

MONDAY, April 6. 1724.

THE LOVE of our *Country*, when it is understood, as Great Spirits consider it, is the most *Noble*, among those *Vertues*, which grace and elevate Human Nature: But, in the *General Idea*, which Men form, when they speak of this publick *Duty*, it is a mean, and selfish *Frailty*! A poor Contraction of Soul, which would call in our Beneficence from Mankind, our common Brotherhood! and confine it, with a scandalous Frugality of Affection, to the *Land* which we were *born* in; for the same ridiculous Reason, which made the *Ape*, in the *Fable*, the *First*, that produced her young Ones, when a Decree had been published, That the most *Beautiful*, among the *Beasts*, should succeed to the *Government*.

FEW Men, I am afraid, have any Nobler Motive, than this *Love* of themselves, for the *Love*, they bear their *Country*! But the Partiality of a true Patriot must be justify'd by his
Care

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Care of the Publick Honour: He must contribute to the General Interest, with the Loss of his particular *Ease*, and to the Hazard of his private *Safety*. The same impatient *Beat*, with which the Soul, conscious of Immortality, presses forward to Futurity, and inspires a Secret Pleasure, in our Hope of Fame *Hereafter*, tho' we are sure we shall be *Dust*, and have no Ear for those Praises, which we charm our selves in *Death*, with but the Prospect, and faint Image of: — The same Noble Source has the Spirit of true *Patriotism*! — It teaches a wise Man to *Love* his *Country*, Like his Off-spring; not meerly, as they are *His*; but for the Natural Vertues, which he observes in them, and which he has taken Delight to to cherish, and urge forward, for the Ornament of Posterity.

THE *Prejudices* of our *Minds*, and the different *Interests*, we are led by, make us very unqualified Judges, of the State of this Vertue, with Regard to the Times, we live in: And the same Passions have always produc'd the same Effects, in the *Historians*, of former Ages: But there are some Instances, so strongly Demonstrative, in their Nature, That *Partiality* can add no *Beauty*, by the Arts of Describing; nor can *Envy* discolour them, by false Lights, or misplacing.

DEEP Enquirers into Nature have recommended it, as a way to judge soundly of Mens good, or evil Tendency, by observing what Effect is produc'd in their Passions, upon Relation

lation of some Amiable Example, of Human Excellence; if such a Trial is just, I should wish to avoid the Society of that Man, who could reflect on the following Story, without unusual Emotions, in Honour of the *Noble Roman*, to whose *true* Sense of Publick Spirit, we owe it.

IN that part of the *Punick* War, when *Fabius Maximus* commanded the Forces of *Italy*, against *Hannibal*, certain Officers of the *Roman* Army, were taken Prisoners by the Enemy. *Fabius* was well acquainted with the Skill and Courage of these Men, and resolv'd not to lose them: He, therefore, treated with the *Carthaginians*, and agreed upon their Ransom, at a very high Sum. for Payment of which, by a Day appointed, he engag'd the Honour of the *Roman Senate*: But the *Senate*, instead of sending him the Money, refus'd to ratify the Agreement. — *Fabius* receiv'd the News, with more Grief, than Indignation; and, giving strict Orders, for concealing it from his Army, dispatch'd his Son to *Rome*, with all Secrecy and Expedition, to make Sale of his *Own Paternal Estate*, and to return to him with the Money; which as soon he receiv'd, he sent it to *Hannibal*, as from the *Senate*, — For I had rather, said he, It should be reported of the *Romans*, That they have a General without Land, than a Senate without Humanity?

OUR Clergyman, whom we delight to consider, as a Blessing to the Assembly, because his Life is a silent Enforcer of his Doctrine, was

ex-

expatiating, the other Day, on the *Grace*, and *Grandeur*, of this *Action*; and had fix'd us, in the most satisfied, and respectful Attention; when he was broke in upon, by the *Coquet*, with the following Relation, which she assur'd us, was Matter of Fact, and happen'd very lately; — *And it contains*, added she, *so exalted an Instance of refin'd, and generous Love, That if ever I find a Man, who would be Mine upon such Terms, I shall Marry, and bid Defiance to the Sound of the Word Matron!*

COURTHOPE was the Son of an *English* Merchant, who had liv'd long in the *Canary Islands*; he had been sent young to *London*, for the Advantage of his Education, and (while there) fell in *Love* with *Bellaria*, the only Daughter of a Gentleman of a good Family and Estate, who had promis'd this Lady to a distant Relation, of his Name: But she had an Aversion for his Person, and made open Profession of a Passion for young *Courthope*, which the Father was so far from approving, that, being provok'd by her Firmness, he commanded her, under Penalty of his Hatred, and his Curse, never more to converse with him; and confin'd her, from that time forward, to prevent even the Possibility of it. *Bellaria*, notwithstanding this Restraint, found means to escape, and dressing her self in Boy's Cloaths, embark'd with *Courthope*, on a *Spanish* Ship, that was bound for the *Canaries*; where he assur'd her, they would be welcome to a *Father*, whose gentle Nature knew nothing of

that *Rigour*, which, from her Infancy, she had been oppress'd by. They were taken in this Voyage, by a *Moorish* Vessel, belonging to the Rovers of *Sallee*: And 'tis easier to conceive, than express, the Affliction, the Despair, the Astonishment of *Courthope*: fallen, at once, from a Prospect of the sweetest, and most lively Joy, to the Depth of consummate Misery! He saw *Her*, now, the Companion of his *Slavery*, who had wish'd, and ventur'd, so much, to make *Him* Partner of her *Affluence*; and he suffer'd more than Death, every time, that his Eyes, all swimming in Tears, stole a Glance, at his *Bellaria*, whom he durst not distinguish, by any Marks of Respect, or Service, for fear of pointing out her *Sex*, to the Brutes, who were their Masters.

BUT what aggravated his Sorrow, to the most piercing Extremity, was, an Information he receiv'd from a Native of the *Canaries*, whom he found a Slave at *Sallee*, That his Father was newly dead, and that all his Effects had been seiz'd by the *Spaniards*, on Occasion of some Criminal Correspondencies, which he had unwarily been drawn into.

THEY pass'd about a Week, with the rest of their Ship's Company, in a publick Dungeon of the City, where they were to expect the killing Summons, which must expose them in a *Market*, to be sold, and torn for ever from the Enjoyment of that mutual Comfort, which was, now, the only Thought, that could support 'em in their Wretchedness. The Moon,

one

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one Night, shone clearly thro' the Grates of the Prison Windows; and *Courthope*, while the rest were asleep, hung, in melancholy Transport, over the Bosom of *Bellaria*, who started, in broken Slumbers, and fill'd his Soul with sad Reflections. He took Notice of a rugged Stone, which rose, pointed, thro' the Earth, and imagining it might hurt her, remov'd it, with much Difficulty, and had no sooner drawn it out, but he discover'd an old Piece of Wool-len Cloth, which had formerly been hidden under it, in which were Sixty *Moidores*, Two *Gold Rings*, and a *Writing* which he perceiv'd to have been *French*, but now defac'd, and not legible,

HE approach'd *Bellaria's* Ear, and awak'd her, in all the Ecstasy of a Man, who consider'd himself, as distinguished by *Providence*: He whisper'd his new Hopes, of an immediate Redemption; and found Means soon after, by Aid of an honest *Jew*, a Man of much Charity, who visited the Slaves every Morning, to be carried to the *Alcaid*; and, trusting his Gold with the *Jew*, propos'd to ransom *Himself* and *Bellaria*, whom he called his Brother: But the Conflict of his Passions had so visible an Effect, in his Looks, and his Earnestness, that the *Alcaid* took Advantage, from what he observed, and insisted on the whole Sum, for the Liberty, of *One* only, which was offered him, for *Both*. — He bid him name, at his Choice, either his Brother, or himself; but advis'd him to lose no Time, for an *English* Sloop was ready

to sail out of the Harbour, with ransom'd Captives on Board, and would carry him to *Gibraltar*, where his Countrymen were in Garrison: — He added too, That all the *Christian Slaves* in *Sallee*, were to set out the next Morning, for *Mequinez*, to work on some New Buildings of the Emperor of *Morocco*.

Courthope trembled with Jealousy; and a Thousand different Fears, at the distracting Imagination of *Bellaria*, in the Eye and Power of such a Tyrant! — He went out with the *Jew*, and took a sudden Resolution.

ABOUT Noon the same Day, the *Jew* returned to the Prison, and carried with him an Order for the Dismission of *Bellaria*; who, enquiring after *Courthope*, was told, He went before, to prepare Things for her Reception, on Board the Vessel, they were to embark in; and had given him Orders to conduct her thither immediately. Never was any Order obey'd with so much Transport; the *Jew* hir'd a Boat, and attending her to the Ship, return'd, abruptly, to the Town, without taking Leave of her: — She was led into the Cabin, where, expecting to find her Lover, she was receiv'd by the Master of the Vessel, with whom the *Jew* had been before, and who deliver'd her a Letter, which she open'd, with trembling Hands, and read in it, what follows.

‘ **H**OW miserable should I have been,
 ‘ my dear, my *lost Bellaria*! if Heaven
 ‘ had not enabled me to redeem *you* from Mi-
 ‘ fery!

‘ fery! — The Money, which I found in the
‘ Dungeon, was too little to save us *both*; al-
‘ low *me*, therefore, the Honour, to have re-
‘ stor’d *you* to that Liberty, which you lost,
‘ for having *pitied* me: I am a Wretch, whose
‘ Ill-Fortune, neither your *Sex* nor your *Limbs*,
‘ were fram’d to be Partakers of! — If I am
‘ worthy of *Bellaria*, I shall *see* her again: If
‘ she blesses me with her *Prayers*, I cannot
‘ *fail* to be *Fortunate*: — And if she *wishes* to
‘ live without me, I shall die *happiest* in *Ab-*
‘ *sence*! — Angels Guide *you* to your Father!
‘ If he has *lov’d*, he will forgive me, and per-
‘ mit a Sigh now and then, to the Memory of
‘ poor

COURTHOPE.

SHE flew, skrieking, upon the Deck, as
soon as she had read this dreadful, this insup-
portable, Letter! but saw, with as much Di-
stinction, as her Tears would permit her, that
the Ship was under Sail, and all she wish’d to
live for, left in Slavery behind Her.





The Plain Dealer.

No 6.

— Quæ te

Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare Libello. HOR.

FRIDAY, April 10. 1724.

THOUGH Good-Breeding and Politeness, are generally thought the *same*, they are *Qualities* very different. Politeness is the Influence of a Natural Refinement: Good-Breeding, the Form of an Artificial Civility. The Last but Restrains us from giving Offence; the First, Impowers us to give Pleasure. Politeness is the happy Mixture of Greatness, with Benignity: 'Tis a Sun-shine from the Soul, on the Looks, Words and Actions. Good-Breeding is often, a Surface without Depth; and, like the Painter's gay Colours, on dark Primings, spreads a Gloss over the Outside, even of Vices, and Mean-spiritedness: Whereas Politeness, like the Crystal, is transparent as well as shiny; and always appears lovelier, the fuller Light it is plac'd in.

I INTENDED to have adapted to this serious Introduction, a very sober Dissertation, which many of my Gentle Readers, might, no doubt,

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doubt have mistaken for a *Dull* One: But I shall substitute in its Place, a most *extraordinary* *Essay* of the *Epistolary* Kind, which will serve for the *same* Purpose. It brings me the *uncommon* Case of a faithful, though unfavour'd *Lover*, whose *Good-Breeding*, without *Politeness*, has lost him a *Mistress*, by an odd Kind of *Civility* which he made use of, for *engaging* her.

I NEED not inform my *Readers*, That this Letter is an *Original*: They will discover *natural* *Graces* in it, which are *inimitably* *Genuine*.

These for the Plain-Dealer, at Mr. Roberts's in Warwick-Lane.

With Care and Speed, Deliver.

Mr. *Plain-Dealer*: SIR,

‘ ALL Yours, yet publish’d, have regularly receiv’d, and note their Contents. I thought it proper to let you know, That although I am a *Cooper*, I lov’d her as well as her *finical* *Turkey-Merchant*. But I forgot to let you know, first, That the needful of this Letter is, That she, that I mean, is a pretty, young Woman, worth a Brace and a half of *Thousands*. But that makes nothing to the Story: I had *Money enough*, for that Matter; and tho’ I was no powder’d *fine* *Fellow*, with a *finical* white Wig, yet I valued and esteemed her, as if I had been the Mother that bore her: And I should have been glad, when Heaven saw fit, to have had her in

‘ her *Smock*! And so, *mayhap*, now I think
 ‘ on’t, wou’d her Beau too; but I mean in an
 ‘ *honest way* only. But what matters that?
 ‘ *Fair and False* was an old Saying in its Time!
 ‘ And if I had stuck close to my Calling, and
 ‘ valued her no more than the Paring of my
 ‘ Nails, I had been a better Man for it, by
 ‘ some *Hundreds*. But there is no setting *Old*
 ‘ *Heads* upon *Young Shoulders*. Every Body
 ‘ knows, I am no *Bragster*; and, tho’ I say it,
 ‘ that should not, I could have lov’d the very
 ‘ Ground that she *went* upon: And very un-
 ‘ happy she has made me, that’s certain; where-
 ‘ by, I hope, somebody that is higher than she,
 ‘ will remember her for it, in the *Last Day*, for
 ‘ then all *Secrets* will be *laid open*. I can’t, for
 ‘ my Life, imagine, what possesses me, but I
 ‘ shall begin to hate *my own-self* shortly, if it
 ‘ was, in Nature, to be possible, because, when-
 ‘ ever she comes into my Head, I am ready
 ‘ to *cry* at the Thoughts of her.

‘ Now you must know, she had told a Friend
 ‘ of mine, that *wish’d* me to her, not once,
 ‘ nor twice, but that very Day, that he was
 ‘ leading her Home from *Draper’s Gardens*,
 ‘ That she thought, as how no Man could fall
 ‘ in Love with a *Red-Hair’d Woman*. But, to
 ‘ see how strangely Mistakes will come about!
 ‘ this was all but her own Fancy; for I never
 ‘ once thought of it; nor was never the Man,
 ‘ that had ever concern’d my self, with any
 ‘ Thing she had about her. So, because I
 ‘ wou’d’n’t be *uncivil*, I made a great Supper,
 ‘ and

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‘ and invited an old Aunt of mine, that she
 ‘ *know’d*, and half a score young Women, be-
 ‘ sides herself, to take Part of it: for it *burnt*
 ‘ in my Mind, strangely. In the middle of
 ‘ the Supper, I watch’d my Time, to drink
 ‘ to her; and told her, before ’em all, That
 ‘ she might be sure, by my having no Body
 ‘ to Supper, but *Folks with Red Hair*, as how
 ‘ I shou’dn’t like her a *Crum* the worse, for
 ‘ *That*: For I didn’t care a Pin, for that mat-
 ‘ ter, if she was as *red* as a *Fox*, all over. To
 ‘ be sure, she look’d, all Night, after it,
 ‘ as the *Devil lookt over Lincoln*: And when
 ‘ I went, the Afternoon after, to *make Love*
 ‘ to her, as I us’d to do, nothing vex’d me,
 ‘ but her sending me down word, by that pert
 ‘ Gossip, Mrs. *Briget*, (that, I am sure, has had
 ‘ of me, at Times, in Presents, besides Good
 ‘ Words, to the Value of *Five Pieces*!) and
 ‘ yet, she bid *Her, forsooth*, to go and tell me,
 ‘ That I had no need for giving my self any
 ‘ more Trouble to come there; for her Mistress
 ‘ would have nothing to say to a *Hoop-driver*.

‘ Now I, knowing, as how we are com-
 ‘ manded to *forgive* all our *Enemies*, wou’dn’t
 ‘ do her *no Harm*, for the World: And so,
 ‘ hoping you will print this, *only to expose* her,
 ‘ concludes the needful, at present, from

Your Real Friend,

G—— B——

P. S. ‘ Her Hair was not *Golden Locks*, but
 ‘ that *hot* Sort of *Red*, which most
 ‘ Folks call *Carrots*. As

As I shall borrow, from my *Correspondents*, the Entire Entertainment of this Day, here follows an *Epistle*, which I have newly receiv'd, from the *Malapert* Mistress of a *Riding-Hood Ware-House*.

To the wither'd, old, Crab-tree, who calls himself the PLAIN-DEALER.

Dear Drybones!

WITH all due Respect to the Dignity of Woollen Night-caps, what has urg'd thee, to profess such a *Spleen* against *Masking*? when nothing less than a *Mask*, can make thee *fit* to keep Company. It was just such a Vinegar Visage as thine, appearing abroad, *uncover'd* to the terrifying of whole Parishes, that made *Impudence* be call'd *barefac'd*. Thy *Oaken-stick* is a *Type* of Thee; only not half so *dry*, nor so *tough*, nor so *crabbed*.

'Tis well, you have taken up your Lodgings in a *Watch-Tower*. If I knew how to come at you, you shou'd have a *Feeling* of my Respect, for your Parts and your PLAIN DEALING. — Yet you are in the Right too, in *one* Thing, that relates to your *Paper*; which is, your Publishing it on *Fridays*: For *Fish-Days*, and *Fasts*, prepare People for Mortification.

If you needs must be *Preaching*, are there not Subjects enow to *cant* on, without quarrelling with one *pleasant* Night or two
in

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‘ in a Moon? Which gets so many *honest* Peo-
 ‘ ple a comfortable Livelihood too! and which
 ‘ accommodates *sober* Gentlemen, and Ladies,
 ‘ with so *decent* an Opportunity, to *converse*,
 ‘ without Censure! *Why*, since you *must* rail,
 ‘ don’t you rail, like a *Good Subject*, at the in-
 ‘ convenient Presumption, of late so much in
 ‘ Fashion, of *Making bold with our Betters*?
 ‘ Egad! if I was *Somebody*, Nobody should
 ‘ dare to *Deal Plainly*.

‘ It is a *Sign* you are an *Old Fellow*, since
 ‘ you can’t meddle with the *Ladies*, without
 ‘ *nettling* ’em! If this is your Manner of *hand-*
 ‘ *ling* us Women, which you had the Confi-
 ‘ dence to threaten, at your first setting out,
 ‘ a Fig for all you can do to us.— You cou’d
 ‘ never want *Subjects*, if you did not want
 ‘ Brains, without abusing *Pleasures*, you are
 ‘ *past* the Enjoyment of: — There’s the *Fool*,
 ‘ and the *Wise*; and the *Statesmen*, and the
 ‘ *fine Gentleman*, Scope enough for Variety! —
 ‘ Let alone but the *Masquerades*, and use the
 ‘ *World*, at your Pleasure.

‘ THE *Fool* will be, readily allow’d, to the
 ‘ PLAIN DEALER. But many, indeed, may
 ‘ wonder, what the *Wise* can have to do with
 ‘ your *Paper*. — Why, they see the Rest in
 ‘ the wrong, and *laugh* where they shou’d
 ‘ *remedy*: Their *Ill-nature*, therefore, stands
 ‘ in need of a *Snarler*.— The *Statesman*, you
 ‘ know, is by Prescription, and the *Happiness*
 ‘ of our *Constitution*, the *Right* of the *Scrib-*
 ‘ *bler*! And, as for the *fine Gentlemen*, (I
 ‘ mean

‘ mean those of the newest Edition, all gilt
 ‘ down the *Back*, and *tightly bound*, in *Calf’s*
 ‘ *Leather*) ; they are a Race of *breathing*
 ‘ *Blanks*, fast asleep, with Eyes broad open !
 ‘ Yet, if you were good for any Thing, but
 ‘ to *spoil Trade*, you might *wake* ’em, by a
 ‘ Pinch or two, of *Plain-Dealing*, into an Ap-
 ‘ prehension of this Truth, which they never
 ‘ so much as *dream’t* of,— *That the Dead may*
 ‘ *as well be call’d Members of a State, as they*
 ‘ *who Live to no Purpose.*

‘ SEE, now, *Goodman Sowersop!* Here is
 ‘ Business enough cut out for you. — Let the
 ‘ *Women* alone ; and concern yourself with
 ‘ what you are *fit for*. — Not a Word, for the
 ‘ future, in Prejudice to an *Assembly*, where
 ‘ *Love* and *strictest Union*, make the general
 ‘ *Occupation.* Throw away your *greasy mouse-*
 ‘ *colour’d Gloves*, and wear these clean Ones,

From yours, as you shall merit,

M— L—



The



The Plain Dealer.

No 7.

— *Sapientia Prima*
Stultitia caruisse —

HOR.

MONDAY, April 13. 1724.

BEING the other Day in a large Company at a Gentleman's House in *Covent-Garden*, I was highly delighted, to hear a young beautiful *Lady* acknowledge that Tears flow'd from her Eyes, upon reading of the Story of *Courthope*. She who had the *Virtue* to be so *Elegantly moved* by his *Distress*, will relish an Account of his better Fortune, which she may hereafter expect to be *Entertained* with. But when she added, *That she had been a Coquette too long, and if ever it should be her Fate to meet with a Suitor of Courthope's Desert, she would let him lose no Time, for Fear of Accidents:* when I perceived she made this frank Confession, not only with her *Lips*, but from her *Heart*, I confess, I began to conceive Hopes of knowing very speedily, *That some visible Fruits would arise from these my Labours.*

I WAS

I WAS therefore a little concern'd, when I found my self interrupted by a young *Wag*, who was pleased to pass Pertness upon the Company for *Jesting*. ' That PLAIN DEALER, ' *said he*, is a well-meaning *Writer*, but he ' does not strike out a Meaning *cleverly*. This ' is one of the best Stories I have read, upon ' the Subject of *Love*; only, there is not one ' *Double-Meaning* through the Whole, and that ' makes it *Insipid*. He has been generally ' hitherto, a perfect Inhabitant of his *Blunt-* ' *Hall*, which seems to be, rather the *Seat* of ' his *Understanding* than of his *Person*. But, ' since the *Ladies* like him, I will endeavour ' to be of *Their* Mind, and especially be- ' cause he tells us, he is an *Old Batchelor*, as ' well as a PLAIN DEALER, and we must ' have some *Humour* struck out of him, when ' he comes to *act* that Character.

I GUESS'D what the young *Malapert* would be at by the Word *Humour*, and I found I was not deceiv'd, when he pulled out of his Pocket a little Scrap of Poetry, intitled, — *An Epistle from Mrs. Robinson to Senefino*, — in which he peremptorily swore, *There was a great deal of Turn, Life, and Spirit*.

IT is certain, He shewed some *Spirit* in reading it, and proved himself a *Master of Humour*, for he went *boldly* and *undauntedly* thro' it; and would never observe, that every *fresh Line* excited *fresh Blushes* in the *Faces* of all the *Fair* and *Modest* Part of the *Assembly*.

I TAKE

I TAKE this *Opportunity* of Informing that young Spark (and all others of the same *Class* are desired to take *Notice* of it) That he is greatly mistaken, if he expects any such *Humour* from me, notwithstanding his *irreverent* way of talking of his *Elders*, and throwing, over *my* Shoulder, a General Sneer upon all the *Old Batchelors* in *Great-Britain*.

MY *Province* must be *Tedious*, before it can grow *Pleasant*; I must first remove *Folly*, before I can make Room for *Wit*; for it is by *clearing* their way through the Rubbish of *Absurdity*, that Men take the *first Steps* to *Wisdom*.

IF, according to the *Maxim* in the Forehead of my *Paper*, it was my immediate Office to *Teach* that young Spark *better* Things, which I had then a great Inclination to *Do*, only for Fear of *discovering* my self, I would begin by *Weeding* out of his Mind that *rank Conceit*, which he entertains of his Parts, and shewing him, that there is no *true Humour* in *Lewdness*, nor *true Wit* in a *Double Entendre*.

How *different* was the *Principle* of *Waller*? That Excellent Writer, as I have heard my old Friend Mr. *Dryden* relate publicly at *Will's*, in his Commendation, used to say, *That he would raze any Line out of his Poems, which did not imply some Motive to Virtue*. This is a Saying that ought to be *Memorable* among our *Poets*; it carries with it the *Energy* of *Good Sense*, as well as *Virtue*.

FOR my own Share, I declare, I would rather *Propagate* one such *Maxim*, with good Effect, amongst the Writers of the present Age, than be the *Head* of those *Writers* myself, and the Author of *better* Verses, than *Waller's*.

THEY who believe this to be my real Sentiment, may guess how extreamly delighted I must have been, with the following *Answer*, which a young Lady has given, to the *Affront* and *Outrage* offered to the whole *Sex*, by one who personates *Senesino*, in that *scandalous* Epistle.

*An ANSWER from Mrs. ROBINSON
to SENESINO.*

FROM thy Loose Lines I turn my Eyes away,
Nor know, o'erspread with Blushes, what to say;
The Modest MUSES, wounded by thy Strain,
For Me, and for Themselves do thus complain.

O 'Thou! our Country's Folly and Expence!
Dull Foe to Tragedy and God-like Sense;
Too long, mean, mercenary Shade, too long,
Hast thou these ISLES Incharmed with thy Song.
Musick's soft God Unbinds the Charm he rais'd,
He blest thy Tongue, and while He blest, we prais'd:
By Thee polluted, He disclaims his Choice,
And will no longer warble in thy Voice.
His Trembling Notes, where melting Softness hung,
And every Grace, will seek a Chaster Tongue.
No more, the Lover shall thy Song Repeat,
No more the FAIR ONE sigh, — 'Tis wondrous sweet!

Ob

*Oh Guilty Senefino! Thou no more,
Shalt bravo! bravo! bear; — or loud Encore.
The Loose and Dull, shall All thy Audience be,
The Chaste and Witty shall Resent for Me.*

*All unattended shall thy awkward Form
To sad, uncrowded Scenes, or whine, or storm.
Thy wretched Ha— shall unapplauded grow,
And ill-plac'd Bays fall with'ring from thy Brow,
Know, Songster, Julius God-like Chief! disdains,
Thy shrill, unnatural, ungraceful, Strains,
With Rage redoubled, Pompey's Ghost must burn,
To find such Tears prophane his Sacred Urn.*

*Remember, Eccho, soon thoult know the Time
Stripp'd of thy Robes, thy Legions and thy Rhime;
(Thou poor Machine, of mean, delusive Sound)
When I shall see thy Temples all unbound,
And Those that Heroes Act, like Heroes Crown'd.*

*Thou, to thy famish'd Italy shalt go,
And Rival Faustus to the Shades Below.*

THE *Business* of the following, is of a Nature very surprizing. To say Truth, I was startled at it. It does not, *directly*, indeed, come to me from the Devil: But it was sent me from a Deputy of his, who Professes the Black Art, and stiles himself Doctor Faustus. He dates his Letter, *From the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, — and would pass upon me, for a Player, or a Tumbler, or Zany, under the Disguise of a Magician: But I beg his Pardon for That; I am seldom deceiv'd so easily. I am almost perswaded, It is an Agile, Evil Spirit,

that walks and does Mischief, by Candle-Light, and assumes *enticing Shapes*, to draw in the *Unwary*, and deprive People of their *Wits*. But, if he be, *really*, Flesh and Blood, I am at a Loss what to think of him; only his *Assurance* seems considerable, (since he appears, by his Letter, to belong to One of our *Theatres*) that he should imagine me to be Novice enough to believe, he could be a *Conjurer*.

FAUSTUS, *the* MAGICIAN, *To the* PLAIN DEALER, *Greeting.*

‘ **F**ORASMUCH as I Reverence your
 ‘ Name and your Purpose, I decline the
 ‘ Revenge, which, by Aid of my *Art*, I might
 ‘ return for my Injuries; and content my self,
 ‘ by your Means, to expose an *Impostor*.

‘ HAVING fixed my Place of Residence,
 ‘ on my Arrival in this famous City, at the
 ‘ Theatre by Lincoln’s-Inn, for the *Publick Display* of *Qualities* which *Distinguish* the Sons
 ‘ of *Magick*; I heard, with a Due Mixture of
 ‘ Contempt and *Displeasure*, that the Rumour
 ‘ of my Purpose had encourag’d *another Theatre*
 ‘ to *disguise* under the *Venerable* Character of
 ‘ *Faustus*, a profess’d Lover of *Levity*; and
 ‘ endeavour, in Spite of Nature, to give him
 ‘ the *Weight* of a *Wizard*.

‘ BUT, being satisfied in the *Consciousness*
 ‘ of my own Superiority, I have *overlook’d* and
 ‘ neglected him; ’till, embolden’d by *Success*,
 ‘ he has dar’d, now, at last, to *publish* his *List*
 ‘ of

‘ of *Fooleries*; with a pertinacious *Pretence* to
 ‘ something not unlike *Comparison*! I am
 ‘ therefore determin’d, immediately, to make
 ‘ him *leap* out of my Gown, and confess him-
 ‘ self *No Doctor*.

‘ IN that Catalogue of *Tricks*, (most illiberal
 ‘ Appellation!) he makes use of these *strange*
 ‘ Words — *A Usurer comes in, and brings*
 ‘ *a Money-Bag* to the Doctor; for which he
 ‘ offers his Note; but the Usurer entirely con-
 ‘ temns the *Proposal*, and will have the Doctor’s
 ‘ Leg, instead of Security for the Money. The
 ‘ Doctor endeavours to dissuade him from this
 ‘ Demand, and offers him his Head, in Exchange
 ‘ of the Leg he wanted.

‘ I PASS over the *unmagical Absurdity* of a
 ‘ *Necromancer’s* wanting Money; or, That a
 ‘ *Usurer*, who would rather have parted with
 ‘ his own Leg, to save a Bag of Money, should
 ‘ be so whimsical to surrender it, in Exchange
 ‘ for *Another’s*. I leave such *Remarks* to the
 ‘ *Trite Essays of Criticks*, not descending, my
 ‘ self, to the *Insignificance* of being *Witty*: But
 ‘ what I would convey to the Knowledge of
 ‘ your Readers, is, The *Necessity* which my
 ‘ *Charms* have laid this *Boaster* under, to *Ex-*
 ‘ *pose* and *Discover* himself, in the very *Act* of
 ‘ his *Imposture*.

‘ FOR who does not know, That had he
 ‘ been the *true Faustus*, his *Brains* must have
 ‘ had their Situation in his Head? His Head
 ‘ therefore, he would have preferr’d to all his
 ‘ *inferior* Members. But the *Seat* of his Un-
 ‘ derstand-

‘ derstanding having been *plac’d*, by his Pro-
 ‘ *fession*, at the *Bottom* of his Body, I com-
 ‘ mission’d a *Familiar* to perplex his Appre-
 ‘ hension; who, by convincing him of how
 ‘ little Worth his *Head* was, in comparison
 ‘ with his *Heels*, drew him under such a Terror,
 ‘ that he continually cries out, to those who
 ‘ come for his Catalogue, *The Devil is, in good*
 ‘ *Earnest, in the Conjuror of Lincoln’s-Inn;*
 ‘ *but I am only a Dancing-Master.*

‘ You shall prosper in PLAIN-DEALING
 ‘ if you Publish this *Letter*, and have Faith in

FAUSTUS *the* ENCHANTER.



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— *Nos duo turba sumus.* OVID.

FRIDAY, *April* 17. 1724.

THERE is a *Liveliness*, and Race of
Spirit, which we commonly call *Wit*;
 but it is the *Effect* of *Natural Accident*; and
 depends, like a *Machine*, upon *Order* and
 Parts.

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Parts. It is only the *Result* of a *Mixture* of different *Humours*: and of Animal Spirits, *finer* and more *delicately* agitated, than ordinary; which *imprint* in their *Passage*, a *quick* and *lively* Sense of Images; and animate by that *Impression*, the *Visage*, *Voice*, and *Deportment*.

It is merely by this Quickness, and Heat of their *Imagination*, that witty Men surprize us. A smart and sprightly *Rhetorick*! A humorous Turn of *Phrase*! A frank Vivacity of *Mien*! with a *modish* *Affectation* of peculiar Looks, and *Gesture*, make the *Merit* of their *Character*. But these Men want, for the most Part, both *Strength* of *Mind*, and *Penetration*. Their *Imaginations* are *thin*, and *delicate*; and play *lightly* on the *Skirts* of *Objects*: But they are too *weak* for solid *Reasoning*; and, in any Thing *abstracted*, and *above* the *Pitch* of the *Senses*, they are miserably *Impotent*, and grow presently *weary*.

THEY are the *Ladies Favourites*, however; by a Kind of *Sympathy*, or *Resemblance*: For, *Women*, being naturally of feeble *Constitutions*, have their Brains of soft Consistence; with *Fibres* *fine*, and *slender*; apt and *easy* to be mov'd, by the *weakest* Agitations. They are *subject* therefore, to their *Senses*; and wanting *Force*, to strike *deeper*, set up for Judges of *Modes*, and *Fashions*; and relish nothing, but what contributes to their *Pleasure*, or their *Ornament*. They have fix'd the Standard of *Wit*, by certain *Rules* of this *Tendency*; and

find nothing so *difficult*, as to believe a Man can *want* it, who has such *Charms* for *their* Entertainment.

NED VOLATILE, a Member of our *Assembly* at the *Widow's*, is a *Foreman* of this *Species*. With a great *Extent* of *Good Nature*, he appears *Void* of any; his *Facility* to *jest* and *rally*, transports him, beyond *Decency*, to *illustrate* Objects, or *debase* 'em; and, without regard to *Ceremony*, *Merit*, or *Condition*, he *contracts* Things, or *magnifies* them, when they fall in his *Way*, 'till he has *adapted* them to his *Talent*, of presenting every Thing *ridiculously*.

WE have the very *Reverse* of this *Character*, in the *frank-hearted Major Stedfast*: a *Brave*, and *Able Officer*, the *Reward* of whose *Merit* has been *Oppression* and *Injustice*! yet, so *firm* is the manly *Generosity* of his *Temper*, that, at one and the same *Time*, he *vindicates* his *Character* with the *Boldness* of an *injur'd Soldier*; and offers *Arguments*, in *Excuse* for the *Rashness* of his *Ruiner*! Imputing to *Credulity*, and the *Malice* of *Misrepresenters*, what his *Friends*, All, consider as an *Act* of *Violence* and *Barbarity*. There is no *Subject*, which he, oftner, or with more *Pleasure*, enlarges on, than the *great*, and *noble Qualities*, of the Man who has *undone* him! Nay, he talks, even of his *Justice*, with as much *Warmth* and *Seriousness*, as if he had, himself, been oblig'd by it.

THE *Major* and *Ned Volatile*, are the *North* and *South Poles* of our *Assembly*. *Ned speaks*,
and

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and the *Major* thinks. The first is always *pleas'd*, but the other always *pleases*. There is a *Humanity* in the *Major's Air*, that never fails to mark him out as the common Friend of the Company: and a kind of *Majestick Tenderness* in his Behaviour, gives him the *Authority* of their *Father*. He corrects, and approves, with *Openness*; and is, at once, *severe* and *amiable*! There is a solemn *Force* and *Weight*, in the Manner of his *speaking*, which seems to borrow its *Equality* from the *Steddiness* of his *Principles*. He esteems, without *Transport*; and condemns, without *Anger*. What is *Fancy* in *Ned Volatile*, is *Reason* in the *Major*. The One has a *Judgment*, that is *Solid* and *Plain*: The Other an *Imagination*, that is *Sparkling* and *Wanton*.

It is a very frequent, and agreeable Entertainment, which arises to the *Assembly* out of the natural *Opposition*, of these two *Characters*; who yet preserve a *Decorum*, by Effect of the Regard each has for the other. The *Major* loves *Ned's* Chearfulness; But thinks him *trifling* and *impertinent*: And *Ned Volatile* hears, with *Reverence*, the *Wisdom* of the *Major*; but would like him a great deal better, if he would be *merrier* and more *noisy*.

WE had lately the Pleasure of hearing, in a full Meeting, some of the newest *Opera Songs*, by a skilful *Italian Lady*, who has been famous on our *Theatres*; and is equally remarkable for the *Sweetness* of her *Voice*, and the *Strength* of her *Features*! she is an Acquaintance of the *Widow*, who asked us, as soon as she was gone,

our Opinion of this Person, to whom, we all knew her *Partial*. *Ned Volatile* prevented any Answer but his *own*; and desir'd, He might have Liberty to give it, *under his Hand*. He had Pen and Ink brought him; and every Body was grown *Impatient* for the Product of his *Muse*, when he presented it, in the following VERSES, from *Randolph*.

NOW Shame pursue my meddling Sight;
 Wou'd, I had been All Ear, to Night!
 Sweet is her Voice, as Flow'rs in June;
 But ne'er was Face so out of Tune.
 Lower than Gammut are her Eyes:
 Her Nose does above Ela rise!
 Were I to chuse my self a Dear,
 Not by my Eye, but by my Ear,
 Here wou'd I fix — cou'd I but woo
 The Sound, without the Substance too.
 Some Women are All Tongue — and oh!
 What Joy 'twou'd be, were This but so!
 Harmonious Gods! to ease my Mind,
 Or strike her Dumb, or make me Blind.

No sooner had *Ned Volatile* repeated his Verses, but a General Applause, of *Laughter*, was return'd him by the Company. All but the *Widow*, the *Major* and *My-self*, were extravagantly transported with the *Humour* and the *Satire*: And *Ned* was triumphantly expanding his Poetry, with an Air of *Levity*, and *Satisfaction*; when the *Major*, to prevent a second

a second Reading, of what he saw was *distasteful* to some Part of the *Assembly*, began to speak in this Manner.

‘ THE Company must acknowledge, they are
 ‘ oblig’d to Mr. *Volatile*, for the Pains he is at,
 ‘ to *please* them: But, if he were as *inclinable*
 ‘ to *reason*, as he is to *entertain*, no Body
 ‘ could convince us sooner, that the *finest Ri-*
 ‘ *dicule* is to be considered but as *Cruelty*, where
 ‘ it borrows its Subject from *Mens Natural*
 ‘ *Defects*, or their *Miseries*. I know very well,
 ‘ that whatever favours of *Instruction* is of-
 ‘ fensive in *Conversation*; and that nothing is
 ‘ more *insupportable*, than a *Liberty* People
 ‘ take, of prescribing *Rules* to all the World.
 ‘ We presently wish to fly the Society of those
 ‘ who *dogmatize*: For the Mind of Man is
 ‘ Generous, and *resists* Truth, or *receives* it, as
 ‘ its Approaches are *Rude* or *Gentle*. But then,
 ‘ there is an equal Inconvenience in the
 ‘ *contrary Extream*: And if we wou’d enjoy
 ‘ *Conversation*, with a Delicacy of *Wit*, we
 ‘ should have *Liberty* to *bound* it, by the In-
 ‘ terposition of our *Judgment*.

‘ THE *Harmony* of this Lady, who has so
 ‘ agreeably entertain’d us, is a *Beauty* that
 ‘ might weigh against the Absence of other
 ‘ Charms, more frequent, and perhaps less
 ‘ valuable! ’Tis the Motherly Indulgence of
 ‘ *Nature*, to rob us of *no* Benefit, without
 ‘ bestowing on us some other, in a double
 ‘ Proportion. How seldom do we find *all*
 ‘ Accomplishments united in the *same* Person!

‘ *Some*

‘ *Some* are *happy* in their *Humour*, and have
 ‘ their *Spirits* full of *Fire*; and *swift* and *subtil*
 ‘ in their *Motion*. *Others*, not so *sprightly*, have
 ‘ a *Blood* more *cold* and *phlegmatic*; but the
 ‘ *Course* of their *Animal Spirits* being *tempe-*
 ‘ *rately* regulated, they are *cautious* in *Deliberation*, *strong* and *constant* in *Resolution*;
 ‘ and *unshaken* in their *Enterprizes*. How *visi-*
 ‘ *ble* is this *Difference*! One is *airy* and *facetious*;
 ‘ the *Other* *thoughtful* and *judicious*. The
 ‘ *Wit* of One is *sharp*; the *Sense* of the *Other*,
 ‘ *solid*.

‘ I REMEMBER to have seen, during the
 ‘ last War in *Flanders*, in a Town where I had
 ‘ my Winter-Quarters, a wonderful Example
 ‘ of this *Recompence*, observ’d by Nature. An
 ‘ old Man, who had been born blind, and had
 ‘ always continued so, had a natural *Sagacity*,
 ‘ that was *prodigious* and scarce *credible*! A
 ‘ Legacy being left him, to the Value of *Fifty*
 ‘ *Pistoles*, the poor Man, who had never ex-
 ‘ pected to be Master of such a Sum, was un-
 ‘ der no small *Solicitude* how to secure his
 ‘ Possession of it. He determin’d, at last, to
 ‘ dig a Hole in the Cellar, and hide it: But it
 ‘ happen’d, that a *Dutch* Soldier, who was
 ‘ quartered in the House, saw him bury the
 ‘ Purse, and went afterwards and stole it. The
 ‘ Blind Man bethinking himself of a Place *more*
 ‘ convenient, return’d, in an Hour or two, and
 ‘ discover’d his Misfortune; for which he con-
 ‘ triv’d an ingenious Remedy, by *detecting* the
 ‘ *Author* of it, which he judg’d to have been
 ‘ the

‘ the *Dutch* Soldier; but the Difficulty was,
‘ *how to prove it.*

‘ THEY lay in the same Room; and, at
‘ Night, when they were in Bed, the Blind
‘ Man began, under Pretence of Friendship
‘ and Confidence, to consult with the Soldier,
‘ concerning a Necessity which he said, he was
‘ under, to *hide a hundred Pistoles.* To say
‘ Truth, added he, I have *hid fifty* of them
‘ *to Day*; and would dispose of the *other fifty*
‘ in the same Place, to Morrow; only I am
‘ desirous to be satisfy’d, Whether, in Point
‘ of *Conscience*, such a Practice is *unlawful*?
‘ My Relations being so extravagant, that they
‘ would *waste* it all, if they could come at it.

‘ THE Soldier swallowed the Bait, and ar-
‘ gued, like a *Casuis*t, to confirm the Intenti-
‘ on; expecting, now, to get it *all.* He rose,
‘ therefore, betimes, and going into the Cellar,
‘ restor’d the fifty Pieces to the Hole, he had
‘ taken them from: The Blind Man went, af-
‘ terwards, and recover’d his Money, as he
‘ expected, by the Success of his Stratagem.

HERE, the Major clos’d his *Speech*; and it
was difficult to say, which had most pleas’d
the Hearers, His *Story*, or his *Good-Nature*:
Ned Volatile, himself, tho’ his *Vanity* was a
little shock’d, felt an Awe, from the *Vertue*
and *Plain-Dealing* of his Friend; and, looking
generously out of Countenance, told the Major,
with a serious Smile, ‘ That, in Company of
‘ the *Wise*, none are *Foolish*, but the *Witty.*

‘ YET

‘ YET, to shew you, said he, (by this Time,
‘ beginning to recover himself,) That I have
‘ edified by your Sermon, I will make an ho-
‘ nourable Amends to the Ladies, by producing
‘ the Example of a Living Glory to their Sex,
‘ who has also been pleasant on a natural De-
‘ fect, but in a manner, much more Generous.
‘ She made them, on a Boy that was
‘ Dumb, but of excellent Quickness of Parts.
‘ And I speak with the more Pleasure, in Praise
‘ of this Lady, because I know I can do no-
‘ thing more acceptable to the Major, whom
‘ I have often heard declaring himself, One
‘ of Her devoted Admirers.

*I Sing the Boy, who gagg'd and bound,
Has been, by Nature, robb'd of Sound:
Yet has she found a gen'rous Way,
One Loss, by many Gifts, to pay.
His Voice, indeed, she close confin'd;
But bless'd him with a speaking Mind.
And ev'ry Muscle of his Face,
Discourses, with peculiar Grace.
The LADIES, tatling, o'er their Tea,
Might learn to charm, by copying Thee:
If Silence, thus, can Man become,
All Women Beauties shou'd be dumb.
Then, happy Boy, no more complain,
Nor think thy Loss of Speech a Pain;
Nature has us'd thee, like good Liquor,
And cork'd thee, but to make thee quicker.*

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THE *Major* embrac'd *Ned Volatile* with a fatherly Pride, and Tendernefs: And there was not One, in Company, who did not think it a *Happinefs*, to be guilty of a *Fault*, which had furnifh'd an Opportunity of *repenting*, fo *gracefully*.



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——— *fratremque ruentem*
Sustentat dextra ——— VIR.

MONDAY, *April* 20. 1724.

THERE is Nothing more *talk'd* of and less easily *found* than *Friendship*; Every One *Pretends* to It, and not One in a *Million* really *Possesses* this *Noble Passion*, which is the most *Generous* that can *Actuate* and *Adorn* the *Soul* of Man; being as *Necessary* a *Cement*, in *Private* and *Domestick* Life, as *Publick Faith* to *Publick Society*, and the greater *Commerce* of the *World*.

FOR Want of *Authentick* and *Real* *Ex-amples* of this *Noble Quality* so conducive to *Pleasure* as well as *Profit*, the *Antient* Poets have had *Recourse* to *Fiction*, and told us *Stories* of their *Pylades* and *Orestes*; but we
will

will entertain the Reader with the greatest Action of *Generous Friendship* that Human Nature is capable of *Performing*; and this from an Author of *unexceptionable* Credit, who was both an Eye and Ear Witness to Part of the Story, which is more remarkable, by happening between *Two Brothers*, whom the constant Observation of all Ages, has *remark'd* to be *less* often Friends, notwithstanding the Ties of Blood, than other Persons; infomuch that *Virgil*, who had a Perfect Knowledge of *Human Nature*, has thought fit (as it were Proverbially) to exprefs himself on this Occasion,

Et infidos agitans Discordia Fratres.

IN the Beginning of the XVIth Century, the *Portugueze* Carracks sailed from *Lisbon* to *Goa*, a very great Colony of *Portugueze*, in the *East-Indies*. These Carracks are the largest Vessels that press the Ocean: On Board of one of them were Twelve Hundred Souls, Mariners, Merchants, Passengers, Priests, and Fryars, who were going on their several Missions established in *China* and the *Indies*: The Beginning of their Voyage was Prosperous; they had doubled the *Cape of Good Hope*, and were steering *North-East* to the Continent of *India*, when some Gentlemen on Board, having studied *Geography* and *Navigation*, found in the Latitude in which they then were, a very great Ridge of Rocks laid down in their Sea Charts; upon this, they apply'd themselves to the Captain of

of the Ship, and acquainted him with the Danger which they apprehended, desiring him at the same Time, to communicate what they had discovered to the *Pilot*; which Request he immediately gratify'd, recommending to the *Pilot* to lie by in the *Night*, and slacken Sail by *Day*, 'till they should be past the Danger. By the Discipline of the *Portuguese* Navy, the Sailing Part is absolutely committed to the Care of the *Pilot*, who is answerable with his Head, for the safe Carriage of the King's Ship, and under no manner of Direction from the *Captain*, who commands in all other Respects.

INSTEAD of complying with so reasonable a Request, on which the Safety of so many Lives depended, the insolent *Pilot*, thinking it an Affront to be taught in his own Art, crowded more Sail than he carried before.

THE Observations of these Gentlemen were too true, not to have a fatal Issue: They had not sailed many Hours, but just upon Break of Day, (which would have been prevented if they had lain by) the Ship struck upon a Rock, and broke her Back.

I LEAVE to the Reader's Imagination, what a Scene of Horror this must be; the Fright of Twelve hundred Persons in the same inevitable Danger, at the Sight of that instantaneous Death, which star'd them in the Face!

THE *Captain* in this Distress, order'd the Pinnace to be launch'd, into which, after having toss'd in a small Quantity of Biscuit, and some few Boxes of Marmelade, he got himself
with

with nineteen others, who seeing the Danger of a Crowd in the common Horror, rushing into the Boat, drew their Swords and prevented the coming in of any more: The same Necessity oblig'd them immediately to put off, lest their Pinnacle should be drawn in by the Suction of the sinking Carrack.

HERE their Eyes were entertain'd with the most dismal of Spectacles, the Sight of their sinking Friends, and their Ears with the Cries of so many in the same Misery, whom they could not help without their own Destruction; a Scene of Woe, which nothing could alleviate but the Reflection, that they themselves were not in the same Extremity, though humanly speaking, they were not in a much better Condition, being destitute on the vast *Indian* Ocean, in an open Boat, without any Compass to direct them, without any fresh Water, but what must fall from those Heavens, whose Mercy alone could deliver them. To which must be added, the inevitable Danger of being overfet by the first Wind that should raise the Waves, besides the Certainty of perishing as soon as their small Stock of Provisions should be spent, which only serv'd to prolong their Miseries by reserving them for a more lingering and cruel Death. In this Distress, after they had for four Days rowed to and fro, without Guide or Direction, the Captain, who had been sick, and very weak, for some Time, overcome with Grief and Fatigue, died. This added, if possible, to their Misery, for now they fell into the last Confusion,

fufion, Every one would Govern, and none would Obey: This oblig'd them to chufe one of their own Company to command them, whose Orders they agreed implicitly, without any Reserve, to follow.

THE Choice fell upon a Gentleman, who was, what the *Portugueze* call a *Mestizzo*, that is, one begotten between an *European* and an *Indian*: This Person, vefted with his new Authority, propofed to the Company to draw Lots, and throw every fourth Man overboard, by Reason their Provifion was fpent fo far, as not to laft above three Days longer: They were now Nineteen Perfons in all; in this Number were a Fryar and the Carpenter, both whom, they would exempt, by Reason of their being fo neceffary, the One to Abfolve and Comfort them in their laft Extremity, and the other to take Care of the Boat, in Cafe of a Leak, or other Accident; the fame Compliment they paid to their new Captain, he being the odd Man, and his Life of more Confequence than any of the reft. He refufed a great while, but at laft acquiefced; fo that there were four to dye out of the fixteen remaining.

THE Three firft on whom the Lot fell, after having confefs'd, and receiv'd Abfolution, fubmitted to their Fate.

THE Fourth, whom Fortune condemn'd, was a *Portugueze* Gentleman who had a younger Brother in the Boat, who, feeing him about to be flung over-board, moft tenderly embraced

him, and with Tears in his Eyes, besought him to let him dye for him; enforcing his Arguments by telling him, That, *He was a Married Man, and had a Wife and Children at Goa, besides the Care of three Sisters who absolutely depended upon him: That as for himself, he was single, and his Life of no great Importance; he therefore conjur'd him to let him supply his Place.*

THE Elder Brother astonish'd, and melted with this Generosity, replied, *That since the Providence of GOD, had appointed him, it would be wicked and unjust to suffer any other to dye for him, especially a Brother to whom he was so infinitely oblig'd.*

THE Younger would take no Denial, but flinging himself on his Knees, held his Brother so fast, that they could not disengage them: Thus they disputed for a while, the Elder Brother bidding him *be a Father to his Wife and Children, and as he would inherit his Estate, take Care of their common Sisters*; but all he could say, made him not desist; This was a Scene of Tendernefs which must fill with Pity any Breast susceptible of generous Impressions!

AT last, as it is no difficult Thing to persuade a Man to live, the *Constancy* of the Elder Brother yielded to the *Piety* of the Younger; he acquiesced, and suffered the Gallant Young Man to supply his Place; who being flung into the Water, when he came to it, could not be content to dye; but being a very good Swimmer, got to the Stern of the Pinnace, and laid

laid hold with his right Hand; which being perceiv'd by one of the Sailors, he cut off the Hand with a Cutlass, upon which, dropping into the Sea, he caught hold again with his Left, which received the same Fate by a second Blow; thus dismembered in his two Hands, he made a shift, notwithstanding, to keep himself above Water, with his Feet and two Stumps.

THIS moving Spectacle so raised the Pity of the whole Crew, that they cry'd out, *He is but one Man, let us save him*; which was accordingly done; and he taken into the Boat, had his Hands bound up as well as the Place and Circumstances would permit. They row'd all that Night, and next Morning, when the Sun arose, as if Heaven would reward the Gallantry and Piety of this Young Man, and for his Sake, save all the rest, they descry'd Land, which prov'd to be the Mountains of *Mozambique* in *Africk*, where the *Portugueze* have a Colony; hither they all safely got, where they staid 'till the next Ships from *Lisbon* pass'd by, and carried this Company to *Goa*; where *Linschotten*, a *Dutch* Author of good Credit, assures us, That he himself saw them land, supp'd with the two Brothers that very Night, saw the Younger with his Stumps, and had the Story from both their Mouths, as well as from the rest of the Company.





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- *Dulcis Odor Lucri.*
- *didicisse fideliter Artes.*
- *Emollit mores nec finit esse feros. HOR.*

FRIDAY, April 24. 1724.

AMONG the *Benefits* we owe to *Trade*, there is One *Disadvantage*, unavoidably annexed to It — It *weakens* our *Humanity*, and *eradicates* an open *Confidence*, which most Men are *born* with; but *lose*, as it were, *insensibly*, by the Influence of *low Maxims*: such as are early imprinted on the Minds of *all* who are *educated* to the Arts of *Bargaining*.

THE *Notions* of such Men, unless in some *extraordinary Cases*, are strangely *narrow*, and *confin'd*. They are seldom *capable* of *relishing*, or even of *comprehending*, the *Extent* of a *disinterested Beneficence*. — Their *Wisdom* is but *Cunning*, and their *Learning* is a *Craft*. When they hear the *Fame* of some *vast Bounty*, some *Expansion* of the *Soul*, that is *unusual*, and *astonishing*, instead of that *Emotion* and *warm Transport* of Heart, which it *excites*, in the *Generous*, all their *Wonder* is the *Effect* of their *Incapacity* to *conceive* it: for, measuring it

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it by a Supposition, That there *must* be some latent *Design*, they are at a *Loss* to account for the *Gain*, or the *Drift* of it.

CIVILITY, in these Men, is not *Manners*, but *Mystery*. Their *Friendships* are a Kind of *Barterings*, for *Exchange* of Good Offices, and the *weakest* of their *Passions*, are their *Love*, and their *Pity*.

No Condition of Life can be more *afflicted* and *mortifying*, than the *Misery* of Owing Money to these *Scantlings* of Humanity. They consider you, *then*, no longer on the Foot of Merit, or Quality; but, as if Good Manners, and Decency, were their *Ready Money Commodities*, they throw off all *Respect*, and grow *brutal*, and *unsociable*.

Mr. Hawthorn, my Neighbour, the *Sussex* Justice of the *Quorum*, came lately into the *Assembly*, with a *Mien*, disturb'd, and *Martial*. He swung his Arms, like a *Pendulum*. His Face was flush'd, and flaming; and his whole Gesture *menacing*. He puff'd and breath'd short; sat him down, in one of the Windows; threw his Hat upon the Floor; and, as soon as he cou'd speak intelligibly, gave us loudly to understand, That he had been waiting, six Hours, in a Tavern, without eating or drinking, with a furious Determination, to *break* the *Head* of the *Vintner*. — Is this, said he, the Good-Breeding of your *Welcome-mongers*, that keep *Taverns*? — Is *this*, the little, flattering, scraping, sneering, wagtail *Fellow*, that us'd to be so *ready*, and so *nimble*? — To rub his

F 3
Hands,

Hands, and wriggle forward, like a Spaniel, to the Street-End of his Entry? — *Odsbobs!* it was a lucky *Reprieve* for his *Bones*, that he was gone down to the *Custom-House!* for I am verily convinc'd, that, in the *Fury* of my *Heart*, I shou'd have broke the *King's Peace*, tho' I had lost my *Commission* for't.

THE *Assembly* was, by this Time, in a *Mid-way* Disposition, betwixt *Mirth* and *Astonishment!* when he threw me a rumpled Paper, and *nodded* at me, to open it. I did so, in some Confusion, and, perceiv'd, it was a *Letter*; which, upon a second *permissive Nod*, I read, aloud, to the Company.

For 'Squire *Robert Hawthorn*. These.

S I R,

' I SHUD a'thought, how such as you, shud
' a been a Man of *Honour*. Your Friend,
' as gave you a Character, promis'd, That you
' was *Ready Money*, for that Pipe of *Neat Port*,
' as I sent away, by your Order, to the Car-
' rier's in the *Borough*. — But I find no such
' Matter. I ha' writ one Letter, besides this,
' and had no *Answer*, to none of 'um. I de-
' pend upon hearing from you, to my Con-
' tent, betwixt and next *Saturday*, without
' fail: — Or Trouble will ensue.

Yours,

Giles Winpenny.

I WAS

I WAS a little at a Loss how to act in this Business, for it happen'd, unfortunately, that I had recommended Mr. *Winpenny*, to my worthy Neighbour Mr. *Hawthorn*; so that I was under some Surprise, and in Perplexity, what to say: When *Ned Volatile*, whose *Levity* is, sometimes, of *much Weight*, interpos'd, very seasonably, and with his usual *Vein of Humour*.

LEND your Cudgel to *Me*, Mr. *Justice* o'the *Quorum*; for, if you shou'd *pay* him, your self, you will pay him, with *Interest*. — Besides, it is an Honour that every Body does not *merit*, — to be *beat* by a *Magistrate*. — The Matter is not so *great* neither. — If you will do me but the Favour to sup, to Night, at my Lodgings, there's *my Man*, now, I'll warrant you, can produce half a Score, such *tender Billets* as this. — I give 'em him, once a Week, to cut out into *Fringes*, for my *Candlesticks*. — But, as to poor *Winpenny*, he's an honest Fellow, at Bottom, and no worse than a *Miser*. — But so *pleasantly* covetous, that, if you were as *learn'd* in him, as I am, you wou'd forgive him, out of *Gratitude*, for the *Laughter* he wou'd afford you. — Shall I tell you a merry *Story* of him? — Poor *Winpenny*, you must know, lost a Cargo of Wine, that was coming to him, from *Lisbon*; and, in the Anguish of his Heart, he resolv'd to *live no longer*: He ty'd a Rope about his Neck, and fast'ning it to a Beam in his Cellar, jump'd, *heroically* off, from an *unlucky*, empty, Hogshhead, that tumbled down, from its Stand, and alarm'd one of his Drawers, who

was unseasonably Vigilant. The silly Rogue cry'd out; and I, happening, at that Time, to be Drinking behind the *Bar*, run immediately down; and, as Ill-Luck wou'd have it, came Time enough to cut the Rope. — Great Endeavours were us'd, to compose his ruffled Mind. — But, when he was told, the next Morning, in what Manner he was preserv'd, he grew desperate, and uncomfortable; And nothing wou'd serve his Turn, but his Rope must be *paid for*. — I have the Bill, at Home uncancell'd, where he charges me, by Way of Postscript, with this remarkable Article, — *For Cutting a New Rope, what you please, or think reasonable.*

MR. *Hawthorn* lost his Anger, in *Ned Volatile's* Start of Pleasantry; and the *Assembly* grew compos'd, and took Occasion, from this Incident, to enter upon a serious, and instructive, *Chain of Reasoning*, on the *Leveliness* of that *Quality*, which is call'd *Generosity*: At the Close of which, the *Major*, who had listen'd, from the Beginning, with a silent Approbation, and a Face augustly sweeten'd, with an *Amiable Reverence*, took his Turn in the Conversation: And as soon as he offer'd to speak, a chearful Expectation appear'd in the *Eyes* of the whole Company; and every Body paid him the Homage of a voluntary Attention.

I have been greatly delighted, said this *Friend of Mankind*, with the *Discourse* which I have heard, of an *Excellence*, I love: And, which, I remember a fine *Experience* of, by

a Companion of mine, an *agreeable*, young Fellow, who, in an *Exigency*, that befel him, try'd the *Difference* of Mens Natures. — He applyed himself to Two Persons; of whom One was his near *Relation*, and the Other had been his *School-fellow*. He sent each of them a Letter, which had the same Contents, *Verbatim*. — From the first, he had this *Answer*. I keep *both* Copies in my *Pocket-Book*; for I should be sorry to lose Either.

Dear Tom,

‘ YOU could never have applyed your self
 ‘ to me at so unlucky a *Time*, as *Now*:
 ‘ For I have not a *loose Corn* by me. The
 ‘ *Funds* are, to me, instead of a *strong Box*:
 ‘ And, you know, when they are in such a
 ‘ fair *Way of Rising*, one would not willing-
 ‘ ly *sell out*; unless for some *extraordinary Oc-*
 ‘ *casion*. I send you the *Note* again, because
 ‘ it don’t fall in my *Way* to make the proposed
 ‘ *Use* of it: But I am *heartily*, and *sincerely*
 ‘ sorry, that it should happen to be thus out
 ‘ of my *Power*: For no Body in the *World*
 ‘ can be more willing, and ready, at all *Times*,
 ‘ to serve *You*, than,

Dear TOMSY,

Your loving Uncle, and real Friend,

D. W.

The

The ANSWER to his other LETTER, was
very different, and runs thus :

SIR,

‘ **N**O good News can be more welcome,
‘ than a Proof, That I am honour’d with
‘ the *Friendship* of the *Deserving*. — I must
‘ consider in *this Light*, the *Obligation* you
‘ have laid me under, by that *Confidence* you
‘ allowed to my *Professions* of *Sincerity*. — This
‘ *Bill* should have come alone, but that I find
‘ my self under a Necessity to *rectify* a *Mistake*,
‘ you have made, in the *Note*, you sent me.—
‘ Forgive me, therefore, that I return it you.
‘ I am, with the greatest Respect,

S I R,

Your most Obliged, and

most Obedient Servant,

M. Z.

THE *Note*, which he sent back, was that,
by which my *Friend* had acknowledged his
Receipt of the *Money* he desired to borrow;
and which he promised to repay, on *Demand*,
to the *Lender*, or his *Order*: All this, the re-
fined Obliger had *eraz’d* with his *Pen*; and
instead of it, wrote what follows, on the blank
Side of the Paper. — I do hereby declare,
That I owe five Hundred Guineas, to my good
Friend, Mr. S——, and will always reserve them
in a Readiness for his Call; in Return for the
Pleasure

Pleasure *he* has given me, by borrowing of me One Hundred.

WHILE we were expressing our *Satisfaction* in this fine-spirited Instance, of the *Art* of *enlarging* Favours, by the *Manner* of conferring them, the *Alderman* was observed to have *fix'd* his Eyes on the Floor, in a Posture of Thought, and Sadness, that was very *unusual* in him. — *Ned Volatile*, who had just made a *Tour*, round the Table, to beg a Pinch of *Spanish* from the *Coquett's Venetian Snuff-Box*, passing close behind the *Alderman*, and supposing him fast asleep, guided Part of it to his *Nose*, and rows'd him, into a Fit of *Sneezing*; which, as soon as he was freed from, he looked round for *Ned Volatile*; and, after a *Half Smile*, and a *Sober Wag* of his *Head*, thus addressed himself to the *Company*.

I KNEW, I owed this *Favour* to the Wantonness of that young *Mad-cap*; who is as full of *Mischief* as a *Monkey*. He fancy'd, I was *nodding*; and, truly, I am sorry, that he happened to be mistaken; for I was *mus'ing*, and very *melancholy*. — This Story of the *Major's* brought afresh into my Mind an extraordinary Accident that I met with, my self, in the Year of the *Great Frost*, that was before the *Revolution*.

MANY *Losses*, that Year, had disabled me to make good my Credit; so that I was *run upon*, by my Enemies; and gave myself up for no Better than a *Gone Man*. But, one Morning, early, — I shall never forget it! — I was just
come

come down into my *Counting House*, in my Night-Gown, and Slippers; — when, in comes a Porter, and delivers me a Letter; and away he goes, immediately, without asking for an Answer. — The Letter was from a Merchant, that had formerly been my Best Friend; but we had *broke off*, for some Years, upon my refusing to lend him a *Thousand Pounds*, upon his *Bond*; and we had never convers'd, since that Time, till now, that he sent this Letter; the Contents of which, were to tell me, That he was sorry to hear, what was reported abroad, to the *Discredit* of my *Circumstances*; for he knew, it must be owing to some *unfortunate Accident*; since, whatever *Defects* I had, I could never *want Frugality*. — But, however, says he, If *Five Thousand Pounds* can save you, call for it when you please, and I will lend it you, by Way of *Punishment*, for an *Unkindness* of Yours, formerly: And since the Mortification This must give you, merits Pardon for your Fault, I will *forget it*, from this Time forward, that we may be Friends again, as usual.

THE *Alderman* interrupted himself in this Part of his *Story*, by a sudden Burst of *Tears*; which he strove, in vain, to suppress; and which affected the whole *Assembly* with a *Sympathy*, more *touching*, than could have been excited by the most pathetick Force of *Eloquence*. — He recover'd himself, after a short Pause, and went on, to inform us, That, within less than a Week, after he had sav'd himself from *Ruin*, by Receipt of this Money, his
generous

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generous Friend, the *Merchant*, fell out of a *Boat*, below Bridge, and was, unfortunately drown'd. — It is true, continu'd the good *Alderman*, I repaid it, very punctually, and have made all Acknowledgments, and done all Services, in my Power, to his sorrowful *Widow*, and his *Children*. — But, *alas!* What did all *That* signify? — *He* was dead, that had *Oblig'd* me: — And *gone*, beyond all Possibility of ever knowing how I *repented* my unkind Usage of him! and what a *Shame*, and a *Change*, his *Generosity* had produced in me!

He would willingly have spoke more; but could not support his *Anguish*; — and wept again, very passionately; so that rising abruptly, he hastened out of the Room, and left *Us all* in great *Disorder*.



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— *Nugis addere Pondus.* HOR.

MONDAY, *April* 27. 1724.

I YESTERDAY went to see a very agreeable Friend, at whose House, I found a handsome Appearance of Young People of both SEXES. Upon my Entrance, every one
rose,

rose, and very obligingly proffered me a Seat, each insisting on the Preference I should give in Acceptance of the Honour design'd me.

As I was unwilling to disoblige any One, where All had treated me with so much Civility, I wink'd at my Friend, who, with great Formality, conducted me to a large Elbow-Chair; and put an End to the Dispute.

WHILE I was wondring with a secret Pleasure, at such an *unaccustom'd* Piece of *Good-breeding*, and examining the Countenances of the Company, my Friend, who till then had discours'd of indifferent Matters, told me with a Smile, *He had assembled this Sett of Young People, with a Promise of shewing them the PLAIN DEALER, and therefore desir'd, I would throw aside all Reservedness, and look upon every one as my profess'd Admirer, and Friend, which was immediately confirm'd by a General Reverence.*

I THANK'D him for the *Favour* he had done me, in introducing me to such Agreeable Society; and could not help discovering by my Looks, the inward Satisfaction I felt, at the Sight of so much *Youth*, and *Beauty*; which ended in that melancholy Reflection, *How many Dangers it was expos'd to, and how easily it might be vitiated.*

WHEN the Tea-Equipage was remov'd, and every One remained silent in Expectation of what I should say, the Charming *Leonilla*, my Friend's Eldest Daughter, after having first fix'd her Eyes on a Young Lady that sat opposite to her, and then on me, desir'd in Behalf

half of Part of the Company, I would give my Opinion in the Case of *That* Restriction *Young Women lie under, who, from a Custom, which, in her Opinion, had no just Grounds for its Support, are forbid by Decency, let their Passion be the most vertuous and tender that was ever felt, to make the least Advance, by which the Party belov'd may discover the Sentiments they have in his Favour.* To which I answer'd, *A Woman of Sense can never feel that Tendernefs for a Fool; — and a Man of Sense, would always reckon such a Declaration, a Desire of enjoying that Happiness, whose Basis is Love, and whose Support is Virtue.*

AFTER I had delivered my Opinion in Favour of *Leonilla*, I turn'd to the Lady, with whom (I could perceive by the Blush in her Cheeks) she had been disputing, and told her, *There was a false, as well as a true Decency; and that One consisted in Grimace and Shew, the Other in an open Deportment, the Result of an unaffected, disinterested Love of Virtue. And that it would always be found, a Man has no more Reason to conceive Hopes from the free Converse of the Latter, than to fear Success from the distant Carriage of the Former. True Virtue wants no Foil, and is never talking of itself. False Virtue, sensible of its Weakness, is forc'd to have Recourse to Hypocrisy, and is ever boasting a Strength it is a Stranger to.*

As I was running on in this grave Discourse, I was interrupted by a young Gentleman, who told us, he had just met with a Copy

of

†

of VERSES, said to be written by Lady *W——y M——e*, wherein he thought there was the most Delicate Sense of *Virtue*, mixed with the most agreeable *Turn* of *Wit*. Upon the whole Company's desiring to see it, he pulled a Paper out of his Pocket, and read as follows.

The RESOLVE.

W*Hilst Thirst of Praise, and vain Desire of Fame,
In ev'ry Age, is ev'ry Woman's Aim;
With Courtship pleas'd; of silly Toasters proud;
Fond of a Train, and happy in a Crowd;
On each poor Fool bestowing some kind Glance;
Each Conquest owing to some loose Advance;
Whilst vain Coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this Great MAXIM be my Virtue's Guide, }
In Part she is to blame, who has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be Deny'd. }*

WE all agreed in the *Character* he had given of this little *Piece*; particularly a Gentleman, who has a Smattering in *Poetry*; who, *not to be behind-hand with the Sex in Modesty*, produc'd the subsequent Lines, which he desir'd I would read to the Company.

ANSWER

ANSWER to the RESOLVE.

Whilst empty Coxcombs blast a Woman's Fame,
 In ev'ry State and ev'ry Age the same;
 With their own Folly pleas'd, each FAIR they toast,
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most;
 No Diff'rence marking 'twixt the Gay and Lewd,
 But dreaming, All, who fly, wou'd be pursu'd:
 Whilst thus they vainly think, and vainly live,
 Lost, to that Reverence Love's soft Lessons give,
 Let this Great MAXIM be my Passions Guide,
 May I ne'er hope where I am ne'er deny'd,
 Nor gain a Woman willing to be try'd.

IF before, we were loud in Commendation
 of the First, here, we were extravagant; the
 LADIES oppress'd him with Thanks; and told
 him, *He should lose Nothing, by the Generous*
Opinion he had entertain'd of the SEX. To
 which a Wag, in Company, with an envious
Smile, reply'd, ' If he should lose Nothing
' by it he was sure, he would get Nothing,
' but what wou'd be merited, by his Mortifi-
' cations.

My Friend perceiving both Parties grew
 warm, desir'd them, before they went on, to
 consider what they were saying, since he
 was perswaded the PLAIN DEALER
 would print the Occurrences of that Day.
 Upon which, they all compos'd their Looks,
 and a general Silence ensued. When my Friend
 turning to me, ' You see, (says he) the Ne-
 cessity of a Man of your Character: Ev'ry
 Vol. I. G way

‘ way you’re Serviceable; the *Publick* feels
 ‘ the *Benefit* of your *Writings*; and *Private*
 ‘ *Families* of your *Presence*: One is restrain’d
 ‘ by Fear of *Publick Censure*; the Other, of
 ‘ *Private Reproof*; If therefore you have any
 ‘ Enemies, treat them with *Candour*, and con-
 ‘ vince them of their Errors by a — But I
 ‘ am engaging in a needless Office; and *giving*
 ‘ Advice where I ought to *ask* it.

IT growing late, I took Leave of the Com-
 pany (not without a particular Invitation from
 Each, which I promis’d at the first Opportu-
 nity to comply with,) and calling at my Prin-
 ter’s as I went Home, found the following
 Billet, which, but for the Advice my Friend
 gave me, I should hardly have been prevail’d
 upon to make publick.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

April 25th, 1724.

SIR,

‘ **T**HE best *Construction* I can put upon
 ‘ your Attempt is *Vanity* or *Folly*; for
 ‘ unless you look upon yourself as *superior*
 ‘ to the Authors of the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*,
 ‘ *Guardians*, *Free-Thinkers*, &c. You are very
 ‘ weak, to think any Thing *inferior* can be
 ‘ relish’d by those who are Admirers of *Them*;
 ‘ amongst the most *Passionate* of which, you
 ‘ may reckon

Indelectabilis.

N. B. *You love PLAIN DEALING; so do I.*

To

To Indelectabilis.

SIR,

‘ **Y**OUR Letter being so Witty, as not
 ‘ to be Capable of an Answer, — You
 ‘ have reduc’d me to the Necessity of bestow-
 ‘ ing it upon your Postscript. I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

The Plain Dealer.

N. B. *Plain Dealing*, is a *Virtue*, but *Rough Dealing* an *Impertinence*.



The Plain Dealer. No 12.

Pasces in Cruce Corvos. ——— **HOR.**

FRIDAY, May 1. 1724.

I HAVE as just a Veneration as any Man living, for the *Laws* of my Native Country: They are generous, mild, and gentle; built on equal *Foundations* of *Justice* and *Mercy*: And, to say all, in a Word, they are such, as every *Freeman* wou’d *wish* to be govern’d by. I am so far from denying them the Re-
 G 2 verence

verence they deserve, that I have always read with Pleasure, the most elaborate, and strain'd *Encomiums*, with which the *Gentlemen* of the *Robe* fill their *Writings*, on this *Subject*.

BUT, since it is the most *desireable*, among all the Advantages of *Liberty*, to think, and speak freely; it cannot, I hope, be offensive, if I declare myself not well satisfy'd, with any Arguments I have, yet, heard, in Defence of *Capital Punishment* for certain *Crimes*, which are low, and frequent: And which carry, methinks, no Proportion, in Comparison with others, of a much blacker Complexion; to which notwithstanding, they seem *parallel'd*, by the Equality of their *Sentence*.

THE *Life* of a Man is, so infinitely of more Value than his *Beast*, or his *Moveable*, that, whenever I see the Sufferings of pinch'd, and hunger-starv'd *Wretches*, under the Agonies of an *Execution*; for having robb'd perhaps to avoid *famishing*; I find myself oppress'd by a *Grief*, which nothing mitigates, but this *Reflection* — That their *Lives* were expos'd to such Extremities of Want, and Misery, that their *Death* should be a Comfort. — And yet, the long protracted Gazings, the Paleness, the Tremblings, and the ghastly, distorted Faces, of the poor departing Strugglers (who die with strong Reluctance, and linger, and lengthen out, their last painful Moment) make it evident, to the *Bekolders*, That, Unfriendly as the World was to them, they are not willing to forsake it.

I AM convinc'd, that if it were possible to see, on some such *Plain*, as that of *Salisbury*, under one assembled Prospect, the whole Number, of Men and Women, who have been executed, *for Theft only*, in all the Counties of this Kingdom, within the Memory of any Person, of but a moderate Advance in Years; such a dreadful Demonstration of the *Waste*, which is made, by this *Sweep* of the *Sword* of *Justice*, would be a startling Inducement to those, whose Province it is known to be, to weigh, with Pity, and Deliberation, whether Punishments, more *adequate*, and more *politick*, too, than *Death*, might not easily be appropriated to a Number of *Petty Crimes*, which ever were, and ever must be, unavoidably frequent, in all peopled Places; being the necessary Consequences, either of the *Wants*, or the *Depravity*, of the lowest Part of the *Human Species*.

ONE Evening, very lately, All my Neighbourhood, in *Barbican*, were in an Uproar, on a sudden; and I was disturb'd, in my Meditations, by the shrieking of Women, the mix'd Cries of Children, and a growing *Hum* of Concourse, that seem'd close under my Window. — I threw aside my Pipe; and, hastening to look out, saw the Street entirely fill'd, by a *Groupe* of dismal Faces; that had gather'd themselves into a Tumult, about a House, directly opposite, and appear'd to be touch'd, as strongly as Common Natures are capable, with a Mixture of *Surprize* and *Sorrow*. It seems, the Husband of a laborious, poor Creature,

ture, who was Mistress of this House, had been condemn'd, at the County Assizes, in one of the late Circuits, for stealing a Horse: And a Letter had, just now, been deliver'd to his Wife; which the Criminal himself had written, the very Morning he was executed.

HIS Relations and Acquaintance had depended on a *Reprieve*; for the Man was universally belov'd among his Neighbours: And, tho' always very poor, and unfortunate in his Dealings, had been remarkable for his Industry; of a sober Disposition, and never known, before, to have been guilty of the least Dishonesty. He had Six Children alive, and the Eldest but Eight Years old. His Mother, who liv'd in the same little House, had been disabled, by Sickness, for several Months past: So that, perceiving it beyond his Power to subsist his Family any longer, and not daring to stay in Town, by Reason of some Debts he had contracted, he went down, to *try his Friends*, who liv'd, in good Circumstances, in the Country. But, instead of meeting with *Assistance*, he only spent, in this Journey, all the little he had carried with him: And not being able to support the Thoughts of returning, *without Bread*, to a Family, in such want of it, he rode away with a Horse, which he found ty'd to a Gate; and being pursu'd, and overtaken, was try'd, condemn'd, and hang'd, for it.

THIS History was loudly given me, by the good Women, in the Street; after which,
I had

I had the Curiosity to press in, among the Crowd; and was struck, at my first Entrance, by the most *moving* Scene of *Sorrow*, that I ever remember to have met with. The Widow had broke open her Husband's Letter, in Transport, concluding, That it brought her the Confirmation of a *Reprieve*, which a former had given her Hopes of. But she was so shock'd, and overwhelm'd by the sudden Reverse of Passion, that her Grief was a kind of *Madness*. She sat on the Floor without Headcloaths; and had an Infant, cross her Knees, that was crying, with great Impatience, for the *Breast*, it had been thrown from. Another *slept* in a *Cradle*, close by a little *Bed*, in which the *Grandmother* sat weeping; bending forward in strong Agony; and wringing her Hands in silence. The Four Eldest Children were gather'd into a Knot, and clung about the Neck of their miserable Mother: *stamping, screaming, and kissing her*, in a Storm of distracted *Tenderness*! — The poor Woman, *herself*, was in a Condition, *past describing*! She press'd the Letter of her *dead Husband*, to her *Eyes*! — her *Lips*! — her *Bosom*! — She rav'd, and talk'd, and question'd him, as if he had been present! — And, at every little Interval, dry'd her *Tears*, with his *Letter*: And cast a Look upon the Company, so *wild*! and so full of *Horror*! that it cannot be conceiv'd, but by those, who were Witnesses of it.

As soon as she saw *me* there, she stretched out her Hand; and made Signs, that I should read

the Letter; which I received from her, accordingly: And going back, to my Lodging, with a Resolution to send over some fitter Person than myself, to assist, in the Distresses of so disconsolate a Family, I sat down, and took a Copy of it, because it *moved* me exceedingly.

Dear, Loving Betty,

I*T is now nine a Clock; and I must be fetch'd out, by and by, and go to die, before Eleven. I shall see my poor Bess no more, in this World; but, if we meet one another again in the next, as I hope in God we shall, we may never part afterwards. Methinks, if I cou'd but only once more look upon my good Betty before I die, tho' it shou'd be but for a Minute; and say a kind Word to my Fatherless Children, that must Starve now, if God don't take Care for them, I should go, away, with a good Heart. And yet sometimes I fancy, it is better as it is, for it wou'd be sad, to die, afterwards, and I fear it wou'd make me faint-hearted: and I should be wishing, that I might live, to get you Bread, and Cloaths, for your poor precious Bodies. Sarah Taylor made my Heart ake, when she told me, that you had pawn'd away, every thing, to make up that last fifty Shillings that you sent me by Will. Sanderson, who is now in the Room with me, and sits down upon the Straw that I laid on, last Night, and is weeping for me like a Child. But God will make up all the Money to you again, that you have let me have, to no purpose. And I should be sorry that any unkind Body should hit*
it

it in your Teeth, that I come to such an untimely, bad End: For I thought as little of it, as they do. But all the Way as I walked up to London, afoot, I could not help having a Fancy in my Head at every Turn, That I saw my poor dear Betty, and my six helpless little Ones hanging upon me, and crying out bitterly, That they had no Bread, to keep Life in 'em; and begging me to buy them some. And so, I thought that I would sell that Horse, and make you believe, that I got Money, of your Sister Parker: But she was too Sparing, for that; and wou'd never once look upon me. — I pray to God to forgive her, and, if she wou'd but be Good to you, when I am gone, God blefs her. — Loving Betty, remember me to my sorrowful Mother, and tell her not to take on too much. And bid Richard and Harry, take Warning by my Fall, if ever they come to be Men: And, for the poor Girls, they are too young, as yet, to understand any thing you can say to them. God's Goodness be your Comfort, and if you can, don't think about me, for it will make you only melancholly. — I hope, the Old Deputy will be kind to you, and help you to do somewhat. I am sorry I can't write no more, because my Tears are come into my Eyes. — Little did I think of this dismal Parting — Oh! 'tis very sad! — God blefs you, in this unhappy World; Dear, Dear Betty,

*From your unfortunate,
dying Husband,*

R. S.

P. S.

P. S. *Nothing vexes me, but when I think that it is a very hard Case for a Man to be made to die, for a Horse. They say, the King is to have him; he is not worth much: but if my poor Betty had the Money, he cou'd be Sold for, it wou'd be some Comfort however; for then I shou'd not have left you all so Bare, as you be now.*

I carry'd this Letter with me to the *Assembly*: where it was universally Agreed, That there is a plain-hearted Honesty, very manifest in all Parts of it; and a generous and manly Sorrow, not arising so much from his own Desire to *Live*, as from a Prospect of *their Wants*, whom his Death was to leave *Destitute*. Our Clergyman, in particular, was greatly mov'd to Compassion; and propos'd a Charitable Collection, to be sent to the poor *Widow*, to which himself contributed *first*, in a very liberal Proportion.

He related to us afterwards an extraordinary *Dying Speech*, of a very different Turn; which he heard made when a *Student*, by a House-breaker, who was hang'd for *Murder* and a *Robbery*.

GOOD People, said the Criminal, *since I am to serve you, for a Sight, the least you can do, is to be Civil to the Man that entertains you. I ask nothing of you, but the Justice, that is due to me. There are some meddling Tongues,*
which

which I can hear among the Crowd, very busy to incense you. Tho' it is true, I have committed Murder, yet I hope I am no Murderer. The Felony I really purpos'd ; but my Intention had no part in the Death that I was Guilty of. The Deceas'd cry'd for Help, and was so Obstinate, and Clamorous, that I was under a Necessity to kill him ; or submit my self to be taken. And thus I argued in my Mind. If I Murder him, I shall get off ; or, at worst, if I am taken, my Punishment will be no greater, than if I spare him, and Surrender : I can be BUT HANG'D for Murder, and I must be HANG'D TOO, for the House-breaking ! This Thought, Good People, prevail'd with me to Shoot him ; so that what you call Murder, was but Self-Preservation. Now that I shou'd have dy'd in this same Manner, whether I had Shot him, or no, Witness these two Weak Brothers here, who look as if they were already at the other End of their Voyage, tho' they have not hoisted Sail yet ! one of these Stole some Bacon, and the other, a wet Smock or two. The LAW must be certainly Wiser than you are ; and since that has been pleas'd to set oⁿ Crimes on a Level, be so civil or compassionate as to hold your silly Tongues, and let me die, without Slander.

We had several other Stories, on this Subject, of the *Publick Executions* : but none pleas'd me better, than one, which I shall close my Paper with ; and which we were also oblig'd to the *Vicar* for.

THE

‘ THE late King of *Sweden* had condemn’d a Soldier to *die*; and stood at a little Distance from the Place of Execution. The Fellow, when he heard this, was in hopes of a *Pardon*; but being assur’d he was mistaken, cry’d, his *Tongue* was yet *free*, he wou’d use it, at his Pleasure; which he did, with great License; accusing the King, most insolently, and as loud as he cou’d speak, of *Barbarity* and *Injustice*, and appealing to God, for *Revenge* of his *wrong’d Innocence*. The King not hearing him, distinctly, enquir’d of those about him, *What the Soldier had been saying?* and was told, by a General Officer, who was unwilling to heighten his Resentment against the *Miserable*, That he had only repeated, very often and loud, *That God loves the Merciful, and teaches the Mighty to moderate their Anger*. The King was touch’d by the *Lesson*, and sent his Pardon to the Criminal. But a Courtier of an opposite Interest, took Advantage of this Occasion, and repeated to the King exactly the Licentiousness of the Fellow’s *Railing*; adding gravely when he had done, That Men of Quality, and Trust, ought never, in his Opinion, to *misrepresent Facts to their Sovereign*. The King for some Time stood suspended in his Thoughts, but turning at length toward the Courtier, with a Face of Reproof, *It is the first Time*, says he, *that ever I have been betrayed for my Advantage!*

' *vantage! But the LYE of your Enemy, pleas'd*
' *me better, than your TRUTH does.*



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Trahit sua quemque Voluptas:
Dic mihi, si fueras tu Leo, qualis eris? MART.

MONDAY, May 4. 1724.

THERE are in every Man's Life, even the wisest, and most fortified, certain *Periods of Weakness*, which demonstrate our common Frailty, and seem thrown into our Nature, as Preservatives against *Pride*; and for the Mortification of Human Vanity.

THAT Venerable Sage of old, who has left us this *Aphorism*, *That no Man should be esteem'd happy, 'till after his Death*; might have extended his Observation, as well to our *Conduct*, as our *Fortune*: *Let no Man, during Life, be call'd Resolute, or Prudent.*

COULD I ever have thought, That after passing my giddy *Youth* in a steady Contempt of Beauty, I should be enslav'd to it, *against Judgment*, in my Grand *Climacterick*! If the Duty of a PLAIN DEALER did not indispensibly oblige me to the most rigid Impartiality;
even

even to the giving Sentence against *my-self*, with what Face cou'd I confess, (what I am ashamed, when I but think of) That I, who am a *staid Old Batchelor*, am afraid, I am falling in *Love* with *Patty Amble the Coquet* ! who always seem'd to me, to have been *born* in a Fit of *Laughter* ! and never had a *Thought* of *Gravity*, but when it furnish'd her with an Occasion to divert herself at the Expence of it !

WELL ! If this should, in good Earnest, come to pass, I shall have a most uncomfortable Time of it ! What Reason I have had, and from what Time, to suspect it, I shall, without Reserve, communicate, in the Progress of my PAPERS. But let it prove what it will, the Occasion of this Preamble is from an unusual Disorder, in which I am come Home this Evening, after a kind of frolicksome Adventure, with that young *Romp* ; which has left me under an Impression, little better than *Witchcraft* ; tho' at any Time before *last Easter*, I should have thought it *not worth telling*.

To Day, when she *boyden'd* into the Assembly, the whole Company rose together, and received her with that Pleasure, which her *Gayety* diffuses every where. She sailed through us all, with a *swimming, smiling Port*, that was visibly *affected*, but irresistably engaging ! — When she had flutter'd, and fidgeted, and sloped her self forward, and wheel'd down her Hoop, to the widest Swell of its *Convex*, in a Circular Course of *Curtesies* ; she tript sideways to her Seat ; and I was just beginning

ginning to hope *Calm Weather*, after such a *Whirl-wind* of *Ceremony*! when she rose, as it were in a *Start*, with a *Look* most *whimsically Serious*; and drawing a *Paper* from her *Bosom*, pac'd demurely to *my Chair* ——— She carry'd her *Head* to the left side, softly sweeping her right *Eye-Brow*, with the *Knob* of her *Fan*, and sinking forward, when she came near me, with a *Fantastical Air* of *Languishment*, brush'd my *Mouth* with her *Paper*; and began to play over her *Tricks*, in a long and mystical *Jargon* of most *Womanish Impertinence*.

AND were they, said she, so naughty, to leave it by it's own self? And did no body help it to write it's *PLAIN-DEALERS*? and was it abus'd, and over-work'd and neglected? Well then, let it be Good, and mind it's *Book*, and wash it's *Face*, and forget to be cross, and comb it's *Head*, and throw away it's dirty *Stick*; and see what I intend to do for it! There take it, and Print it; And, don't care a *Pin* for the *Work* they have put upon it. For I love it, and will think for it; and bring it good *Things*. And if it wou'dn't look Grim, I should buss it, and stroak it, and chuck it under the *Chin*; and make much of it, and play with it, and — &c. — &c. — &c. —

AFTER this silly Rate, she ran on, with a ridiculous, but lively and never-ending Volubility: and perceiving, that the Company laugh'd out, and were diverted at the grotesque Figure I was making under her Hands, at length she kiss'd me out-right, and set 'em all,
in

in an *Uproar*. I wou'd fain have look'd peevish; I turn'd my Face from her, and cry'd *Pish*— and *Pshaw* — and *Fiddle* — and shook my Head in a great Heat, and winch'd in both Shoulders; and much Pains I took, to seem nettled, and uneasy. But, to confess a foolish Truth, it was all, but *mere Show*; for I was never so agreeably made an *Ass* of in my Life, and while I felt the busy Wanderings of her Fingers about my Face, I was stung I can't tell how, with a Kind of tingling Delight, all over me; which being desirous to prolong, I pretended to make Efforts for pushing her away; and under that Pretence, gave my Hands the Opportunity of *touching* her, here and there — And I must own, I was sorry when she put an End to her *Gambols*.

BUT as soon as I came home, and look'd into her Paper, I was not so much an *Ass*, (far gone as I found My-self) but that I presently discern'd her *Drift*: And I wish, with all my Heart, that I had Courage enough to return it her; and tell her, in downright Terms, *I don't think it worth Printing*. But whatever the Cause of this strange Alteration may be, there is nothing so dreadful to me, as the Danger of disobliging this *She-Cockatrice*! Since therefore, I am in this odd Manner, *bewitch'd*, e'en take it, in the *arch Flirt's* own Words: For it is no Work of mine; and I will have nothing to do with it.

The

The LADIES Equivalent.

A TALE, with a MORAL to It.

IN the Reign of the Emperor *Justinian*, the City of *Constantinople* was much throng'd with *Foreigners*; for whose Entertainment, *unusual Pastimes* were invented. The Publick Theatres were embellish'd, interlarded and embroider'd, with *Musick*, *Magick* and *Tumbling*; and such *unspeakable* Additions, as were fittest to give Pleasure to the Eyes of *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Saracens*, to whom *Plays*, alone, were insipid, because acted in a Language, which they were, in a Manner, wholly Strangers to.

THEODORA, the Empress, had been formerly a *Comedian*, and was a liberal Promoter of whatever cou'd contribute to make Pleasure pompous. Among the Numbers, who found their Interest in this *Byas* of the Court, there was a wily and egregious *African*; whom for the Flatness of his Nose, the Tawnniness of his Complexion, and a certain *Majestical Brutality*, in the Composition of his Features, the merry *Greeks* had nicknamed the *LYON*. This Man became rich, by the universal Encouragement, that was given to an odd Project, of his starting.— It was a Kind of *Blind-Buzzard*, or *Midnight-Mummery*; of which it is difficult, at this great Distance of Time, to conceive a clear Notion: But Persons of the highest Rank, of both Sexes, met there, disguis'd, and under borrow'd Resemblances,

blances, danc'd, regal'd, and discours'd with each other, at large, and disengag'd from all Ceremony, Distinction, or Punctilio.

It was generally allow'd, however, by all but the LYON's Enemies, that nothing pass'd in these Meetings, either Scandalous or Misbecoming: Every thing was Magnificent, Ornamental, and Enlivening: But no *Privacies* were permitted, nor *Indecencies* connived at.

It fell out, notwithstanding, most unfortunately for the LYON, That *Religion* was at this Time very flaming, and watchful. The *Good Fathers* of the Church became scandalized, and alarm'd, at the Probability of *Impurities*, in this new-invented *Nightwork*: For, it was dangerous, they knew, to allow such Latitude to their *Female Flock*, while their *Shepherds* were at Rest, who kept the *Wolf* from biting them. They determine, therefore, vigorously to *remonstrate* against it. But there was One considerable *Rub*, that lay full in their Way. The *Emperor himself* was often present at these Meetings, and indulg'd them, as an innocent, and agreeable Recreation.

To Remove this heavy *Difficulty*, the *Good Fathers*, with great *Dexterity*, charg'd the Motive of their *Fears*, upon the *Weakness* of the *Women*, whose Natures, they said, were liable to very dangerous *Impressions*, from those Whispers, and Squeezings, and Inflammations of their *Vanity*. They went on to assert, That a *Woman's* Defence against *Man*, lying rather in her Dread of *Shame*, than her Abhorrence of *Iniquity*,

she

she shou'd never be thought *Safe*, while under the Hazard of *Temptations*. The *Men* indeed, they believ'd, might be *strong* enough to *resist*; but not their *Wives*, and their *Daughters*: Weak Vessels! and brittle! and which wou'd break with a *Fall*! It were Prudence therefore, to place them out of the *publick Reach*, and cupboard them up, for the Household Use of their *Owners*: So they humbly represented, That it wou'd be an Act of great *Piety* and *E-dification*, if his Imperial Majesty gave Command for the Total *Suppression* of these New Nurseries of *Debauchery*.

IT is one Thing to be *Pious*, and another to be *Wise*. The Warmth of their *Zeal* had not suffer'd them to consider, That there were *Women* of *Wit*, and *Spirit*, who would vindicate their *Sex's Honour*; and make use of their powerful *Influence*, to oppose the good *End* of these Reverend Memorialists, were it for no other Reason but because the Means were unmannerly. *THEODORA*, the Empress, was provok'd to the last Degree; and after reproaching their *Partiality*, and the mean and false *Idea's*, which they had conceiv'd, of *Womens Virtue*, fell to reason with them in this Manner.

' How Contemptibly wou'd your *Sex* compel us to consider them, if all *Men* were to treat us with so ungenerous a *Diffidence*! Is it possible, think ye, That our *Persons* can be won, before our *Hearts* have dispos'd of 'em? And, whenever we *Love passionately*, we have Courage to *Act resolutely*; and make

‘ Opportunities, if we were not allow’d to find
 ‘ ’em. If you once confine our *Bodies*, you
 ‘ set our *Minds* at full Liberty. Our *Natures*
 ‘ are too generous, to *deceive* those who *trust*
 ‘ us. But we think it a *Merit*, to make *Fools*
 ‘ of the *Faithless*.’

THE LYON, grinning horribly, behind the Empress’s Chair, was ready to *roar*, with Delight, at this Rebuke to the Fathers. But, steadfast, and immoveable, in the *Piety* of their *Purpose*, they were about to Reply at Large: When the Emperor, who had *Meanings* not to be trac’d on his *Countenance*, concealing his Resentment, return’d this *Answer* to their *Remonstrance*.

‘ I Thank you, for this *Religious Simplicity*,
 ‘ of your Proceeding. You are the *Eyes* of
 ‘ our *Conscience*, and *see farther* than we can.
 ‘ But I am not more pleas’d with your apply-
 ‘ ing for *Redress* of this *formidable Grievance*,
 ‘ than surpriz’d, at your *overlooking* another, of
 ‘ like Tendency; and which your *laudable*
 ‘ *Zeal*, for *Removing Temptations*, must excite
 ‘ you, to thank me, for resolving to see re-
 ‘ medy’d.

‘ THE Women have a *Custom*, when they
 ‘ stand in need of *Absolution*, to *send for* their
 ‘ Confessor, and open their Hearts to him, in
 ‘ their *Closets*. Were all your Reverend Or-
 ‘ der of equal *Sanctity* with you, this cou’d
 ‘ possibly administer no just Cause of *Scandal*:
 ‘ But, since *Nature* is *deprav’d*, and there have
 ‘ been *Wolves*, in *Sheep’s Cloathing*, I conceive
 ‘ it

‘ it a Design, of *much* Edification, to abolish,
‘ for the future, this *Indulgence* of the *Women*;
‘ and withhold their *Absolution*, ’till they come
‘ for it, to the *Churches*. Intending therefore
‘ to join these *good Purposes* in *One*, I commit
‘ it to your Care, to prepare an *Edict*, for *Both*,
‘ that I may decree it into *Law*, with as much
‘ speed, as possible.’

THE *Good Fathers* were, so unexpectedly,
and beyond measure, *confounded*, at this over-
liberal *Extent* of the Emperor’s *pious Purpose*,
that they stood long, at a Loss, to find fit
Words to thank him. But they did it at last,
with this *Hope*, in the *Rear* of *all*; — That
his High and Imperial Majesty *wou’d not hasten*
them too much, in *Two Decrees* of such *Importance*,
since the Empress had *urg’d* some *Arguments*,
to prove One of them needless; and *who*
cou’d tell, *when they came to examine Things more*
closely, *but they might be mistaken*, in *Both of ’em*?

THUS, I have given you, the *Coquet’s Story*;
and am well enough aware what the *Gypsy’s*
Head was running on: But, if any Body
shou’d desire to be made as wise as I am, I
shall tell ’em an *old Story* and let ’em take it,
in Satisfaction. — ‘ A *Philosopher* bought some
‘ Meat, and returning from the Market, hid it
‘ under his Cloak. An *Impertinent Fellow*
‘ met him, and wou’d needs know *What it*
‘ *was*? — It is *there*, said the *Philosopher*,
‘ on purpose, That you *shou’d not know it*.



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—— *Par pari referemus.* CICERO.

FRIDAY, May 8. 1724.

LITTLE Follies, which we but Smile at in Persons who are Indifferent to us, gives us Sorrow and Pain, when observ'd in those we Love. *Patty Amble* is of late become of such Importance, that I watch her with a Tendernefs, that interests me in all her Actions. For this Reason, I am frequently contriving to interrupt Her, when she lets her Tongue run Races, that out-gallop her Reason. But I always lose my Labour: My Operations upon this *Gossip* are like the *Wind's* upon *Fire*; I may blow till my Breath fails, ----instead of *putting her out*, I make her *burn* but the *faster*!

I HAVE succeeded however, in what I fail'd to do *My-self*, by the Assistance of *Ned Volatile*, But not to assume more Triumph than is due to me, the Stratagem I made use of, was found out by *Shakespear*, before me. That Poetical Politican taught his *Richard* the Third, among the rest of his surprizing Victories, to conquer

a *Woman's Tongue*; but it was by Aid of one of his *Drums*, which no sooner Beat up, but the Enemy was put to Silence.

WE shall now enjoy some Freedom, and may all Talk in our Turns; for *Ned*, and the *Coquet*, will be play'd off at Pleasure. When either of 'em grows Troublesome, we shall let loose the *Rival*, and like *Sulphur* and *Salt-Petre*, one shall blow up the other.

PATTY AMBLE came Yesterday finely dress'd to the *Assembly*; ready to burst with Impatience for our Admiration of her Fancy. She kept us Silent above an Hour, while she was so kind as to open to us the Labours and Difficulties, she had for fourteen Days been *fatigu'd* by, before she cou'd unite so elegantly all her trifling Varieties. From her Head to her Foot, she oblig'd us with the Minutes of her whole Fortnight's History. It was not to be expected, that in the midst of so much Business, she cou'd be at Leisure to consider, That after we had approv'd both the Price, and Colour of her *Damask*, it was of no great Edification, at least to the *Male* Part of the Company, to know what *Shop* she bought it at. But happy had it been cou'd she have found *Rest* so speedily! Nothing like it, I assure you; we were also to learn, in what Places she *miss'd* it. Yet for my own Part, I *must say*, I was particularly *edify'd* by her critical Remarks, on certain Differences to be found, betwixt buying on *Ludgate-Hill*, or of the *Mercers* about *Covent-Garden*.

BUT ill fare, say I, that unlucky Word *Garden*! It put her fatally in Mind of a Fat fresh-colour'd *Country Lady*, who cou'd never be perswaded to make Visits, in any thing but *Garden Silks*, tho' her Arms were as big as a *Rolling-Stone*! Then the unfortunate Word *Fat*, brought as aptly to her Remembrance, poor old *Dimpley* the laughing Staymaker, that us'd to Work for her *Grandmother*, when first she was Married! and never lac'd our *Patty*, when she was a Girl, but she made her *very Neck ake* with twisting it to look back at him. At length, after infinite Disappointments and Dangers, she arriv'd safe at her *Hoop-Petticoat*; where, being seiz'd with a *Fit* of Gratitude for the Parliament's *strange good Nature*, and extraordinary Care of *Trade*, she was *thinking to turn WHIG*, because they had taken off the *Duty*, that lay so heavy upon *Whalebone*.

WELL, as to that however, she was not altogether so positive. But there was one Thing, of more Consequence, that she was absolutely *convinc'd of*; she wou'd venture any *Wager*, that not one Person in the Company, cou'd be able to *guess*, what her *Ground Brussels Head* had cost her a Yard; nor where, nor by what particular *odd*, Accident, she had been so happy as to *light of it*! The Dutcheß of M----r took Coach in a Fright, the very Moment she saw it, to buy up the *Remnant*. But since she was sure we *cou'd not guess*, she wou'd tell us the Price *her self*; and not name one Farthing more or less than it really cost her; she wonder'd,
for

for her Part, how Women cou'd be *so silly*! For what signify'd after all, the little *Vanity* of being *thought skill'd in good Penny-worths*! If she had a mind to be *Vain*, she need only believe, what was said to her at the *Opera*, by a *certain Duke*, who must be nameless! But one Thing his Grace was pleas'd with, that she *might venture to speak of*, and it was *that Fancy of her own upon her Fan*! Lord! she remember'd too he observ'd, That there was something in a Lady's *Fan*, much *genteeler in its Use*, than any part of the *Mens Equipage*.

It was just in this Place, that I took Pity of the Company; for I thought I *felt their Heads ake*! So tipping the Wink on *Ned Volatile*, he started up from his Chair, with such a *Stare* of Amazement, that one wou'd have thought he was apprehensive the House had been falling! The *Coquet* started too, and holding her Tongue till she cou'd look round her, *Ned*, with wonderful Agility, snatch'd the *Nick* of that Interval; and resolving at once to bear down all Opposition, broke in upon her, like a Torrent, with this sudden Exclamation, '*Ah! Madam! Madam! What a Trifle is a Fan, in Comparifon with a Feather!*' I shou'd be 'sorry to dissent from any Opinion *you* are 'fond of; but pray let your Reason be Judge 'of this Difference! I have *one*, in my Hat 'here, that all the *African Ostriches*, clubbing 'Tails, to produce the Fellow of it, might 'be *moulting* these thousand Years, and all to 'no Purpose! Dear Madam, do but look on it!

' The

‘ The nearer you examine it, the more it will
 ‘ charm you! With all your *Wit* now, and your
 ‘ *Industry*, my Life to one of your *Lappits*, it
 ‘ puzzles you these three Hours to *guess where*
 ‘ *I bought it*? I can’t be altogether so positive,
 ‘ that you won’t hit the *Price* of it; but upon
 ‘ my Honour, if you *shou’d*, I’ll acknowledge it
 ‘ to a Farthing. There’s *some Pleasure* in con-
 ‘ versing on these *critical Affairs*, with so nice
 ‘ a Judge as *you, Madam!* Why here’s a Coat,
 ‘ I have worn this five Weeks, and not one in
 ‘ fifty has had the *Taste* to take Notice, that
 ‘ all the Wool it was made of, is *true unmix’d*
 ‘ *Spanish!* You were saying something about
 ‘ *Whalebone*: ’Tis a useful Commodity indeed,
 ‘ as you *Ladies* have manag’d it, but what are
 ‘ *Hoop Petticoats*, to the *Woollen Manufacture*?

‘ FOR Heaven’s sake take Breath, cry’d the
 ‘ *Coquet*, (swiftly Fanning herself; and half
 ‘ bursting with a *Windyness*, from Suppression
 ‘ of Meanings,) do but *hear*, what I was going
 ‘ to say to you? — *Never, never*, reply’d *Ned*,
 ‘ he can never be a good Subject, who sub-
 ‘ mits to hear any thing to the Prejudice of the
 ‘ *Woollen Manufacture*. Mark the wonderful Pro-
 ‘ gress of this silly thing call’d *Wool*, but from
 ‘ the *Sheep’s Back* to *Mine!* Take Notice, in
 ‘ the first Place, of these few of the *many My-*
 ‘ *steries* which depend on this humble Material!
 ‘ There’s the *Grazier* for Example; and the
 ‘ *Shepherd*, and the *Shearer*, and the *Sorter*, and
 ‘ the *Comber*, and the *Carder*, and the *Spinner*,
 ‘ and the *Dyer*, and the *Scowrer*, and the *Fuller*,
 ‘ and

‘ and the *Weaver*, and the *Napper*, and the *Pres-*
 ‘ *ser*, and the *Stretcher*, and the *Carrier*, and the
 ‘ *Factor*, and the *Draper*, and the *Taylor*, and
 ‘ the *Packer*, and the *Merchant*: But mention-
 ‘ ing the Word *Merchant*, I must stop a little
 ‘ in my Way, and lay open to you the Won-
 ‘ ders and Advantages of *Navigation*! I shall
 ‘ inform you clearly, and distinctly, under
 ‘ their proper Heads and Divisions, to what
 ‘ different Corners of the Universe, *you Madam*,
 ‘ are oblig’d for all those Ornaments which are
 ‘ adorn’d by you! I will begin like a good
 ‘ Builder, and examine first your *Foundation*.
 ‘ That glittering Pair of *Shoes*, which we can
 ‘ but see the pointed *Tips* of, had a long and
 ‘ tiresome Journey, to the prettiest Foot in the
 ‘ *World*, from three most distant Parts of it.
 ‘ The Silver in their Lacing, you are indebted
 ‘ for to *America*. Now, you wou’d ask me, as
 ‘ I go along, whence that new Quarter of the
 ‘ Globe took this Name of *America*? I shall
 ‘ come to it in its Turn; but first you must be
 ‘ acquainted with the Fortunes of its chief
 ‘ Discoverers, *Spanish*, *English*, *French*, *Por-*
 ‘ *tuguese*, and *Hollanders*. And for clearing
 ‘ Things more effectually to your Apprehen-
 ‘ sion, I shall, with as much Brevity as possible,
 ‘ trace the Originals and Histories of these
 ‘ Nations. But speaking just now of *Silver*, I
 ‘ am presented by that Means, with a fortunate
 ‘ Opportunity to Sail away with you for *Peru*;
 ‘ and when once I have got you there, we
 ‘ shall never want Amusements suited to the
 ‘ *Mercury*

‘ *Mercury* of your Spirit. For in the first
 ‘ Place, Madam, I will carry you to the Bot-
 ‘ tom of those *Mines*, which have enrich’d
 ‘ and embroil’d all *Europe*. And because I
 ‘ know you are a Lady of most *unsatisfy’d*
 ‘ *Curiosity*, I will now anticipate in some
 ‘ measure this Improvement I design for
 ‘ you; for I will enumerate, in their pro-
 ‘ per Order, the Subterraneous Inhabitants of
 ‘ the whole *mineral Kingdom*. There is *Gold*,
 ‘ Madam, and *Silver*, and *Copper*, and *Tin*, and
 ‘ *Quicksilver*, (your Favourite, Madam!) and
 ‘ *Iron*, and *Lead*, and *Antimony*, and *Marchasti-*
 ‘ *tes*, and *Lapis Calaminaris*, and *Pyrites*, and
 ‘ *Vitriol*, and *Allom*, and *Brimstone*, and *Sal*
 ‘ *Gem*, and *Crystal*, and *Marble*, and *Millstone*,
 ‘ and *Alabaster*, and *Bolus*, and *Ochre*, and *Talc*,
 ‘ Madam! And of all these I will immediate-
 ‘ ly explain to you the Growth, and the Ope-
 ‘ rations; and their strange and distinct Uses,
 ‘ whether in *Science* or in *Trade*! And after-
 ‘ wards I will take Occasion from this wonder-
 ‘ ful Provision of Materials for our Industry,
 ‘ to demonstrate, beyond Denial, how needles-
 ‘ it is for *Man*, *Woman*, or *Beast*, to live idle,
 ‘ and unuseful. But *First*, (for I wou’d be
 ‘ Regular) I must return to your *Shoes*. What
 ‘ I was, in their second Division, to particula-
 ‘ rize, was the *Silk*, which they are cover’d
 ‘ with. I dare not be positive, at this *Distance*,
 ‘ whether it is *Christian* or *East-Indian*; but I
 ‘ will tell you immediately, when I have ex-
 ‘ amin’d it a little *nearer*.

NED

NED was risen from his Chair, and had levell'd his Eye at her Foot, when she made her Advantage of the lucky Opportunity which this *Pause* of his afforded her; and recovering her lost Ground, renew'd her Charge with a Vigour, that was fatal to her Opponent.

' *BR AVELY* *Shot*! cry'd she, laughing,
' but I am not so easily to be *scar'd*, I assure
' you. 'Twill be time enough to listen to such
' wise Harangues as yours, after I have talk'd
' myself weary. A most *polite* Entertainment
' indeed you are designing us! With your
' greasy Generation of *Scowerers*, and *Wool-*
' *Combers*! The Assembly will be better pleas'd
' with the *intricate Prettinesses*, which are to
' be learnt in the Art of *Lace-making*. Oh!
' the dexterous Disposition of the *Cushion*, and
' the *Pattern*, and the *Pins*, and the *Bobbins*!

SHE set us all to work, but had no sooner entangled us, among her *Threads*, and her *Bobbins*, when she flew on a sudden, out of that Subject to another; and from that to a third. She led us up, so far back, that we were present at her Mother's *Labour*; and after having been merry at her *Christening*, she took us along with her to her Nurse's on *Bansted Downs*. From thence to her Father's Country-House beyond *Canterbury*. After this we liv'd with her four Years at a *Boarding School* in *Hackney*; and returning thence, with Pleasure, had the Honour of her Company to the *very first Play that ever she saw in her Life*; nay, she permitted us to take Part with her,
even

even in the *Masquerade*; and at the *Opera*. But the worst of it was, that, before we were well seated, we were drawn away in her *Aunt's* old *Coach*, and carry'd down, the Lord knows whether to make Butter and Cheese in *Warwickshire*. Yet in this Place, to do her Justice, she kept us to our no small *Emolument*, for we grew as good *Housewives* as her *Aunt* was. We all learnt to *Brew* and *fatten Hogs*, and *feed Poultry*. But what I found most Relishable were, certain *savoury* Instructions, she was so good as to communicate; insomuch that I who but yesterday Morning cou'd almost as easily have made a *Horse*, as a *Pudding*, am to Day a Man of Learning as well in *Dishes* as their *Garnitures*. I can read, if I please, when I meet with a Person of good *Taste*, a long luxurious Lecture on *Farces*, *Bisks*, and *forc'd Meats*, *Marinades*, *Puptoons*, and *Olios*, *Soops*, *Sauces*, *Ragousts*, *Puffs*, *Pastry*, and *Pickles*, *Tarts*, *Cheesecakes*, and *Custards*, *Jellies*, *Conserves*, and *Marmalades*, *Slops*, *Washes*, *Pomatuss*, *Cold Creams*, and *Cordial Waters*!

BUT, what was still more obliging, not content to have enrich'd us with this profound Knowledge! she was *liberal* enough to talk on, with such unceasing Rapidity, that we had no Time to *thank* her; till at length, she saw *Ned Volatile* was preparing to take his Turn; and rose, and flutter'd her Fan, and scudded out of the *Assembly*; but we heard her Tongue running, all the way down Stairs, asking Questions of the Servants, and answering them

them herself; and, for any think that I know, she may be *Talking to this Time*, while I am penning the Narration!

I AM myself too a great *Talker*, only I sometimes love to *listen*; and nothing is so strange to me as that since these *Pratlers* are thus transported, but by too much Vivacity, that very Vivacity shou'd not teach 'em to know *when they grow Troublesome*! I sometimes fancy them like *Horses*, which shutting their Eyes in their Swiftnefs, pass the Bounds of their Course, and never stop till they are beat backward by some Wall which they run their Heads against.



The Plain Dealer. No 15.

Neque cuiquam, statim, tam clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi, materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat. PLIN. EP.

MONDAY, May 11. 1724.

AS I know not a more amiable Figure than that, which a *Prudent* and *Indulgent Father*, makes with regard to an *only Son*, who is a promising young Gentleman; And as I am not able to frame an Idea, of any Prospect so *Shocking* and *Frightful* to *Human Nature*, as that which represents a *Mother who can look with Indifference* (not to say with *Aversion*) upon the *Child of her Body*, I was resolv-

ing
†

ing the other Day to form a PLAIN DEALER out of these two different Characters.

METHINKS I would not miss ranging the *Deformities* of one Parent, near the *Beauties* of the other; because this Manner of Illustration by Opposites, in Writing, like *Shade* and *Light* in Painting, will make the *Moral* appear with *Vigour*, and strike upon the *Eye* of the *Understanding* a more forcible *Effect*.

COULD I execute this *Design* according to my *Wish*; could I make the *Draught* just, and give it the *Lively Touches* and *warm Colours* it deserves, it might perhaps be a valuable *Present*, and *instructive Family Piece*, for the married Part of my *Readers*, and some of their Posterity might, for ought I know, have good Reason to thank me for it.

I WAS, according to Custom, opening my Mind upon this intended *Subject* to the worthy Major *Stedfast*; and telling him, That I should be agreeably lost in Pleasure, while I was tracing, in a good Father, the secret *Springs* of a Thousand little Beautiful *Actions* which would pass unnoticed by common Eyes, that are too Incurious and Indelicate on such Nice and Elegant Occasions.

— HERE I paused a while, with Intent to name some particular Observations, I have made, of these Critical Workings of a *Spirit* truly *Parentile*; when this constant Friend of Mankind changed my Inclination to speak, into the greater Pleasure of attending to what he began to say, in this Manner.

THERE

THERE is, no fear of your losing yourself in that Delightful Part of the Contemplation: But when you come to consider the *Unnatural Mother*, I don't know how difficult a Task it may be, even for all your *Philosophy* to account for it. You will find yourself extremely perplexed, if you descend to make Enquiry, what Monstrous Turn in the whole Course of the Blood, what Prodigies over-ruling the whole Rational and Animal System, can Eraze from a *Mother's Heart* all those fond *Records of Tenderness* which the Hand of Nature must have engraven there, in behalf of the *Being* which received its first Principle of *Vitality* so near it, and its immediate Preservation from it.

YOU may remember that, at your setting out, I told you, the Expression, which hit my Taste the best of any in your *First PAPER*, was, *That you would look upon yourself as every Body's Father*; and I would rather see you acting like a Father, than describing one: which said he (giving into my Hand a Paper) you may do, by publishing those *Verses*, which, according to my Opinion, want nothing more than their being *Known*, in order to their being *Applauded*.

THE Author is a Young Gentleman who, tho' severe Accidents, and the Rigour of Fortune have thrown him into the Condition of an *Orphan*, is still likely to prove a *Fav'rite Son* of the *Muses*: But a Genius, tho' never so promising, will not readily make its Way into

Esteem, without the Aid of a Recommender, or the Encouragement of a Patron.

HERE I read over the *Verses*, and signified my Approbation, in very few Words, because I perceived the generous *Temper* of the *Major* inclin'd him to speak further, in behalf of *Unfortunate Desert*; when, resuming the Discourse, he proceeded in this Manner.

YOU may guess by this little Performance, That those Talents, which were not happy enough to procure their Possessor a Competency, from *Parents* who liv'd in Affluence, may, if Cultivated and Improved, intitle him to the *Adoption* of some great *Personage*, who, observing a *Noble Impartiality*, with Regard to *Strangers* and *Acquaintance*, may assist *Merit* wheresoever he finds it. It would really be pity that a Person, who has demonstrated, that he has a *Capacity* to entertain the *World*, should not meet with a *Patron* in it, to give him a *Taste* of its *Enjoyments*. Whoever may be meant by *HORATIUS*, if he makes as Handsome a *Figure* in his Reception of the *Poet*, as he does in the *Poet's Description*, he will be to him instead of a *Mecænas*; and you will have the Satisfaction of knowing, That you put the *Meritorious* in a Way to meet *Reward*, and administer an *Opportunity*, the most Grateful (that can be) to a Person truly *Great*, an *Opportunity* of doing a Graceful *Action*.

HERE a Gentleman interrupted us, and left me no Room to make *Reply* by Word of Mouth: But the best *Answer* I could, since, make him,
was

was to repeat, in this manner, what he said, and to publish the following *Lines* instead of the *Essay* I intended.

To a Young Gentleman, a *Painter* :

Occasioned by seeing his *Picture* of the Celebrated *CLIO*.

By Mr. SAVAGE.

FORGIVE an Artless, an Officious Friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to Commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind Fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, Obscur'd, Unpitied, and Unprais'd,
Yet, when these well-known Features I peruse,
Some Warmth awakes; some Embers of a Muse.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your Queen, your VENUS, and your CLIO's here!
In such pure Fires her real Thoughts refine!
Her Eyes with such Commanding Sweetness shine!
Such living Tinctures through yon Æther glow,
Stain Summer Clouds, or gild the Watery Bow:

She smiles, she speaks—she blushes, while we gaze,
I hear your Colours and I feel their Blaze:
More at each kindling Touch, your Canvass glows!
Till the full Form, instinct with Spirit, grows!
Let the dull Artist puzzling Rules explore,
Dwell on the Lines and creep the Features o'er;
You eye the Soul, the Source of Likeness find,
And thro' the meaning Muscles, strike the Mind.

Nor can one View such boundless Pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an Art like thine!

Now Rural Scenes in simple Grandeur rise!

Vales, Hills, Lawns, Lakes, & Vineyards feast our Eyes!

Now Halcyon Peace a smiling Aspect wears!

Now the Red Scene with War and Ruin glares!

Here Britain's Fleets o'er Europe's Seas preside!

** There long-lost Cities rear their ancient Pride!*

You from the Grave can half redeem the Slain,

And bid Great JULIUS charm the World again:

Revive Pharfalia, mark out Munda's Fray,

And re-awaken Darknefs into Day.

But if new Glories most our Warmth excite,

If Toils untry'd to noblest Aims invite;

Wou'd you in envied Pomp unrival'd reign,

Oh, let HORATIUS grace the Canvass Plain!

His Form might ev'n Idolatry create,

Serenely striking, and unproudly great.

Tbro' those bright Features CÆSAR's Spirit trace,

Each conq'ring Sweetness, each imperial Grace,

All that has Softness, Terror, Wisdom, Weight,

In Love, in War, in Knowledge, or in State.

Thus shall your Colours, like his Worth, amaze!

Thus shall you merit even your CLIO's Praise!

Clear, and more clear your Sunny Genius shines;

While my dim Lamp of Life obscure declines:

Dull'd in damp Shades it wastes, unseen, away,

While yours, Triumphant, blazes into Day.





The Plain Dealer. No 16.

Neque enim est hoc dissimulandum, quod obscurari non potest, sed pra nobis ferendum: trahimur omnes laudis studio, & optimus quisque, maximè, gloriâ ducitur. CICER. PRO Archia Poeta.
 Quam multos scriptores rerum suarum magnus ille Alexander secum habuisse dicitur? Atque is tamen, cum in Sigæo ad Achillis tumulum astitisset, O fortunate, inquit, adolescens, qui tue virtutis Homerum praconem inveneris! & verè. Nam nisi Ilias illa extitisset, idem tumulus, qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen etiam obruisset. Ibidem.

FRIDAY, May 15. 1724.

THERE is a *Scantiness*, in some Mens Souls, that gives a distasteful Air to their very Favours, and their Praises; what the *Mien* is to the Body, the *Temper* is to the Mind. And for Want of this Observation, on Occasions where it had been most useful, some have lost their Friends Good-will by an arrogant Manner of *obliging* them; and others *prais'd* Men into a *Contempt* both for their Persons and their Civilities.

THERE must be visible, in those, who wou'd say, or do, Things engagingly, a certain Sweetness in the Eye, and a Sense of Pleasure in the Deportment. A Compliment is an *Affront*, when accompany'd with a fullen Brow, or a negligent, an absent, or supercilious, Behaviour. I appeal to my Readers, Whether they do not
 I 3 always

always find themselves uneasy in the Company of a Person, who seems more pleas'd with *Himself*, than with those he is conversing with.

I WAS drawn into this Reflection, by reading, the other Day, a little Copy of VERSES, which is printed, with some Poetical Pieces of Mr. *Pope's*, and was written by a Person of very great Quality, and whose *Wit*, too, was of the first Magnitude!

ON MR. POPE, and his POEMS.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and Business tir'd,
Caring for nothing, but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully Serious for the Muses Sport,
And, from the Critics, safe arriv'd in Port:
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen:
And, after so much undeserv'd Success,
Thus hazarding at last, to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious Time,
It self a Subject for Satiric Rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit, and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n HOMER blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning, mix'd, in every Part,
Poets are bound a loud Applause to pay;
APOLLO bids it, and they must obey.

And, yet, so wonderful, sublime, a Thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce shou'd make Me sing:
Except I justly cou'd, at once commend,
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.

*One moral, or a mere well-natur'd Deed,
Does all Desert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great Delight to laugh at some Mens Ways,
But a much greater, to give Merit Praise.*

THE good Nature of Mr. *Pope*, must be as Extensive, as his Wit, if his Esteem for this Noble Author was not lessen'd, by so Ignoble a Start of his Poetry. It is a grudging, haughty, conscious, reluctant, and penurious Encomium! Under Pretence of Praise to a Friend, it indulges Spleen to his Enemies. It carries, throughout, a closer Eye upon *his own* Merit, than upon *His* to whom he addresses it. In four and twenty Verses, the four odd ones, I think, have some faint Inclination to shew Respect to *another*; but the twenty, I am sure, with a much stronger Bent, point directly upon *Himself*.

WOULD this great Man have applauded such a POET, as he ought, he shou'd have forgotten, or seem'd to forget, both *Himself*, and his Rank, in that Reverence, so justly due to an Excellence, which will do Honour to our Nation. He shou'd not have imagin'd himself over Bountiful in his Condescension; The Praise of Mr. *Pope* will be a Theme for Wit, and Learning, when all the *Dukes*, his *Patrons*, shall be lost in the Dust that covers them! The accidental Advantages of Birth, Wealth, and Title, are so far from bestowing Worth, where they find it not originally, that they serve but to make the Want of it more

obvious and contemptible; whereas a *Genius* like this Gentleman's, surmounts all the shadowy Superiorities of Fortune, adorns Dignity itself, and makes Obscurity illustrious!

THE great *Cardinal Richelieu*, in a Circumstance of like Nature, acted in so different a Manner, that I am always charm'd afresh, when I read over a Letter, which he sent to *Balzac* a *French* Writer, whose Merit was as inferior to Mr. *Pope's*, as the *Grandeur* of the *Prime Minister* was superior to the *Nobleman's*: Let a Judgment be drawn, from an impartial Comparifon.

A LETTER from *Cardinal Richelieu*, to
Monsieur de Balzac.

Paris, February the 4th, 1621.

SIR,

‘ THO’ I have often, and openly, declar’d
‘ what I think of your Writings, yet can-
‘ not I fatisfy my self without fending you,
‘ by this Letter, a more *Authentic* Approba-
‘ tion: I never had any particular Affection
‘ for your Person, and fince, therefore, it is
‘ the Prerogative of *Truth*, that compels me
‘ to my Opinion, I will take care, That the
‘ Esteem, I profefs for your Works, fhall be
‘ no *barren Compliment*; for my Praise fhall be
‘ feconded by the *Applaufe* of a whole *People*.

‘ Or, if, notwithstanding my Endeavours,
‘ fome low Spirits fhall be found, who may
‘ affect to think otherwife, Time will make
‘ them but too fenfible, that the Faults, they
‘ impute

‘ impute to *You*, are Defects in their own
 ‘ Judgment. They are like People in the
 ‘ *Jaundice*, who see every Thing of that dis-
 ‘ temper’d Colour, which themselves are af-
 ‘ flicted by.

‘ IN the Days of our Ancestors, Persons of
 ‘ narrow Understanding were implicate Ad-
 ‘ mirers of what was above their Comprehen-
 ‘ sion; but now, by a kind of *Elasticity* in
 ‘ modern Reason, Judgment *extends or contracts*
 ‘ itself, to fit close upon our *Capacity*; and we
 ‘ approve, but just as far, as we are able to
 ‘ understand; blasting every Thing by our
 ‘ Censure, that we cannot reach by our Practice.
 ‘ Yet I hope, I do not presume too much, when
 ‘ I say concerning your Works, That I *see*
 ‘ *Things as they are*, and declare ‘em what I *see*
 ‘ them. Your Conceptions are strong, and the
 ‘ Flight of your Imagination outsoars every
 ‘ Thing but your Reason: Your Language is
 ‘ pure, and your Expression strongly Elegant.

‘ I WILL conclude with this Caution; That
 ‘ you will be guilty in the Eye of God, if
 ‘ you suffer such a Pen to *rest*; or if you *em-*
 ‘ *ploy* it too *idly*. You ought to apply your-
 ‘ self henceforward, to grave and important
 ‘ Subjects; and I am content that you shall
 ‘ impute to *Me*, all the *Blame*, if, when you
 ‘ do so, you receive not the Returns, which
 ‘ will be due to you. Already I am medita-
 ‘ ting an Opportunity to be known for

Your Affectionate Humble Servant,

The Cardinal of Richelieu.

I AM

I AM transported, while I read this Letter, at the flaming Intermixture of this Statesman's lovely Qualities ! What a Glow of Humanity ! What a Consciousness of that Care, which is the Duty of the *Great*, to draw up Merit, out of Obscurity ! What a Knowledge of a State's true Interest, from the Force of such Examples ! What a genteel *Magnanimity* ! What a spirited Race of Sweetness, does there shine, in this short Letter !

It is pleasant enough to remark, That both the *French* Encomium and the *English*, had Effects, the very Reverse of what was intended by their Authors; yet, at the same Time, strictly consonant with *Justice*, and their different Merits; while the *English* Applauder addresses to Mr. *Pope* the Praise he *means* to *Himself*; his Verses are never read without lessening his own Character; whereas, the generous *French Cardinal*, meaning nothing in his Letter, but the Encouragement of *Monsieur Balzac*, draws that Honour on his own Name, which he wou'd bestow upon another's; and becomes *Himself*, the *Reader's Idol*, while he is pointing him where to worship !

It was impossible for *Monsieur Balzac*, after being thus nobly distinguish'd, not to strain his Genius to the utmost, to keep Possession of a Glory, he must so justly have been Proud of; whereas *Neglect*, on the other Hand, has discourag'd a thousand Spirits, which might have been capable, had they been *Fortunate*, or supported by those who were so, to shine out

as

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as *living Lights*, and illustrate the Age, they were born in, thro' a long Course of Futurity. Camoens, whom the *Portuguese* call the *Virgil* of *their* Country, has touch'd this Subject very happily, in the 5th Book of his *Lusiad*.

HOW sweet is Praise, and justly purchas'd Glory,
By our own Actions, when to Heaven they soar!
Each noble Soul will Strain, to leave his Story,
An Overmatch for all who climb'd before.
Those wond'rous Heights, Achilles reach'd in Arms,
Had ne'er so strongly mov'd the World's great Lord,
Had not the Muse of Homer giv'n 'em Charms,
And rows'd him from a Rest, he, thence, abhorr'd.
Scipio's, and Cæsars, PORTUGAL can boast,
But has not bless'd them with exalted Hearts,
Once Dead, they Die for ever, and are lost,
Because, unfriended by the deathless Arts.
All those immortal Names, that tread on Time,
Were learn'd themselves, or lov'd the learned All;
In Greece, in Rome, in the most barb'rous Clime,
In every Land, but tasteless PORTUGAL.
Mournful I speak it, to my Country's Shame,
Want of Excitement keeps its Genius Low;
Our rude and boist'rous Lords are deaf to Fame,
And seem, as careless to be known, as know.
Dull and of gross Desires, their empty Pride,
Dark and contracted, tastes not what is writ;
For how, alas! shou'd Lamenefs learn to stride?
Or he, who understands not, cherish Wit!

Blest

*Blest let the Muses be, by those I sing,
 That I, for no Reward, but Honour, born,
 Have for my Country's Glory, touch'd the String,
 And laugh her titled 'Arrogance to scorn.
 While on the Fame of Lusitania bent,
 Your Charms, ye Nymphs of Tagus, I reveal,
 Fortune the Frame of my proud Hope has rent,
 And drags me friendless at her Chariot Wheel.
 Degraded, at another's Board to eat,
 A Rock of Want! surrounded by my Woes;
 Ingratitude it self, unmov'd I meet,
 And rise, the stronger, against Envy's Blows.
 See, Nymphs! what learned Lords your Tagus boasts!
 What Patrons of the noble Arts we find!
 Such is their Worth, who fill the Publick Posts!
 And such the Prize, that crowns a generous Mind!*



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<i>Quid si prisca redit Venus? ———</i>	HOR.
<i>— Tecum vivere amem</i>	IBID.

MONDAY, May 18. 1724.

MY Old Maid, who has liv'd with me
 these thirty Years, and claims the *tuck-*
ing me up, as a Privilege annex'd to her Office;
 left open my Window-curtains last Night,
 which

which so early let in the Beams of the Sun upon me, that I was wak'd from a Dream, which I cou'd have wish'd to enjoy much longer.

FANCY had remov'd all my Distance from Youth; and given me back those gentle Flames, which warm and brighten Life in its *Morning*. I saw an adorable Object, which my Soul, methought, had once been passionately fond of: And of whose Perfections I imagin'd myself to have been vertuously enamour'd: But I had lost her, as I fancy'd, in *Death*. Oh! the Pain of that Imagination was terrible even in Sleep! I saw this lovely Person, adorn'd with all her Sweetness! I heard the Musick of her Accents, informing me, she was *my PATTY*. Now grown kinder and more sensible, I even *felt* her leaning over me; and found the animating Influence of her Soul-enchanting Pressures! With what Ecstasy of Fondness did I survey her lovely Languor! Her Eyes were meltingly relax'd; and their Beams serenely temper'd with angelick Softness and Compassion. Her very *Soul* seem'd to shine upon me, through the Smile of every Feature. Oh! how beautiful is a chaste Passion! How sweetly does it remain upon the Mind, and appeal from *Death* to the *Memory*! I never knew, till this dear Dream convinc'd me, what I lost by not loving, while my *Body*, as well as my *Soul*, cou'd have done Justice to the Passion.

WHILE I was thus tenderly employ'd, I wish some Artist cou'd have snatch'd my Picture! Old as I am, I flatter myself, That Love
wou'd

wou'd have lent it Lustre. I wou'd have all my Friends, who *are not*, resolve immediately, to commence *Lovers*. The Insipids, who have never *lov'd*, may be said to live as the Greedy *drink*; they *swallow* Life without *tasting* it.

BUT, all transported as I was, with this charming Dream, it was ravish'd from me, by the Sun. Yet did I not *complain*. It had tun'd my Soul to Harmony; and transform'd me from an Old *Philosopher*, into a young and happy *Wanton*! I started from my Bed, and flew with Vigour to the Glafs! to which I have long accusom'd myself to creep without Transport. Old and Worm-eaten as it is in every Part of its broad Frame, yet did it not alarm me. I even saw my own Face in it without the least Mortification. Nay, I took Notice, That my Night-cap was not so White as it ought to have been; which in more unpolite Hours, I shou'd have thought not worth remarking. But *Love* adorns and improves us! My Bosom swell'd with Sighs, and my Eyes shone with Pleasure. I brush'd up my *Mouse-colour* Gloves, and was wishing they had been *Yellow ones*. I powder'd my short Hair; and comb'd it down to look longer. Nay I almost arriv'd at the Foppery of spoiling my new *Beaver*, by inflicting the modern *Pinch* on it. At length I remember'd, That my Youth was but a *Dream*! And my *PATTY* a *COQUET*! My Arms, at this Thought, folded sadly upon my Breast; I sunk into my easy Chair, and was, some Minutes,

Minutes, quite *lost* there, before I cou'd recover myself. How dreadful is the Descent, from airy Pleasure to substantial Misery! It is not to be describ'd in Prose, and since *LOVE* both deserves good Poetry, and can inspire it, let me see what my *Muse* will say to it.

*Ob! Lovely Object! Whose dear Form I keep,
In busy Daylight and in silent Sleep!
Revisit Fancy — to my Sighs attend;
Thou imag'd Shadow of my Soul's soft Friend!
When I recall thy Beauties to my Mind,
How dead are all Things thou hast left behind!
Study, Pride, Friendship, languish for thy Sake;
Ob! Why did Love from thy sweet Tomb awake?
Why move his pointed Arrows in my Breast,
In Life's Descent, and the cool Vale of Rest!
Ob! charm not thus my Soul, which is design'd
To flow down Time, and strengthen Humankind!*

WELL! My Readers shou'd think as I do, that all Things are for the *Best*. I lost my Dream, and they find a Poet. The Witlings will say, a *dreaming* one! But Melancholy has its Charms, and I am *sweetly Sad*, in the Remembrance of it.

WHILE I was indulging this mournful Tendernefs, I heard a gentle Rap at my Door, as if it fear'd to alarm me; and the Outside of it seem'd to be swept by the rustling of Silk; a Musick I am not us'd to! I open'd it slowly, for I was still lost to myself; and was address'd by a *Lady* in a modest but most enchanting

chanting Manner. She appear'd to be near thirty; and was dress'd, very gravely, a little remov'd from the present *Mode*. But my Heart sprung within me! For all the Beauties of my Vision were more than verify'd in this *Reality*! The Soul of a *God* seem'd to stream through her Eyes! And the Ideas of her Wit and Majestick Understanding *flam'd* and *sparkled* in her *meaning Softness*! There was something in her Air, that made the Room seem to *blaze* round her! I led her to my great Chair, but she gracefully declin'd it, and seated herself at some Distance, not to shew the Respect she had, to my *Age*, I hope, but my *Writings*: After a Preface, of the sweetest Praise, that Vanity cou'd wish to hear, she took a Paper from her Bosom; and seem'd to tremble, while she gave it me, as if it enclosed some Declaration, that her *Heart* was concern'd in. How becoming is *Humility*, when such Excellence condescends to wear it! — She withdrew: and, from her *Manner*, I opened her Paper with Impatience; and found in it what follows.

Good SIR,

‘ I WAIT on you, with my own Letter,
 ‘ from the Respectful Desire I have to see
 ‘ the Person of him, whose Soul I so much
 ‘ admire, in the PLAIN DEALER. I knew
 ‘ very well, That the Reverence you must in-
 ‘ spire, wou'd prevent my speaking freely, and
 I chose

‘ I chose therefore, to *write*, what I wished to
‘ inform you of.

‘ I WAS the other Day, in an Assembly, of
‘ what the World calls *fine Ladies*; to which
‘ gay Part of our Species I have lately been a
‘ Stranger, so that I found their Dress, and
‘ their Conversation entirely Foreign to me;
‘ though, (through all Disguises) I could dis-
‘ cover the *British Beauty*! — The Con-
‘ fusion of their Fans, and the Loudness of
‘ their Laughter, alarm’d, and oppress’d my
‘ Ear; as the new Situation of their Elbows
‘ drew my Eye under Astonishment! One of
‘ the Ladies, who, I fear for her own sake, is
‘ what they call a *Toast*, was, most lamenta-
‘ bly, delighted with a young Gentleman, who
‘ sat next her, and who by the Oddness of his
‘ Dress, surpriz’d me, more than the Ladies
‘ did. — His Wig, instead of gracefully
‘ adorning his Shoulders, was tuck’d up into
‘ a Bag, of the same *Content* with his Head;
‘ and had two Wings shooting from it; so that
‘ he look’d like a *Mercury revers’d*. The lit-
‘ tle Hair, that escap’d this Bag, (because no
‘ Hat was allowed to shield it) was cemented
‘ by Oil and Powder; to secure it against
‘ Tempest. The Sleeve of his Coat had re-
‘ mov’d the Middle of his Arm, from the Place
‘ I should have look’d for it in, and *preferr’d*
‘ the Bend of his Elbow, to within three Inches
‘ of his Shoulder. His Stockings were so high
‘ embroider’d, that they left no Shape to his

‘ Leg : And his Hands, to his Fingers Ends,
 ‘ were *entomb’d*, in a Pair of Ruffles. He was
 ‘ button’d up to the Chin, in a white Dimmity
 ‘ Waistcoat ; and wore a Frock, which, I sup-
 ‘ pose, he borrow’d from one of his Grooms,
 ‘ to emulate the *Jockey Air* with the more Ele-
 ‘ gance, and Propriety.

‘ As odd a Creature as this was, he seem’d
 ‘ to consider *Me* as an *Odder* ; for I over-heard
 ‘ him whisper his fair Neighbour, That, by my
 ‘ Ill Dress, and my Neglect of the Company,
 ‘ I must be either a *Wit*, or a *Tory* ! It was
 ‘ plain, he said, from my Behaviour, that I
 ‘ was unlearned in the new World, and he
 ‘ fancied, for his Part, that I dropt out of the
 ‘ *Eclipse*, last *Monday* ! — The Favourite Lady
 ‘ oblig’d him with a tender Look ; and burst
 ‘ into a loud Laughter. I found that all his
 ‘ Discourse was fill’d with Arrogance, and
 ‘ Folly ; and a Monster bred of both, which
 ‘ they call *Double Entendres*. At last, he
 ‘ hum’d half a Tune ; danc’d a Step or two,
 ‘ to his own Musick ; took *Snuff* and *Leave* to-
 ‘ gether ; and *hopt* out of the Company.

‘ The Ladies were now at Leisure to look
 ‘ a little at me. But their Hearts seem’d
 ‘ strangely full of this ridiculous Object, whom
 ‘ they immediately fell a praising, with a kind
 ‘ of miserable Emulation. Mr. *Flushcheek*, said
 ‘ the *Toast*, is, sure ! the most delightful Crea-
 ‘ ture ! the finest, and best-bred Gentleman !
 ‘ how witty ! how tender ! how polite and
 ‘ how

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‘ how *severe*, he is ! He is the Soul of Sense,
 ‘ and Gallantry ; and the very Life of the
 ‘ *Masquerade* : I started, at their Admiration ;
 ‘ and felt my Heart sink into Pity for ‘em ;
 ‘ while I contemplated, in Silence, the Perfecti-
 ‘ on of my adorable *Bellarion*.

‘ OH ! MR. PLAIN DEALER ! that I had pro-
 ‘ per Language to convey him to your Ima-
 ‘ gination ! You wou’d then approve my Pas-
 ‘ sion : And I shou’d be justify’d even to your
 ‘ *Reason*. His Person is divinely form’d, Tall
 ‘ and Graceful ! His Eyes, which are full of
 ‘ Wisdom, wear a *Gentleness*, as if they griev’d
 ‘ their own Lustre, and were willing to *decline*
 ‘ themselves in Pity to the Beholders ! His
 ‘ Lips are rarely open’d but to *praise* or to
 ‘ *improve*, though he has Teeth, which he
 ‘ might be proud of shewing. There is, in
 ‘ the Turn of his Arms, an inexpressible Air of
 ‘ Majesty ! I never look on him without *seeing*
 ‘ all the great Men, I have read of. I trem-
 ‘ ble before him, with a kind of *religious Pas-*
 ‘ *sion* ! For Religion and Virtue are adorn’d
 ‘ by his Conversation ! So that I may say,
 ‘ without Falshood, that it is *Heaven* to *bear*
 ‘ him ! His Dress is disengag’d ; and he *knows*
 ‘ all Things but, that he is charming ! Oh !
 ‘ that you were acquainted with his Mind,
 ‘ which is shining with every Virtue ! Amidst
 ‘ the Throng of his Beauties, I forgot to tell
 ‘ you, That he is a *Poet*, a most *Divine* one !
 ‘ Believe me it is no *Fiction* ! Place him there-

‘ fore before Mr. *Flushcheek*’s Eyes; and convert his fair Admirers: for they take in the
‘ PLAIN DEALER.

I am, with great Respect,

Sir, your most humble Servant,

CLEORA.



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*Qui sit, Mæcenâs, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat: laudat diversa sequentes.*

HOR.

*Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, En ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu, consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eia!
Quid statis? nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.
Quid causa est, meritò quin illis Juppiter ambas
Iratùs Buccas inflet: neq; se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?*

IBID.

FRIDAY, May 22. 1724.

I FELL asleep, the other Night, after meditating, in my Bed, on our general Dissatisfaction, at the Fortune that is allotted us; and had, again, an extraordinary Dream, but very

very different from my last; and so strongly distinct, and entertaining, that I flatter myself, my *Readers* will be glad to share its Impression, while it is new, upon my Memory.

I WAS plac'd, I knew not how, on the Top of a green Hill; which was very flow'ry, and fragrant. The World, methought, lay under it, in a vast Descent of Cloudiness! A thousand Roads led up to it; but, with such intricate, and mazy Windings, that my Eye was unable to trace any of them, distinctly: Yet they, all, open'd at last, upon the Summit of the Hill, and pour'd out a mix'd Multitude, of both Sexes, and of all Ages, and Conditions; who, as soon as they had reach'd the Flat, hasten'd forward towards its Center.

I WAS wonderfully pleas'd, to discover *Patty Amble*, in the Crowd; and, giving her my Hand, led her on, with great Composure. She inform'd me, That the Place we were upon, was the *Mount of Fortune*; and, That she was going to a *Fair*, which is held on it, and call'd, *Mend-all Market*. Her Business, she said, was to change her Condition, for a Better; and, she doubted not, but I might do the same, if I pleas'd, since I had found my Way, up the Hill. For all People, who came thither, were allow'd the happy Privilege, to lay down their own Burdens; and take up lighter, in the Room of them.

IN the very middle of the Plain, we came, at length, to a kind of *May-Pole*, which was bigger than the *Monument*; and as high as the

Pike of Teneriff: It was of a bright *Yellow*, or *Gold-colour*; but twinkled, strangely, at a Distance; and looked dazling, and transparent. There hung, off from it, all about, lovely Garlands, of precious Stones, with a Mixture of the sweetest Flowers; the *Hues* of which were *changeable*, and varied every Moment, with a most bewitching Delightfulness. Upon the Pinnacle of this Pyramid, sat the Goddess of the Place, very busily spinning: But the Thread she twisted off, was too *fine*, to be seen, distinctly, by Us, who stood, so far, below it. The Wheel, in its Motion, made a musical Sound; but so rough, and so loud, that it shook the Hill, all round it. It scatter'd, while she turn'd it, a sparkling Shower of *Globules*, that were many-colour'd, but hollow; and broke, like empty Bubbles, in their descending over the Multitude.

WHAT I observ'd, with most Concern, was, that, the nearer we came, the Prospect grew less charming; for the Dust was so thick, that our Eyes, and Mouths, were filled with it; and our Heads ak'd with the Bustle, and the Noise, of the Tumult. The Commodities, which were to be barter'd for, lay, spread, every where, in Heaps; and All, who pass'd between, were invited to come, and cheapen them. — *Sweet-meats*, *Limonades*, and Variety of the finest *Fruits*, were offer'd, diligently, up and down, by little *Cupids*, with painted Baskets: And Trumpeters, Jugglers, Rope-dancers, *Merry-Andrews*, and *Opera-Mongers*, were exerting them-

themselves, on all Sides, to compleat the Up-roar of the Market. But, tho' I pass'd by all their *Stages*, I saw no more than *Two*, whose Faces were well known to me; and Those were, *Heidegger*, and *Doctor Faustus*.

IN the Front of every Pile, rose an *Alabaster Pillar*, whereon hung a Picture, fill'd with Figures, all in *Motion*; representing whatever was most tempting, and desirable, in the Merchandize it recommended. And, at the Foot of each Pillar, was placed an *Ebony Chair*; on both Sides of which, stood young, and beautiful Women, dress'd like *Muses* and *Graces*: Some inviting Passengers to take Possession of the Empty Seat; and others pointing up, to a Compartment, on the Top of it, where was to be read, in golden Letters, the Name, and Quality, of the Merchandize.

WE made up, to a Heap, that was remarkably higher than the Rest; and read, there, the Word *ROYALTY*. We were agreeably surpriz'd, to see, moving, in the Picture, that hung upon this Pillar, *Armies*, *Palaces*, and *Navies*! Crowds of Men, upon their Knees; and Women, still more prostrate! — Banquets, Treasures, Sports, and Triumphs, all succeeding, in their Turns, drew a mighty Crowd of Gazers; who were struggling for the Chair, and push'd each other from it. *Patty Amble* was very earnest, to have had *me* put in for it: But I wink'd upon her, to be quiet; and presently, we saw a Person, breaking strongly through the Crowd; who, with loud

Huzzas, and Concurrence, plac'd him, there, and bow'd round him. — But, no sooner was he seated, when the tempting Figures, in the Picture, chang'd, immediately, into *horrible Ones*! — Cares, Dangers, Hatred, Restlessness, and a thousand *sooty Furies*, roll'd, unquietly, about him! The *Muses*, and *Graces*, were transform'd into *Serpents*, and *Satyrs*! that hiss'd, grinn'd, and pointed at him. And, when he wou'd have, gladly, escap'd, and sprung out of the Chair, he found himself held down in it, by a Troop of *meagre Phantoms*, that frighted us away, from any further Observation of him.

THE next Place, that we stopp'd at, was the Column of BEAUTY. We look'd up, to the Picture, and saw, moving, in it, a mix'd, and confus'd Bustle, of Coaches, Footmen, and Coronets: Men, with their Hearts in their Hands; and an indistinct Cavalcade, of shapeless Things, without Heads, call'd Smiles, Sighs, Vows, Desires, Faintings, Languishments, and Adorations. There came, up, to this Place, in great Hurry, a fat, but sprightly, Young Woman, with a Bundle, under her Arm; which she laid down, by Way of Barter; and which, we observ'd, as she sort'd the Goods, to be fill'd with large Legs, red Hair, brown Skin, big Breasts; and Small-Pox-Marks, in abundance. The Attendants, at the Pillar, having agreed to the Exchange, were inviting her into the *Ebony Chair*; when I, who, by this Time, began to suspect their fair Appearance,

ance, *turn'd* the Picture, with my *Stick*: and expos'd its other Side to the *She-Merchant*; which was to be Part of her Bargain, and consisted of Scandal, Spleen, Jealousy, Anguish, Perjury, and Ruin. She no sooner saw the Faces of this ugly Nest of Monsters, but, snatching up her own Bundle, she ran, as fast as her thick Legs cou'd carry her; tumbling, Head over Heels, at every Heap in her Way; and getting up, as she best cou'd; without staying, to look behind her.

WHILE we were diverting ourselves, at this pleasant Flight, a Person, whom Nature had design'd, and limb'd, for a *PLOWMAN*, had been seiz'd with an Ambition to be made a *Minister of State*; and, having thrown down his Burden, of Toil, Penury, and Dirtiness before the Pillar of *POWER*, had seated himself, triumphantly, in the Chair, at the Foot of it; but was frighted out of his Wits, by that time we came up to him; for we found him almost smother'd, under an unmerciful Load of Slanders, Terrors, Axes, and Halts; which he had much ado to crawl out from; and was bawling, with great Earnestness, and Distortion of Muscles, to have his *Own Goods* restor'd him.

IN the next Compartment we examin'd, we found written the Word, *TITLES*. We saw, there, a Beau, with six Footmen behind him, very earnestly perusing the moving Trophies, in the Picture. My *Coquet* felt her Heart beat, at the Sight of so fine a Gentleman; and whisper'd

per'd her Opinion, That I need not turn *that* Picture; for sure! there was no *Ill* to be apprehended, *there*; — I did it, however, and the Beau fell into Fits; at the sudden rushing out of a Whirlwind of Ignorance, Conceitedness, Scorn, Luxury, and Diseases!

I frighted an honest Citizen, in much the same Manner, from the Standard of WEALTH. He had taken a Fancy for Preferment: and was wishing, extremely, to be erected into an *Alderman*! — He had counted out, for the Purchase, a Life-full of Ease; a small Parcel of Understanding; and *Ditto*, of Conscience. But, the very Minute I turn'd the Picture, there flew, into his Face, Dullness, Cuckoldom, and Clumsiness! upon which he took to his Heels, and left his *own Bag* behind him.

AT the Column of WIT, I was agreeably entertain'd, among a large Circle of *Gapers*, who were admiring the wonderful *Mechanism* of the Picture, that was hung upon that Pillar. — Cities, Mountains, Oceans, Woods, Skies, Meadows, Gardens, Gods, and Goddeses, Giants, Mermaids, Cupids, Dragons, Mistresses, Witches, Enchanted Castles, Fields of Air; and Seas of Fire; all, delightfully, intermix'd, and confounded, rose, and charm'd the Observation! — But the Crowd dispers'd, immediately, on my discovering, to their great Terror, and Amazement, that there lurk'd, behind all this Gaiety, a *lean* Society, call'd Envy, Malice, Poverty, Dependence, and Calamity!

I WALK'D quite through the *Fair*; and, where-ever I wander'd, perceived it was, in all Parts, alike. They, who brought *Complaints*, to exchange, against *Good-Fortune*, chose to carry their *own* back again, rather than conclude a *New Bargain*. There was something, in every Heap, that they were inclinable enough to purchase; — But there was something too, that must go with it, which they could not bear to be troubled with: so, they went murmuring, away; and bestow'd their Curses, in great Plenty, on the Goddesses, who kept the Market; which was never the thinner, notwithstanding; for, still, new Crowds supply'd the Places of those, who return'd, dissatisfy'd. Nor cou'd the Warnings they met with, from such Numbers who had been disappointed, prevail with these new Comers, to believe, they shou'd go back again, without being the Richer, from a *Mart*, that was stor'd, so plentifully, with all, that the World calls Valuable.

AMONG the infinite Variety of Temptations, which glitter'd, every where, about me, I was in Danger but once; and That was, at the Pillar of FAME. I saw, when I turn'd that Picture, that the Weight of the Counterbalance lay, chiefly, in these four Evils, — *Death, Time, Detraction, and Uncertainty!* Yet, so strong was my Desire to float my Name through Futurity, that I was resolutely determin'd to take Possession of the Chair. — But, having Nothing of Value about me, but my
Oaken

Oaken Stick, and *Mouse-colour'd Gloves*, (the first of which they refus'd, because of the Mischief it had done 'em, in turning up the wrong Sides of their Pictures; and the Second, because not *fine* enough to be fashionable, in that Region,) I was forc'd upon an Expedient, which I am almost afraid to confess, for fear of losing, for ever, the Good Opinion of my Female Readers.

To say all, in a Word, I was, heroically, resolv'd, to give up my *Love* for my *Glory*; so, taking *Patty Amble* by the Hand, I proffer'd *Her*, in Barter, (having no *Other Commodity*.) The Attendants, who watch'd the Pillar, were just ready to take hold of her; when she threw her Arms about my Neck, and *conjur'd* me, by all the Tyes, of Honour, and of Gallantry, that I wou'd not leave her, a Sacrifice, to so empty a Divinity, as the Regent of that Mountain! She begg'd, that I wou'd return, with her, to the Lower, but happier World: and, whatever I should ask of her, she wou'd grant me, by Way of Recompence. I took her suddenly, at her Word, and ask'd her *Heart* for a *Fairing*. — Nay, spare me but that One Thing, said she, with a languishing Reproachfulness, and take *any thing else*, about me.

Unfortunately overjoy'd, at this Bliss, which, methought, besel me, the sudden Flow of my Spirits, under a Sense of the promis'd Transport, caus'd so violent an Agitation, that, waking on a sudden, I dropt, out of her Arms, and perceiv'd myself in my Bed, in *Barbican*.

The



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*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
Et vitulâ tu dignus, & hic : ——— VIR.*

MONDAY, May 25. 1724.

I PASS some agreeable Hours, now and then, at the House of *Sir Portly Rufus*, an old and wealthy Acquaintance; who lives, a few Miles, out of Town; and having got his Estate, by a long and busy Life, spent in Trading, adventurously, to most Parts of the World, is, now, retir'd from its Hurry; and enjoys it with a graceful Ease, and undesigning Hospitality. The only Inconvenience, I have to complain of, when I am with him, is, that the Company I meet there, is not so Delicate as I cou'd wish it; but mix'd with that Ineligance, which must be expected, and submitted to, among Men of Business: whose Friendships are form'd, for the most Part, not on Sympathy of Minds; but mutual Commerce of Interests.

YET, as there is, always, something to be learnt, from the most inconsiderable Accidents we can meet with, I never return'd from Dining, or Supping, with my good Friend *Sir Portly*,

Portly, but I brought away with me as strong a Proof, as I cou'd any where have met with, That the Reason why, in mix'd Companies, we seldom find much Pleasure, is, because every Person, not under some immediate Guard of *Hope*, *Fear*, or *Reverence*, keeps only *Himself* in View: And directs his Discourse, and Behaviour, *not* to the 'Taste of those he shou'd Entertain; but to the particular Bent of his own Humour, or Capacity.

ONE of the most constant Guests, at *Sir Portly's*, is *Tony Gingle* his Sister's Son; who has a great Genius for Poetry. He makes very good Verses, and pronounces, gracefully enough, those he repeats, from other Writers, — so far, all is well. But the worst of it is, that *Tony* has studied nothing, *but* Poetry. He is quite dark in the useful Doctrine of Times, Seasons, and Places. It is the same Thing to *him*, when the Muse *bites*, whether he quotes Tragedy, to a Man of Letters, his Taylor's Wife, or a Stockjobber. The Chimes of his Numbers are for ever, ringing in his Fancy: And all, who chance to sit near him, must have their Share of the Melody. He has taken it into his Head, that, because *he* can make a considerable Figure, *as a Poet*, there is nothing, considerable, *but Poetry!* And it is a very pleasant Scene to observe *Tony*, studying, at one of the Tables of a full Coffee-House, in the midst of the City; scanning Verses, on his Fingers: Conceiving, writing, and blotting out: And humming them over, to himself,
with

with all the Rapture, and Gesticulation, of *Tone, Action, and Passion!* Regardless that he is star'd at, and remark'd, all the while, by a dozen or two of thriving Citizens; who shake their Heads and *pity* him, as a Man, that has *lost* his *Wits*; even while he is under the *Operation* of being *Witty!* — He has never permitted his Brain to grow cool enough to reflect, That *Wit*, in dull Company, is the dullest Subject in the World; and that it is a Folly, to talk of *Homer, Horace, or Pope*, among Grave Fellows within *Ludgate*; who, when they hear of a Great Poet, will tell you a Story of *Tom Brown*; and feel no Difference in the Power of *Tony Gingle's* own Works, and the humble Labours of their *Bellman*.

Jack Juniper, the Apothecary; and *Tom Tiresome*, the Haberdasher, living both in the same Street, ride down together, twice a Week, to take a Bottle, with my Friend, *Sir Portly*. — *Jack Juniper* reads us Lectures, on the new Improvements in *Botany*, and the Rise, and Progress of *Inoculation*, which are, accurately, answer'd, by Mr. *Thomas Tiresome*; with the Price of the *Stocks*; and the Mournful Decay of the *Spittle-fields Weaving*. — As soon as this very able Apothecary has open'd, and explain'd to us, the *Circulation of the Blood*, the punctual Haberdasher repays his Kindness, with the *Course of Exchange*. If some *Patient*, of the One, has taken *Physick*, for her *Complexion*; some Lady, who is the Other's Customer, has, with equal Advantage to her Skin, fallen into
the

the Wear of his new *Blush-Colour*. — But, in the very Height of their *Elucidations*, *Tony Gingle* never fails to *wedge in*, between 'em both, some six Dozen of Quotations, from a Poem, call'd the *Dispensary*; though the intelligent Mr. *Juniper* is continually interrupting him with the *true History* of every weighty Occurrence, in *Apothecaries-Hall*, which provok'd the Muse of the merry *Doctor*. While poor *Tom Tiresome*, when he has yawn'd, and listen'd, in vain, to the full Extent of his Patience, for an Opportunity to grow Eloquent on the Use of *Colchester-Bays*, falls asleep, in his Chair; and *snores* at us, in Revenge, to maintain his Part in the Conversation.

HONEST *Sir Portly* wou'd be often at a Loss, to shape such stubborn *Obliquities*, into any *direct Line* of Society, if he had not, always, at his Elbow, the good-natur'd Mr. *William Weathercock*, a Gentleman Farmer, in his Neighbourhood; who has a large, but empty, Understanding. — The Mind of *Will. Weathercock* is like the Sail of a great Ship, that has *Room*, to contain much Wind; but, having none, of its own producing, is swell'd out, by Turns, from all the Quarters of the Compass. *Will.* hits every Man's Taste; and is of all People's Opinion. He is so desirous to *Oblige*, that there is not a Point in the *Circumference*, but wou'd serve him for a *Center*. He is this Moment, in *your* Sentiment: and, the *next*, will, before your Face, be of his Opinion who contradicts you. But, if a Third
affirms

affirms you *Both* to have been in the Wrong, and appeals to *Will. Weathercock*: — *Will*, with the best-bred Agility in the World, shifts, immediately, to *his* Side, too; and thinks it as clear as the Sun that You were, *All Three*, in the Right of it.

THIS pliable Ductility, in the Reason of *Will. Weathercock*, hitches in, and chains together, the most repugnant Idea's; and, uniting them into an active Body, like the *hook'd Atoms*, of *Des Cartes*, gives 'em Strength, Fluidity, and Consequence. Such a lively Effect have the very *Weaknesses* of Humanity beyond the Force, and Subtlety, of Ill-Nature, and Self-Interest!

Tony Gingle, the last Time that I saw this Company together, was so put to it, for an Opportunity, to repeat some Verses, he was *big with*, that, in order to *bring 'em in*, with a tolerable Appearance of Propriety, he began, to compliment *Sir Portly's* Lady, on the Finess of her Shape, and Skin, and inferring, from their being Praise-worthy, that they should lie open to Observation, took Occasion, by these Lines, to enforce his kind Opinion, that it was necessary for her, to *go naked*.

Can Forms, like yours, want Ornament of Drefs?

Beauty, like Truth, shines most, in Nakedness.

Dressing, may skreen Deformities from View:

But, even, Adornment does but shadow you!

Most, but by what they wear are lovely made:

You, Madam, lose, whene'er you seek such Aid.

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While

*While others drefs, their Lovers Hearts to warm,
You put off nothing, but what veil'd a Charm!*

THE Lady blush'd, and smil'd. *Sir Portly* laugh'd aloud; and begg'd to hear 'em over again. For my Part, I was doubly pleas'd, with the Turn of the Verse; and Particularity of the Fancy. *Tony Gingle*, himself, was in Raptures, which he cou'd not hide, at the Applause his Muse had met with. — But *Tom Tiresome* had been weighing with the Foresight of a prudent Citizen, the Ill Consequence of going naked, to his good Friends the *Weavers*, and felt a commendable Indignation, against the tuneful Mr. *Gingle*; infomuch that in the Heat of his Resentment, he call'd him *Madman*; and *Ballad-Singer* --- Pray, what do you suppose, said he, wou'd become of many thousand honest People, who live, by making *Petticoats*, and what belongs to Petticoats, if all handsome Women were to go *impudently Naked*! --- Out upon it! Methinks I see 'em; and am asham'd of you! It is scandalous, and indecent; and to say nothing of the *Plot*, which may lie, conceal'd, in it, against *Trade*; it is the Whim of a *Heathen Turk*! and not fit to be thought of, in a *Christian-Country*!

TONY by this Time had fathom'd the *Depth* of his Antagonist, and began to play upon him, from his Batteries of poetical Artillery; the War was growing hot: and threatened dangerous Consequences, when *Will. Weathercock* put in, between 'em, and taking
Part

Part with the *Wit*, because he observ'd him to be a Favourite, made this Charge, upon his Opposite, like a brave and faithful Auxiliary.

YOU are certainly in the right, most diverting Mr. *Gingle*! --- Nature never wou'd have cover'd Women with such white, and tempting Skins, if she had not meant 'em for a publick Ornament. The Ladies are Nature's Favourites; and, can we suppose her to have been less liberal, to those *Favourites*; than to the *Beasts*, which she plac'd below 'em? --- She never sent us a *Calf*, but he came into the World, with his *Coat* on. An *Ox* has no *Breeches* to pull off, when he goes to Bed weary. The *Lamb* is born, ready dress'd, with her Freeze Coat about her. And who, ever, saw a *Sow*, drawing off her Shoes, and Stockings? --- None sleep softer than the *Birds* do: Yet they rise, in the Morning, with their Featherbeds, upon their Backs. --- The most Excellent, of the *Virtues*, are always painted, like *Women*; but it is, like *Women*, without *Cloaths* on! And, what does this mean, but to insinuate, to the Sex, that all, who love Virtue, shou'd despise Hoop-Petticoats, and go naked? --- There is this manifest Absurdity in Womens Dressing, that it involves them in Perplexities, which make the chief End they dress for, much more difficult than it need be: For, as they order the Matter, they are to be taken to Pieces, like *Watches*, before a Man can come near enough, to examine the *Wonders* of their

their *Workmanship*. ---- *Fashions* differ, in all Nations; and, what is a fine Dress, in one Place, is a frightful one, in another. But, were Women once uncover'd, all Mens Judgments wou'd agree, about 'em. --- In a Word, since the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, appear, as Nature has made 'em; since all *Animals* are satisfy'd with their own natural Figures; and, since the *Roses* are not asham'd to shew their *Thorns*, with their *Beauties*; why shou'd *Woman*, Nature's Masterpiece! seek to hide, or disguise, her Loveliness?

WILL went, eloquently on, after this extraordinary Manner, till he had fully convinc'd, and satisfy'd, all that Part of his Audience, who were on this first Side the Question. But, casting his Eye, on poor *Tom Tiresome*, and, pitying the melancholy Air, with which he listen'd to an Opinion, he had not Wit enough to argue against, though he thought it little Better than Fornication, and Adultery; ---- *Will*, in simple Honesty of Heart; and out of a mere Motive of Compassion, slipt, by a very sudden Transition, into a sure Method of comforting him; and chang'd his *Level*, as follows.

YET, I must do Justice to both Arguments, and it seems plain, beyond Contradiction, that Beauty was *made*, to be *ornamented*. The Peacock's *starry Tail*, shews, that Nature loves gay Fancies. Nature dress'd the Hills, and the Meadows, in their fine, embroider'd Mantles.

ties. It was *she*, that spangled over all that glorious *Veil*, of Heaven! --- Who, but *Nature*, spotted the *Ermin*? And *gilt* the scaly Skins, of Fishes, and of Serpents? --- *Man*, indeed, she sent into the World, plain, and naked: --- Not, that she meant, he shou'd *remain* so, --- but, because she *adorn'd* all Things else, for his *Reason*, to chuse a Dress from. What is the Silkworm, but Nature's little *Spinster*, set to Work for our common Benefit? The very *Spider* keeps a *Loom*; and weaves a finer Manufacture, than the Artists of *Spittle-Fields*, can! --- Why smell these lovely Flowers, round the Summer-House we are sitting in, so delightfully sweet, and fragrant, but to teach us, That we shou'd *perfume* our selves? And, to what End can we suppose they were made, so various, in their Colours, but to give Ladies the happy Hint, of employing *Dyers*, and *Silk-weavers*!

TOM TIRESOME broke in upon him, at those two inspiring Words, with a loud and triumphant *Hollow*; and filling, instantly, *two Bumpers*, drank Prosperity to *Trade*; and Health and Happiness to Mr. *Weathercock*. --- His Toasts went round the Company; and both Parties were so well satisfied with the Share each had, in his Decision, that Neither of them appear'd shock'd at the manifest Contradiction of his Reasoning. But *Tony Gingle* went away, the most pleas'd, of the Two; because *Sir Portly* desir'd him, at parting, to repeat his Verses, the third Time; and to make an-

other Copy, against next Meeting, on the comfortable use of *Swan-skin Breeches*, to Ladies who wear Wide Hoops, in a sharp and frosty Winter.



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Tum pater Anchises lachrymis ingressus obortis:

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quere tuorum:

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neq; ultra

Esse sinent ———

VIR.

Heu miserande puer! Si qua fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris. ———

Ibid.

Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos.

Ibid.

FRIDAY, May 29. 1724.

S I R,

YOU observed, very justly, in one of your late Papers, that no Figure in Life can be more graceful, and amiable, than that of a wise, and good, Father; with Respect to an only Son, who possesses, and deserves, his Indulgence.

THAT Lover of Mankind, *Hortensius*, gave us, lately, a fine Example, of the Force of this Truth: But I look back, upon it with Anguish, because I judge of his present Pain, by the Excess of his past Pleasure.

THO' *Hortensius* had, properly, but one Son, he was, in some Sense, the Common Father.

ther. --- Nothing ever was carried higher than the *Manliness* of his Heart, except its *Sweetness*, and *Humanity*: For he was soften'd, by the benevolent Overflowings of a Pity, that touch'd him, at once, in the two *Extremes* of Sensibility! His own *Joys* were damp'd, by other Peoples *Afflictions*; and his private *Sorrows* chear'd, by the *Prosperity* of those who hated him. --- He not only *forgave*, readily, the most malicious of his Enemies; but, that he might be sure to do it, generously, he *forgot* the very *Injuries*. --- Even his *Faults* were no other, than the unsuccessful Result of his *Virtues*; for acting rather by the measure of his *Mind*, than of his *Power*, he provok'd the Disappointed; to whom the *Will* is no *Obliger*. --- His *Wit* could fear no Rivals, but his *Courage*, and his *Honesty*: --- And every Person who shall read this *faint* Character of his Excellence, has been oblig'd, by the *Effects* of it; with regard to the Publick Interest; and the Ornaments of Society.

SUCH was *Hortensius*! --- and such *Hortensius* is; if yet he may be said to *be*, after the Death of that dear *Son*, he *liv'd in*; and into whose fine Mind he had pour'd out, and transfus'd, all the Fullness of his Virtues; with a kind of Hope, in *him*, and *his*, to have immortaliz'd his very *Body*! and to receive, from future Ages, in the Honours paid to his Descendants, the Tribute of that *Praise*, which his own, declining Life, is, now, too scanty to make Room for.

HE, who knows the Father's Prospect; and how suddenly *Death* has blasted it; having snatch'd away the Son, when just blooming into Manhood; and, already, the *Companion*, and the *Friend*, of his Father! never look'd on, without Joy; --- never oblig'd, without Gratitude; --- never thought on, without Tenderness; --- never hearken'd to, without Wonder! must be touch'd with a lively Sense of what that Fate brought with it; which *tore*, from such a Parent! (who, before, had lost the Mother,) such a Son; to leave him, *joyless*; with the *future* World before him, like a bleak, and barren *Desart*! --- And the *past*, more dreadful still, by a thousand goading Tenderneffes; which cling for ever to the Memory; and torment, and sting, Reflection.

WHAT is Life, when we consider it under the Accidents it is liable to, but an unresting Conflict, in the Dark, with Labours, Doubts, and Disappointments! --- One, such Loss, as *Hortensius* has sustain'd, in this lov'd Son: (and so felt, too, as *Hortensius* feels it) serves, for ever, to imbitter *Hope*; and draws Gloom enough over the Mind, to put a Stop to our wild Pursuits, of Riches, Power, and Reputation.

WHEN I compare the present Calamity of this Gentleman, with the Satisfaction he is fallen from; --- with that ripening Expectation; --- that observing Vigilance; that unspeakable Succession of little Transports, and tender Triumphs; --- and all that Train of *Noble Weak-*

Weaknesses, which warm, and open the human Heart, upon these dear, and soft, Occasions; I confess to you that I am *lost*, in too quick a Sense of his Misery! --- And I tremble, while I learn from it, that we are expos'd to it, most dangerously, on that strongest, and unguarded, Quarter, whence we look for our *sincereſt Happineſs*!

I MET *Hortensius*, ſome time ſince; and, letting down my Glaſs, by Accident, juſt as his Chair was paſſing me, my Soul was wounded, through my Eyes, at the moving Maſteſty of his Sorrow. --- He endeavour'd to have ſcreen'd it, behind the Greatneſs of his Spirit; and put me in Mind, when I was gone by him, of this fine, and natural Stroke, in *Shakeſpeare*.

———— *She never told her Pain ;
But let Concealment, like a Worm, i'the Bud,
Prey, on her Damask Cheek :—ſeem'd, all unmov'd;
And ſat, — like Patience, on a Monument ;
Smiling, at Grief !*

IF a Man, who had embark'd himſelf, for ſome long Voyage, with his Friends, and his whole Family, ſhou'd have the *miferable* Deliverance, to eſcape, alone, from a Shipwreck; and be thrown aſhore, upon ſome barren Iſland, whence he cou'd diſcern no Object round him, but the Swelling of the Sea, while it was covering the ſinking Heads of all, who were *near*, or *dear*, to him: and, to preſerve whoſe cheariſh'd Lives, he wou'd, himſelf have dy'd, with
Pleaſure!

Pleasure! --- Could such a *dreadful Distinction* be consider'd as a Blessing to him? --- Or, shou'd we not rather pity him, as the Person, of the whole Number, whose Lot was least supportable? And to which, a thousand *Deaths* were preferable!

YET, methinks, Mr. *Plain-Dealer*, tho', to lose a Worthy Son, must be acknowledg'd a *trying Misery*; It is a Fate, severer still, to be the Father of an *Unworthy* one. ---

————— *And live, to feel,
How, sharper than a Serpent's Tooth, it is,
To have a thankless Child!*

Shakespeare in *King Lear*.

SHEW me a Good Man, whose paternal Care has been rewarded with Contempt, from the ungrateful Object of his Tenderness: --- Who sees his Name disgrac'd, by the sordid Qualities of an *Heir*, from whose expected Excellence he had promis'd himself an Encrease to its Reputation: --- Who lives, convinced, that he is hated, avoided, and wish'd *dead*, by a Wretch, whom he has given *Life* to! and from whose Virtues, he had flatter'd himself, that his Old Age wou'd find a Comfort! and his Memory retain a Glory! --- *Such a Father* shall look, with a kind of Envy, on *Hortensius*, and be the only Person capable of weighing his Distress, without Agony.

THE Impartiality of Time, and Reason, placing in the same Degree of *Fame*, those who

who polish'd, and instructed, Nations, with those who govern'd, or conquer'd, them; *Hortensius* need not blush, to see his Name, rank'd with *Princes*. --- I will therefore instance an Example of a vaster Misery than his own, in the *greatest Monarch* of our Age: (why did I not say of *any Age*?) I mean the *Czar* of *Russia*: ---- A Prince! whose Actions will draw after him a Blaze of Glory, and Astonishment, through the latest *Depth* of *Time*! and warm the Hearts of Posterity with the same generous Reverence, for the Name of this immortal Emperor, which we now feel, at mention of *Alexander the Great*: or the first, and noblest, of the *Cæsars*.

THERE can be very few of your Readers, who have not heard the *Czar* accus'd of one of the most shocking Kinds of *Cruelty*, with regard to the Death of his Son, the late *Prince Royal* --- But most of 'em, I believe, are ignorant, that this great, and generous Sovereign, was so free from the Guilt of that ill-grounded Imputation, that he pardon'd his Condemn'd Son, in Person, in the most tender, and moving Manner, after he had been *sentenc'd to Death*, not by the *Czar himself*, but by a Convention of the *Senate*, and *States*, of *Russia*, Ecclesiastical, --- Civil, --- and Military: --- for having (to use the very Words of the Sentence) *Form'd a Design to get the Crown even in the Life-time of his Father: opposing, and undermining, all his glorious Improvements; and soliciting Insurrections, of Rebels, at Home; and*
the

the Assistance of a Foreign Army, to accomplish the Destruction of them.

I COU'D produce the most authentic, and undeniable, *Evidences*, that, throughout the whole Course of this great, and private, Affliction, the *Czar* discover'd more, of the *Vastness*! the *Humanity*! and the *Firmness*, of his *Soul*, than in all the Publick *Torrent*, of his Dangers; and his Victories! --- And, I think, I may challenge the most partial Admirers of *Antiquity*, to produce any Thing, so humane! so heroic! so *God-like*! as this *Letter*! even from their greatest, and most honour'd, Characters. --- It was writ, and deliver'd, by the *Czar's* own Hand, to the Prince Royal, his Son, on the 11th Day of *October*, in the Year 1715.

Extract of a LETTER, from the Czar of Russia, to his Son, the Prince Alexei.

My SON,

‘ **Y**OU cannot be ignorant, since it is known
 ‘ to all the World, to what Degree our
 ‘ People groan’d, under the *Swedish* Oppres-
 ‘ sion. We saw, by the Loss of our *Maritime*
 ‘ *Provinces*, that we were cut off from all Com-
 ‘ merce with the rest of the World. You
 ‘ know, too, what it cost us, in the Begin-
 ‘ ning of this War, to qualify ourselves to give
 ‘ a Check to so implacable a Violence. But
 ‘ God led us by the Hand, till we were wor-
 ‘ thy, in our Turn, to make that Enemy trem-
 ‘ ble,

‘ ble, before whom others had, long, trem-
 ‘ bled.— We owe this, next to God, to our
 ‘ own, unwearied Toil; and the Affection of
 ‘ our *Best Children*, our faithful, *Russian Sub-*
 ‘ *jects*.

‘ BUT, if, while I am viewing this Prospe-
 ‘ rity of my Native Country, I turn an Eye
 ‘ to *my own Posterity*, my Heart is oppress’d,
 ‘ with Grief, that is too heavy for my *Glory*.
 ‘ — I see *You*, my Son! rejecting all the
 ‘ Means of becoming able to protect, or govern,
 ‘ what I *leave* you. — You will not so much
 ‘ as hear of *Warlike Study*; tho’ by *that only*
 ‘ we broke out of the Obscurity we were in-
 ‘ volv’d in; and made ourselves *notic’d* among
 ‘ Nations.

‘ I do not exhort You to *make War*, with-
 ‘ out *Reason*; — I but press you to learn the
 ‘ *Art* of it. I cou’d place before your Eyes
 ‘ many *Proofs*, that this is necessary: But I
 ‘ will name the *Greeks*, only; for they are
 ‘ united in the same *Faith*, with us. — What,
 ‘ but Neglect of *Arms*, was the Occasion of
 ‘ their Ruin? Rest, and Idleness, had weaken’d
 ‘ them, till they cou’d *submit*, even to *Slavery*!
 ‘ You mistake, if you think it enough, for a
 ‘ Prince to have *Good Generals*. Men look up,
 ‘ to the *Head*: They examine *his* Inclinations,
 ‘ that they may conform themselves to his
 ‘ *Genius*. — My Brother, in his Reign, lov’d
 ‘ Magnificence, in *Dress*, and *Horses*. The
 ‘ Nation, (*before*, not at all inclin’d that Way)
 ‘ form’d their Taste, upon their *Prince’s*; for
 ‘ they

‘ they imitate *us*, as well in our *Good* Qualities, as our *Evil*.

‘ You hate *War*: --- You neglect it: --- You will, consequently, never learn it. --- *How*, then, can you *command others*? --- *How* judge, of the Rewards, which shou’d encourage the *Deserving*? or the Punishments, which must be held out, to the Eyes of the *Unworthy*? --- You will see, and hear, for ever, with the Eyes, and Ears, of *others*; and resemble a young *Bird*, that holds out its *Bill* to its *Feeder*.

‘ I AM a *Man*, my Son, and I *must die*. --- To *whom* shall I leave the Accomplishment of my Labours? To *whom* shall I commit the *Protection* of my *People*? --- To one! who, like the *slothful Servant*, conceals, the Talent, he shou’d employ! --- and falls back, from the glorious *Trust*, which God has distinguish’d him by!

‘ REMEMBER your long Obstinacy --- and become generously asham’d, of this Perverseness in your Nature. --- How often have I reproach’d You! Nay, sometimes, you have compell’d my Affection even to *punish* you! --- For some Years past, I have scarce spoke to you. --- Yet, all this avail’d nothing. --- It was *losing* my *Time*! --- It was *striking* the *Air*! --- All your Pleasure consists in Indolence! Things, of which you ought to be asham’d, because they make you contemptible, compose your *dearest Delight*! --- Nor
‘ do

‘ do you concern yourself for the Consequences, it may produce to your Country !

‘ AFTER having weigh’d, in my secret Breast, the fatal Tendency of your Proceedings ; — After having reflected, how long, *in vain*, I have endeavour’d to redeem you : I have thought fit, by my own Hand-writing, to give you the *last Result* of my Will. — With this Determination, however, — to wait, still, some Time longer, before I put it in Execution ; to expect, or *hope*, your Amendment : — If *not*, you are, hereby, to know, that I will *deprive you of the Succession* ; as a Man would cut off a *gangren’d Member*.

‘ Do not fancy, that, because I have no other Child but *you*, I only write this to *terrify* you : By *God’s Pleasure*, I will, most certainly, *do it*. For, since I spare not my own *Life*, for the Welfare of my People : *Why* shou’d I regard your *Honour*, who are not fram’d for *becoming* it ? — I will, rather, transmit my Dominions to a *Stranger*, who shall be *Worthy* of them, than to my own *unworthy Son*, who can neither defend, nor adorn, them.

Sign’d, in the Original, with the Czar’s own Hand,

P E T E R.

I WILL close my Paper, here, and *revere* the Soul of this great Prince, in Silence ! for, to say any Thing, in Praise, or Explanation, of

of such a Letter, were to treat my Readers, like *Insensibles*. — If there lives any one Person, who can consider it, without *Love*, and *Veneration*, for its Writer, his Apprehension must be so grossly cover'd, with a Cloud of Dulness, and Stupidity, that he is destin'd to remain *impenetrable*, by Honour, Justice, or Humanity!



The Plain Dealer. No 21.

—— *Natio Comæda est.*

—— *Ridiculum acri.*

HOR.

MONDAY, *June* 1. 1724.

THE *Coquette*, and *Ned Volatile*, have been Indulged in their Propensities to talk, and, enjoyed their Humour and Pleasantry; nay, they have been permitted to break in upon one another, sometimes, with unexpected Volleys of Raillery, which might, perhaps, have been carried to unwarrantable Lengths, and attended with ill Consequences, if they had not been over-awed by the Presence of us, of a more sedate Turn; and sometimes, seasonably parted, by the Interposition of the *Major*, and timely relieved from one another in those brisk Onsets.

IF

IF an Account of the little Infirmities of this pair of Scufflers has had its proper Tendency towards the Cure of any *noted Impertinents*, of either Sex, who have a Flux in their Tongues, I shall not think that I have as yet offended the Gravity of my Character, or lost any Time, in penning down such Levities, the Knowledge of which, rightly convey'd, produces Consequences of so much Importance to the Quiet and Repose of the more serious part of the Human Species. Thus far I can say, from what has fallen within my own Observation, That several gay Parts, which I have discover'd, of the Conversation between *Ned* and the *Coquette*, have excited an unusual Vein of Merriment among many of my young Readers; but, tho' I must confess, I had a secret *Pleasure* in finding them *pleased*; I should have been delighted, in a more exquisite Degree, if my Writings, taking a better Effect, had stir'd up, in some of them, whom it wou'd have become, a little more *Self-Reflection*, and *less Laughter*. They who only laugh at the Follies of others, give me the worst half of their Applause; I shall never be compleatly pleas'd, till I can teach them to laugh at themselves: they think me a pleasant and facetious old Fellow, but I wou'd be, at the same Time, a useful and a profitable Companion.

I LATELY saw the most penetrating pair of Eyes that ever shone upon Paper, very busily employed upon that *Plain-Dealer*, wherein I described the last Tongue-Skirmish, between

the *Two Talkatives* of our *Assembly*. She read it to herself, and ever, now and then, laugh'd out heartily. I could guess, by observing her Eye, what Passages tickled her the most, and found 'em to be those, which threw the forward Humour of the two Combatants into the strongest Pitch of Ridicule. I was in hopes, That, if any of that Female Infirmary, which she so heartily laugh'd at in others, fell to her Share, she would ever after carefully avoid appearing in the same Light, in which she had seen her Neighbour make so ungraceful a Figure, and whom she confess'd, by such *sensible Signs*, to be a proper Object of Ridicule. But, to my very great Wonder, she no sooner laid the Paper out of her Hands, but she incontinently exercised those Lips, with ten times more Velocity in *Talking*, than they seem'd to have in the *Course* of their *Reading*. Her Tongue out-gallop'd the *Coquette's*; and I am persuaded, if *Ned Volatile* had been to start with her upon equal Terms, she would fairly have distanced *him*; he would have lost Sight of her in the first Flight: Up got I, (no Room being given to take Leave) and march'd off, as fast as my Oaken-stick would help me; and have been mightily discouraged, to see the little Effects of my Performances. — I warrant this Gossip, told the next Company she fell into, That she read my *Paper*, and the Moment after, in utter Contempt of the Moral palpably contained in it, bolted away into numberless Fooleries, and as many Impertinences

nences as before. But can this pert Fair-One be properly said to have *read* the PLAIN-DEALER? No, she *saw* it, but did not *read* it. At this Rate I must be obliged to turn *Lecturer* upon my own Works, and where there are any genteel Hints, substitute rougher, and coarser, in their Room, that they may not be too delicate, and escape Observation. It is the Sign of a well-manner'd Writer, just to touch upon the Verge of a severe Truth, and leave the rest to a Reader's private Meditation. But if this Method proves ineffectual, it is next to impossible, to preserve the Character of a PLAIN-DEALER, without saying something that may penetrate, more violently. I shall, therefore for the Future, without Scruple, declare, that any Eyes, let them appear never so beautiful, which at once look over, and overlook, these Papers, are in a Manner as bad as blind; and that the only Grace in beautiful Lips, which are almost always in Motion, and scarce ever to the Purpose, consists in the Propriety of their Colour, which shews, as if they blush'd, with a Sense of their own Impertinence.

THE Gentlemen run over my Papers, as well as the Ladies, without reading them. They conceive a Jest on some particular Person, then laugh; and become more a Jest themselves: yet will not consider, till they are told in plain Terms, that each of them is that *particular Person*.

THE odd Spark, whom my Correspondent, fair *Cleora*, very properly liken'd to a *Mercury*

Reversed, is the same odd Spark he was, and, what is worse, has since that Time brought over Hundreds of Profelytes, to the same silly Fashion; so that one would be apt to imagine, there is nothing more wanting, to make a Dress very popular, but shewing it first to be very ridiculous. There seems to be a general Emulation among the Fashion-Mongers, which of them can be the most Whimsical, as the only sure Way to be the most Taking and Successful.

THESE *Mercuries* consist mostly of your Smart, Dapper Blades; tho' some very tall Men have condescended to come into the Fashion, which makes them appear to have no Heads at all, or as if half the Head, lay hid in the Bag behind it.

It is an extraordinary Entertainment to see the whole *Mall* crowded with this kind of Puppets; and yet more so, when examining these Childish Figures, you read in their Faces, that they generally consist of Persons from Five and Twenty, to upwards of Forty Years of Age. Some Fops of Fifty-odd, make the first Decays of Age remarkable in them by this Dress, which would be otherwise unnoticed. A jolly old Friend of mine, was taking an Airing with me in the Park the other Day, 'What must
' be in these Peoples Minds, *said he*, that, in
' order to look Gay, appear Hoary, like the
' Pictures of *Old Winter*, when every Thing
' looks flourishing about them? The very
' Breezes blow to refresh them, and sweep
' away

‘ away the Load of Dust, which wou’d swell-
 ‘ ter them if they had not ingeniously prevent-
 ‘ ed it, by a Cement of Orange-Butter.

CAN any of these Sparks *pretend* to read my Papers; who, without looking into their Minds, continue to cultivate the Outside of their Heads after such a prodigious and preposterous Rate! As to the Powderers of Fifty, I must tell them, that even I, who am in my grand Climacterick, and have gone thro’ the Snow of so many Winters, am not half so much powder’d as they, and that therefore it cannot look decent in them.

IF we survey from the Head downwards, every Part of their Dress, there is not one, but what is preposterous.

IF a Man, for Example, was to take a Review of the Officers and Soldiers, provided they had Sleeves of the Modern Cut, he would take them for an Army of Invalids. The Company of *Tailors* seem to have forgot themselves, and want the Assistance of the *Barber-Surgeons*, to instruct them in the Rules of Anatomy, without which, the Elbows of Men are visibly out of Joint, and can never be set cleverly.

THE young Fellows have drop’d down the Flaps of their Coats, very near as Low as the Clocks of their Stockings, so that scarce any thing of the Leg is to be seen but Ankle; and they seem to be pulling them still lower and lower, that they may be more and more like Petticoats, which the Women are, grate-
 fully,

fully, tucking up shorter and shorter, that there will be a decent Necessity for converting them into *Breeches*.

BUT I observe, that the Ladies go open-breasted in *Winter*, tho' the Dappers button up to the Chin in *Summer*; and have garnished the Folds of their Coats with Supernumerary Buttons, the Use of which I cannot possibly learn, tho' I have applied to those who are very deeply read. I would propose Buttons and Button-holes down the Seam of the Back, that they may be button'd up to the Poll, as they are to the Chin, which will be of great Use, when, they are lazy; for they may be unbuttoned, as Ladies are unlac'd, *behind*, by a Servant.

IF these Alterations should be carried on a little further, my Friend *Gunter's* Predictions, concerning the Mutation of Sexes, must be allowed to be punctually verified.

WHAT I most fear is, lest our Merchants and others, whose Affairs have kept them many Years beyond Sea, shou'd be surprized, at their Return, to find us dress'd after the present Mode, hear our Officers sing *Italian*, our Beaus compliment one another in *High Dutch*, our old Women talk Politicks in *French*, and not believe us to be the same Generation of People, they left behind them in this Island.





The Plain Dealer.

No 22.

Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo. HOR.

In facinus jurasse putes OVID.

*O pulchra ista pars, quæ actiones vitamq; bene
format ac diriget.* TACIT.

FRIDAY, June 5. 1724.

IT has been remark'd in the *Course* of these PAPERS, that among the *Wise*, there are none more *Foolish* than the *Witty*: May it not with great Truth be said, That, among the merely *Witty*, none are more *ridiculed* than the *Wise*? If a *Clergyman* offers to speak, the *Witlings* foretel *Dullness*.

BUT the Case is quite otherwise with Persons of a serious Cast of Thought, who know, that, as *Truth* is the only Mean, by which *Divines* can surely instruct, so their *Style* must be peculiarly clear, which, without stopping at *Brightness*, pursues *Solidity*. I am therefore fully satisfy'd, that, that Grave Class of my *Readers*, whom I count doing me an Honour, when I see them clap on their Spectacles to read my *Works*, as if they thought they could meet with Improvement from them, after their

own long Experience of the *World*, will be pleased with the following *Discourse*, which the *Clergyman* made, the other Day, upon that *Virtue* call'd *Plain-Dealing*.

WHEN we consider that every Body, said he, is continually recommending the *Subject* of your *Papers* in common Conversation, one would think there was little need for a Writer to employ his Time upon it: But when we reflect how few practise it, *no Subject* requires more *Pains* to inforce it. People praise it every *Day*, and violate it every *Hour*, and *common Honesty*, like *common Sense*, is boldly pretended to by every Body, but really possessed by few.

It must be worth a little of our *Meditation* to inform ourselves, how this *Quality* comes to be so Valuable among us, and yet we so frequently and so easily part with it; in short, by what *Mystery* in our *Conduct* such Numbers of Men, would appear to be what they are not.

WE see upon the first Moment's Reflection, that PLAIN-DEALING is the *Soul* of *Friendship*; it is the necessary *Essence* of it; and, when that is once gone, the most warm and lively *Intimacies* can no longer subsist: They grow cold and dye at once. Now *Friendships*, we all know, are the very Bonds of *Society*; again, we as clearly comprehend, that what we call, a *Good Understanding*, among publick Bodies of Men, (which cannot be maintained but by *Fair-Dealings*) is the Prop and Support of every Civilized Government. Since we are so
every

soon and so perfectly convinced, that *Plain-Dealing* carries along with it such Advantages, it is no wonder, that we should desire to be reckoned the Possessors of so valuable a *Good*. It is Natural for us to desire it; it is in this Sense scarce a Vertue; for, morally speaking, it is what we cannot help desiring. Every Mortal breathing has felt the first Principles of *Honesty* very strong in his Heart; and even he that departed from it, knows his Struggle was very great. It is the Quality he covets to find in every one with whom he converses, and he secretly adores the Man in whom he happens to meet it.

ON the other hand, if *Plain-Dealing* had not all these attractive *Charms*, yet there is something so ridiculous and unpopular in playing the Double upon Mankind; there is such a Baseness in the doing of it, such an Impossibility of doing it often without being discovered; such an irretrievable Ignominy, such a quick and painful Remorse, that a *Life* of Disimulation is full enough of Horror to fright Men from it, if a *Life* of *Honesty* had not Charms to tempt, and invite us.

SURE then it is a Riddle, that we are not like the People we *Love*, but the People we *Hate*. The meanest Slave cannot bear to be called a Dissembler, and yet the greatest Princes do not blush to dissemble. *Qui nescit Dissimulare, nescit Regnare*, is grown their Political Motto. Statesmen originally meant the same as *Faithful* Servants of a *State*; they

they are now adays called *Politicians*, and Politican is little more than a new Name for *Deceiver*. Even Religious Persons have enter'd into a Conspiracy against *Plain-Dealing*; Dissemblers, in Holy Orders, have caused, *In verbo Sacerdoti*, to signify a *Falshood*, and *Nolo Episcopare* to stand for desiring earnestly what a Man pretends to *decline*.

UPON the whole it is nothing but Folly and Cowardice, that seduces Men first out of the plain Road of *Honour* and *Vertue*, into the By-ways of *Double-Dealing*? and, when once *Cunning* took the Place of *Wisdom* in Mens Minds, and *Fear* instead of Resolution govern'd their Hearts; they at length brought *Double-Dealing* (which was, at first, a *Crime*, by *Accident*) thro' a long and constant Habit, to be no less than an *Art* and *Profession*.

SUCH a Duty as *Plain-Dealing*, cannot be too much known, and nothing is learnt, more easily; but then in a Corrupt Age nothing is so easily lost: in a depraved and impious Company, nothing is so readily parted from.

THE Clergy have a Right to diffuse among the People this Spirit of Honesty, by Precept, and a more particular Duty, incumbent upon them, to enforce it by Example. But too many among them have such a Taste for worldly Interest, as to have lost the Relish of Primitive Religion; and while they profess themselves *Priests*, appear ashamed, to be thought Christians.

As

As there is nothing nobler than a good Priest; so there is nothing so shocking and ridiculous, as to see a base Man of that Profession, which annexes Reverend to his Name. A Layman, that does not reverence a good Pastor, is a Profligate: But a wicked Man, in holy Orders, is a Monster. The Ancients, when they drew the Pictures of Beauty and Ugliness, took Pieces from several Objects, the better to compleat their Design. In order to excite true Horror against wicked Prelates I shall use the same Liberty, and draw from the wickedest, I have heard of, a kind of Ecclesiastical *Caligula*, and suppose him to be a Bishop, to give him the Fulness of his Deformity: I shall then give the Sketch of a virtuous Ecclesiastick; but must remark, for the Honour of Priesthood, that the ill Character is compounded of a great many *Double-Dealers*, and that the good one, did really belong to one good Man.

UMBRA was always a great Pretender to Virtue and Piety, but never Possessor of Common Honesty: He made Godliness his Gain, and never espoused the Interests of Virtue, but with the View of pushing his own. *Umbra* cant-ed inordinately; but never once pray'd heartily. In order to ingratiate himself with great Families, he applied himself to learn a false kind of Oratory, and grew a famed Panegyrist, and Composer of Funeral Sermons, in which he would salve up the Vices of great Men, in favour of Death-bed Repentance;
and

and demonstrate very elaborately, how the Virtue of a Moment, could atone the Impiety of an Age. If he dined at a Nobleman's Table, he said a scanty Grace to a full Meal, and would just dip down his Head to the great Author, who multiplies Food for the Use and Benefit of his Creatures; but, before he seated himself, would make a profound Reverence to the Debauchee that entertain'd him. When he grew, by these Means, acquainted with great Men, he turn'd Politician, and raised himself up on the blind Side of one, by setting him at Variance with another: He next became a State Preacher, and changed his Note as the Times changed, so that there were many Sermons of his, direct Contradictions to each other. He sold the Gospel by Retale, and lived long in Grandeur, by debasing Christianity: he has sometimes taken Delight in abusing the very Priesthood, and triumph'd in a Bishoprick, when he deserv'd to be excommunicated. Thus vested, unhappily, with Prelatical Authority, he would ruin his honest Inferiors, and if they sought Justice, terrify them by his Privilege. This *Double-Dealer*, with a Mitre on his Head, lived prevaricating for many Years, and then died as he lived, leaving such Falfhoods under his Hand on his Death-bed, as if the Measure of his Days had been too short for his Prevarication.

THERE was such a Person lately living as *Cordatus*, who had an honourable Post in the Church. He belong'd to a great Cathedral,
and

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and was really a Person of Quality; joining the Gentleman with the Christian, he was both Religious and Polite. He had this peculiar Felicity in his Temper, that, though he lived in an Age of Faction, he judged many, of a different Opinion from himself, to be honest and well-meaning Men, and, by treating them as such, won them over to his Opinion. He never used his Authority but to quiet Animosit-
ties, to make or renew Friendships, and to establish Peace, good Will, and Union. He was learned and wise, and tho' he had an Impediment in his Speech, he preached clearly to the Understanding. He never chose that Oratory, which tends more to nourish Pride in the Speaker, than to instil Virtue into the Hearer. He knew it his Duty to instruct the Ignorant, and therefore studied Perspicuity, in all that he deliver'd from the Pulpit. He made Virtue the Study of one part of his Life, and the other was taken up with the Labour of communicating what he had learnt, for the Use and Instruction of others. He never concealed any thing that might make other Men better; save one, and that was his Charity. All knew he recommended what he acted, and finding the Preacher in earnest, the Hearers were so too. Nothing among *his* Parishioners, was deliver'd over to Shame, but Impiety. He lived thus for many Years a general Blessing, and his Death was a Common Calamity. The Poor lost a Benefactor, the Rich a valuable Friend,

Friend, and every individual Man of his Acquaintance, an exemplary Companion.

I MUST, before I conclude, advise all Clergymen not to fix any Parts in the Description of *Umbra*, upon any particular Persons they may not think well of; because that will be shewing, they have some of his Spirit: Let them rather study to live like *Cordatus*, that they may die with his Character. What signifies finding out who is meant by *Umbra*, or who is *Cordatus*? The profitable Search will be to examine what Parts they have acted like *Umbra*, and amend them; and, in what they have personated *Cordatus*, and improve them: If they do otherwise, they will imitate the Dog in the Fable, and, by catching at the Shadow, lose the Substance of my Dissertation.





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No 23.

*Helleborum frustra, cum jam cutis Ægra Tumebit,
Poscentes videas. Venienti occurrite morbo.*

Et quid opus Cratere magnos promittere montes?

Disciteque O miseri, & causas cognoscite rerum.

Ad populum phalaras. Ego te intus & in cute novi.

PERS.

Ibid.

— dicisque, facisque, quod, ipse,

Non sani esse hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.

Ibid.

MONDAY, June 8. 1724.

I PUBLISH the following LETTER, in Justice to some great Qualities, which were *latent*, till now, in my good Friend, Mr. *Jyngle*: And which he held, it seems, like the *Flint*; that never *sparkles* till it is *struck* upon.

Old Favourite!

‘ **H**OW little did I think, when you profess’d yourself a PLAIN DEALER, that you wou’d, so soon, become a *Tatler*! Pray don’t mistake this, for a *Compliment*: I am not in so obliging a Humour, I assure you. I find, Men must be *cautious*, when they keep communicative Company: For there are a kind of Talkative old Gentlemen, who never know when to have done, with their Acquaintance; but will carry a Man about

‘ with

†

‘ with ’em, for half an Age after his Funeral :
 ‘ However to go, at once, into my Matter.

‘ I HAVE a very particular Regard for Sir
 ‘ *Portly Rufus*: Nor do his Commands want
 ‘ their due Weight with me. But, as a cer-
 ‘ tain Poet, somewhere expreffes himself,

*All Duties must to Self-Defence give Way ;
 For injur’d Honour cannot brook Delay.*

‘ LET the Ladies, therefore wait, for their
 ‘ Swan-skin Breeches. My Muse may, per-
 ‘ haps, be at Leisure, against Winter: And
 ‘ none, but a hafty *Prude* or two, can want
 ‘ ’em, this warm Weather. So, I shall have
 ‘ Time to stand justify’d, against your false
 ‘ Accufation, *That I study nothing, but Poetry.*
 ‘ *Tom Tiresome*, a heavy Blockhead ! can talk
 ‘ of nothing but the Stocks ! But Mr. *Juniper*
 ‘ is a Man of Learning ; let *him* fpeak of me,
 ‘ from his own Knowledge. Or I might ap-
 ‘ peal to *Will Weathercock*, (against whom I
 ‘ often maintain Arguments) whether there is
 ‘ any Truth in your Accufation ? But, as an-
 ‘ other Poet fays, upon fome Occafion or
 ‘ other, in fome Place that I have forgot,

*In vain are Toothlefs Satires writ
 ’Gainft him, who feels himfelf a Wit.*

‘ I fhall fcorn to owe my Vindication to any
 ‘ Hand but my own : And hope to convince
 ‘ you,

‘ you, before I end this Letter, *That I have*
‘ *more in me than Poetry.*

‘ PRAY, who taught you in the first Place
‘ to be *Witty* upon your Friends, before you
‘ cou’d Spell their *Names* right? All the Men
‘ of Erudition, who have been numerous
‘ among the *Jyngles*, wrote themselves with
‘ an *j* Consonant: A soft and shapely Letter!
‘ Which you have barbarously demolish’d;
‘ and built up, in the Place of it, a broad-
‘ back’d, *Gothick G*: A rough, and choaking,
‘ *Guttural*! that is scarce fit for any Thing,
‘ but to gargle a *German’s* Throat with! Every
‘ Graduate, (duce take this *G*!) Every *Stu-*
‘ *dent*, in *Orthography*, knows the manifest
‘ Difference, between *Jyngle* and *Gingle*!
‘ what tho’ *Filt* sounds like *Gentlewoman*, and
‘ *Jackanapes* like *Ginger-bread*! If our Lan-
‘ guage is a Double-Dealer, and for want of
‘ settled Usage, and a limited Acceptation,
‘ gives Encouragement to idle People to run
‘ Divisions on the *Alphabet*; that is nothing
‘ to me. All I mean by it, is, to convince you,
‘ that I understand *something*, besides Poetry.

‘ THIS, however, *en passant* only, for I am
‘ Master of *better* Sciences; such as are new,
‘ even in *Theory*. But, not to triumph, too
‘ much, over the Mistake of a Friend, (since
‘ it is a very common Error to think too
‘ meanly, of the Merit we are familiar with)
‘ I will open upon this Occasion, but *one Vein*
‘ of my Skill; and let it flow to your Shame,
‘ till it shall be stopt, by your Conviction.

‘ I AM, you must know, then, a kind of *immaterial Anatomist*: I can dissect an *Imagination*; or disembowel a *Quality*: I am about to make publick Profession of my Art: And having my *Chariot* as good as ready, the rest of my *Apparatus* will be, comparatively, of no Consequence. I shall *drive fast* into *Practice*. But the chief Scruple I labour under, is, by what Title to distinguish myself: I wou’d make use of the Word *Doctor*, but that the College of Physicians, who place much Learning in *Privilege*, wou’d have me ascend, by *Degrees*, to that Dignity: Which is too phlegmatic a Prescription to agree with my Temper. I am, therefore, inclinable, since very much of my Practice will lie among the Ladies, to call myself a *Mind-Midwife*: Insinuating, by that Hint, That I can see ’em as safely brought to Bed of their *Affectation*, and other *spiritual Conceptions*, as they can be assisted, in their *Matrimonial Pregnancies*, by the bodily Brothers of my Profession.

‘ THE first Patient I propose to lay, is a pregnant *Male Member* of that learned College I was mentioning. To be a *Doctor’s Doctor*, is, to cure, in the best Light possible: And I wou’d emulate the Example of that memorable Magician, *Zyto*, who was sent for, says a *grave Historian*, by the Emperor *Charles the IVth*; to try his Skill, against a *High German Conjurer*; *Zyto*, who was a *White Wizard*, and worth a Hundred of your *Faustus’s*;

' *Faustus's*; stood, in Presence of the Emperor,
 ' and, with inflexible Composure, observ'd the
 ' Instances of his Rival's Art; who swallow'd,
 ' at last, a burning Horse-shoe: And defy'd
 ' our *Zyto*, to do it after him. But *Zyto* chose,
 ' rather (that he might end the Dispute, at a
 ' *Morsel*) to swallow the *Conjurer himself*!
 ' And expanding his Mouth into horrible, and
 ' inhuman, Wideness, snapt him up, like a
 ' Radish! But, when he came to his dirty
 ' Shoes, and disdain'd to swallow farther, he
 ' ran with him, to a Horse-pond, hard by;
 ' and launch'd him out into the middle of it;
 ' to the no small Entertainment, and Satis-
 ' faction of the Company.

' THE Name of my future Patient, is *Sir*
 ' *Clouterly Rumble*: a Professor, of the *Eque-*
 ' *strian*, as well as the *Medicinal* Order. He car-
 ' ries, on his Countenance, the clearest Symp-
 ' toms of his Grievance: Which is a Distem-
 ' per, that some moral Doctors have distin-
 ' guish'd by the Name of *Vanity*. It operates,
 ' with most Violence, on the Head, and the
 ' Heart; tho' it affects the Limbs also: And,
 ' sometimes swells the whole Frame, into the
 ' most enormous *Turgidity*. It shakes the *Fin-*
 ' *gers* of this afflicted Gentleman, with a year-
 ' ly Convulsion of the Nerves; during which
 ' Fits, it is dangerous to let *Paper* lie in his
 ' way: For he applies himself, with the wildest
 ' Ecstasy to strike it over, at Random, with
 ' odd Lines, crooked Cyphers, and Characters,
 ' wholly unintelligible! to the pitiful Dis-

‘ quieting, and Perplexity, of his Brain:
 ‘ Which, becoming heated, *præter-naturally*,
 ‘ by such extravagant Agitation, inflames, and
 ‘ nourishes his Malady.

‘ It was a laudable Accomplishment, that
 ‘ of calculating Distempers by examining the
 ‘ Patient’s *Water*! In Imitation of this good
 ‘ Custom, I poured out, before me, a large
 ‘ Quantity of the sick Man’s *Prosaic*, and *Poe-*
 ‘ *tic Emissions*; and upon inspecting the *La-*
 ‘ *bel*, annex’d to one of ’em which he ad-
 ‘ dresses, poor Gentleman! to an Illustrious
 ‘ young Prince in *Germany*, with as grave,
 ‘ and serious an Air, as if it was really, some-
 ‘ thing fit to be look’d upon! I presently
 ‘ discovered both the Distemper, and his pro-
 ‘ per Cure for it. The *Tokens*, as far as I can
 ‘ remember, were Strongest, and most Evi-
 ‘ dent, upon the following Eruption of puru-
 ‘ lent Matter, from a Complication of *Scrophulous*
 ‘ Humours, which the *Greeks* call *Ἐπιορία*.
 ‘ But the Name the Patient himself wou’d have
 ‘ it go by, is ALFRED. It is, in short, a most
 ‘ malignant, and virulent, *Species*, of the *Epic*,
 ‘ or *Narrative Cacoethes*! See a Part of it!

THE Glory of a People depending on the Ex-
 cellence of their King, he, who loves his Country,
 cannot better promote its Happiness, than by
 teaching this King to Govern it. I know, that
 your Highness is well enough Taught already:
 But Examples being better than Precepts, espe-
 cially, when presented in the Works of Cele-
 brated Authors; Men of copious Invention,
 and

and a fruitful Imagination: *It was for that Reason, Sir! That I wrote the following Poem! having had the Honour to contribute more to the Succession of your Illustrious House, than ever I boasted of; because I did it, for the Service of Religion, and the Glory of my Country.*

‘ No Spots, in a *Purple Fever*, were ever
 ‘ thus *Morbidly Significant*! If there were not,
 ‘ in the Nature of the Symptoms, something
 ‘ *opposite to Contagion*, I should have judged
 ‘ Sir *Clouterly’s* Distemper to be, most *Putridly*
 ‘ *Pestilential!* — The poor Man, in fine, is
 ‘ extreemly far gone! and would, certainly,
 ‘ have been irrecoverable, under any Hand
 ‘ but mine. — There is but *One Cure*, for
 ‘ so exceeding foul a Stomach, and that must
 ‘ be, to ply him with *Emetics*, till, to speak
 ‘ in a Physical Phrase, I have made him *Vo-*
 ‘ *mit his Heart up.* — I have a Pill, to Purge
 ‘ Vanity; a *Specific!* and a *Nostrum!* which
 ‘ will do his Business, effectually; and it shall
 ‘ be the first, of my Operations, as soon as my
 ‘ Horses are harnessed; — for a Man wou’d
 ‘ not become noted, you know, till he’s in a
 ‘ Readiness to be sent for. I am, in *Prose*,
 ‘ you see, as well as in *Poetry*,

Your humble Servant, however,

Tony Jynge.

By a very unlucky Accident, this Letter, before I receiv'd it, fell into the Hands of *Tom Tiresome*; who has writ to me, about it, in very high Terms. And what the Consequence of it may be, I know not.

Mr. *Edward Plain-Dealer*, Sir,

‘ TAKING it for granted, that *you* know,
 ‘ and *every body* knows, as bad as the
 ‘ World is, there is some Difference still it is
 ‘ to be hop’d, between a *Poet*, and a *Haber-*
 ‘ *dasher*! I wou’d have the conceited Mr. *An-*
 ‘ *tony Fyngle junior*, to know, that, as witty
 ‘ as he thinks himself; I am wittier than he,
 ‘ by every *Penny* I am *worth*; for *Sir Portly*
 ‘ *said*, ’twas Pity that *all his Money* lay in his
 ‘ *Brains*: And I *say*, that his *Brains* are ad-
 ‘ dled: to go in that manner and write *Block-*
 ‘ *head*, about One that he has nothing to do
 ‘ with. — No — nor *shall* have nothing to
 ‘ do with! for, if ever he *talks Tragedy* in my
 ‘ House again, I’ll be bound to say as one of
 ‘ my foolish Daughters does, that Mr. *Fyngle*
 ‘ *is a pretty Gentleman*: Which if I think, or
 ‘ ever will think, in the Humour I am in,
 ‘ never more give *Credit* to,

Your Friend, to serve you,

Thomas Tiresome.

W H I L E

WHILE I was at a Loss how to account for the Cause of this great Misfortune, the following, from *Will Weathercock*, unriddled the whole Mystery.

Dearest Sir,

‘ **H**ONEST Mr. *Fyngle*, our good, and
 ‘ agreeable Friend, put into my Hands,
 ‘ Yesterday, a Copy of that comical Letter,
 ‘ which he sent you, about *Sir Clouterly Rum-*
 ‘ *ble*, and I, being wonderfully pleased with
 ‘ the Fancy, must needs be shewing it to Al-
 ‘ derman *Blunder*, who dined with us, at *Sir*
 ‘ *Portly’s*. The Alderman laugh’d immode-
 ‘ rately, and was so taken with it, that all Din-
 ‘ ner Time he could talk of nothing, but
 ‘ *Tony’s Pills to Purge Vanity*. But *Tom Tire-*
 ‘ *some* unluckily, came down, in the After-
 ‘ noon; and the first Thing the Alderman said,
 ‘ was, *Oh! Mr. Tiresome! Here’s the Pleasantest*
 ‘ *Letter!* — Nay, you must see it, for ’twill
 ‘ make you laugh till you cackle again! — It was
 ‘ in vain to endeavour at diverting him, by
 ‘ other Subjects. *The Letter* was all his Cry!
 ‘ *Mr. Tiresome must see the Letter!* In short,
 ‘ he did so; and the only Remark he made
 ‘ was, that he found himself called *Blockhead*,
 ‘ in it. Well! you can’t imagine, how angry
 ‘ he is about it! Pray, do your best to recon-
 ‘ cile ’em; or we shall have sad Work, at *Sir*
 ‘ *Portly’s*. Shall I give you my Opinion,
 ‘ which is most in the wrong? Certainly *Mr.*
 ‘ *Fyngle*, for why should one Man call another

‘ Names? — Yet *Mr. Tiresome* was most to
 ‘ Blame; because *these Things* are *Common*,
 ‘ among *Friends*. But, be it as it will, I thought
 ‘ it absolutely necessary to write you Word of
 ‘ it, and my own Opinion of the Difference:
 ‘ Who am,

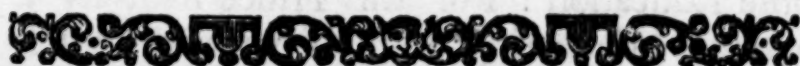
Your most Faithful and Sincere Servant,

William Weathercock.

I AM afraid, I must close in, with my Friend *Will's* Opinion, *That they are both in the Wrong*. But what shall I do, with this unlucky Alderman *Blunder*? The odd Creature has no harm in him; but he *does* more harm than a *Stockjobber*! He has a plain and open Heart, but wants both *Forefight* and *Reflection*. He is *Mischievous*, not *Malicious*: and errs on, without Ill Purpose, from a Natural *Clumsiness* of Mind, and *Healthy Coarseness* in his Understanding. He overturns Things, without feeling 'em, like the *Elephant* of *Africa*; that, walking gravely in the Night, among the Villages, of the *Negroes*, does not disturb himself in the least, about the Houses, that stand in his Way; but, keeping streight forwards, oversets 'em, says a *Dutch* Author, without intending it, as if they were so many *Nut-shells*.

WHEN I took him with me, the first time, to drink 'Tea, at *Patty Amble's*, after she had prattled and trifled him into an Ecstasy at her Wit, and Beauty; he turn'd from her, in a Start of Rapture, and said, to me, aloud, *How*
could

could you be so Mistaken, as to tell me, she was not Handsome? I shall never forget the extraordinary Look, she obliged me with, upon this fine Question! I gloss'd it over as well as I could, by telling Blunder, That he misrepresented my Words, which were not, That she was not Handsome — But That she was more Witty than Handsome. He had found out, by this Time, that he had done a ridiculous Action, and look'd as like an Ass, as any reasonable Man could have desir'd him; but he repented, as most Men do, when it was too late, and to no Purpose: And I verily believe, I am doom'd to great Afflictions, (if my Passion shou'd continue) for that dull Start of Mr. Alderman Blunder's.



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*— Micat, inter omnes,
Fulium sidus, velut, inter ignes
Luna, Minores.
Gentis humana pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura Magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu, secundo Cæsare, Regnes.*

FRIDAY, June 12. 1724.

S I R,

HAVING observ'd, That my *Extract*
of the CZAR of *RUSSIA's* Letter
to his SON, which you publish'd in your
20th

20th Paper, gave a very great Surprize to the Generality of your Readers, who had form'd, upon common Rumour, an Opinion of that Prince's Death, extremely different from the Truth; I now send you as brief an Abstract as possible, from a Relation, which was publish'd in *High Dutch*, by the Minister of a *German Court*, not likely to be partial in Favour of the *Czar*, and who was present, and an Eye-Witness of the Facts, which he publishes.

THE *Czar* had long inclin'd to ally himself with some powerful Family of *Germany*, by the Marriage of his Son; whom he hop'd to reclaim from his Indolence, by the Conversation of a Princess of high Extraction, and a noble Education: For this Prince had, by a continual associating himself with the vilest Company, contracted such corrupt Habits, as could not fail of producing an Aversion to him, in all honest Minds. He was so far sunk in Sensuality, that no Representations, no Pains, could recover him: So that the *Czar*, being, at length, by his Son's perverse Conduct, almost brought to an Abhorrence of his Person, began to drop Intimations, That he wou'd cause him to be shav'd for a Monk, and shut him up in a Convent. — The Prince's own Favourites were alarm'd at the Danger; and earnestly entreated him to have his Welfare at Heart; and to conceal, if he cou'd not suppress, his rigorous Hatred against Foreigners. This dispos'd him to fall in with
the

the *Czar's* Proposition, and he was married, as is well known, to a Princess, of the Family of *Brunswick Wolfenbuttel*, and Sister to the present Empress.

BUT, after he had brought her to *Russia*, he shew'd not the least Complaisance; nor endeavour'd, at all, to divert her. — On the contrary, I observ'd, That, on all Publick Occasions, he never exchang'd a Word with her; but, industriously shun'd her Company. The Prince had the Apartments of the right Wing; and the Princess those of the Left: But they saw each other scarce once a Week; and, had not the Prince consider'd the begetting an Heir, as the Support of his own Safety, he would have made himself intirely invisible to her. He even neglected the Repair of the House, to that Degree, that the Princess lay expos'd to the Injuries of the Air, and Weather, in her own Bedchamber.

WHEN the *Czar* expostulated with him, concerning these Proceedings, he loaded *her* with Reproaches, as if it was she, who had accus'd him; whereas, that wise Princess submitted to her hard Fate, with the firmest Constancy and Resignation; nor had any other Witnesses of her Tears, but the Princess of *East-Freisland*, her Companion, and the Walls of her own Apartment. She liv'd, four Years, in this Manner, and was then seiz'd with an Indisposition, so dangerous, that her Recovery was immediately despair'd of.

WHEN

WHEN she perceiv'd her End approaching, she desir'd to see the *Czar*, who was, at the same Time, indispos'd: But he caus'd himself to be carry'd to her, in a Machine, mov'd on Wheels. — The Princess took her Leave of him, in the most moving Expressions; and recommended her two Children to his Care and Protection; embracing them, in the most tender manner possible; and almost melting away in Tears. Then, she sent for her Servants, who, to the Number of two hundred Persons, and upwards, lay prostrate, in the Anti-chamber, imploring Heaven to assist their dying Mistress, in her last Agonies. — She comforted, admonished, and gave them her Blessing: --- The Physicians would still be pressing her, to take some Medicines; but she threw the Glasses from her, crying out, with great Emotion, --- *Do not torture me any more. --- Permit me to die in quiet. --- For I am resolved to live no longer.* --- She expir'd, in fervent Prayer, and departed an unfortunate Life, before she was quite one and twenty Years old.

It was soon after the Funeral of this Princess, that the *Czar* gave that admirable Letter, which you publish'd in a late PAPER, into the Hands of his Son. And, what follows, is the *unequal* Answer, which he had the Mortification to receive from him.

The

The Answer of Prince ALEXEI, of RUSSIA, to the Letter of the CZAR, his Father.

Most Clement Lord, and Father,

‘ I HAVE read your Majesty’s PAPER, and
 ‘ I have nothing to reply to it; but, that, if
 ‘ your Majesty will deprive me of the Succession to the Crown of *Russia*, by Reason of
 ‘ my Incapacity, Your *Will be done*. I do not
 ‘ think myself fit for the Government: The
 ‘ Rule of so many Nations, requires a more
 ‘ vigorous Man than I am. --- I will not pretend to the Succession, for the future, of
 ‘ which I take God to Witness; and swear it,
 ‘ upon my Soul, desiring nothing more than
 ‘ bare Maintenance, during Life.

Your most humble Servant,

And Son,

ALEXEI.

MANY further Attempts the *Czar* made, on his Son’s Obstinacy: But the Consequence of them all; and of his pretended Resignation, was his Flight to a Foreign Protection, and a plunging himself into those High Crimes which are particulariz’d, in his Sentence.

THE *Czar*, upon this extraordinary and melancholy Occasion, convok’d a High Court of Justice; consisting of all the *Chief* of the *States*.

— He

— He lay, for eight Days, successively, many Hours, on his Knees; imploring God, with Tears, to inspire him with Sentiments, becoming his double Duty — as a *Monarch*, and as a *Father*. — The Prince was brought into Court, under Guard of four Officers; and proceeded against, in a Manner too tedious, and circumstantial, to be particulariz'd in so short a Compass.

THE Court, upon the whole, having pronounc'd a formal Sentence, and condemn'd the Prince to Death, the violent Surprize and Terror of his Mind, and the disorderly Conflict and Fluctuation of his Passions, threw him into an Apoplectick Fit. The *Czar* no sooner heard, that he was in this Danger, and that he was desirous to see him, but he visited his dying Son, with the most visible Marks of Pity, and a Proof of Paternal Tenderness.

THE Prince, at Sight of his Father, burst out into Tears; and, with Hands, rais'd, and folded, said, ' He had grievously offended the Majesty of Almighty God, and the Goodness of the *Czar* —; that he had not even a Wish, to recover from his Indisposition, being unworthy to live longer. He begg'd his Majesty, for God's sake, only to take from him the Curse, he had laid on him, at *Moskow*: to forgive him all his heavy Crimes; to impart him his Blessing; and, to cause Prayers to be put up for his Soul.

DURING these moving Words, the *Czar*, and the whole Court, almost melted away, in Tears.

Tears. — His Majesty return'd him a most noble, and pathetic, Answer: He represented, in a few, of the mildest Words, he cou'd select, all his *Length* of Offences; and then, gave him, in the most touching Manner possible, his Forgiveness, and his Blessing: After which, they parted, with abundance of Tears, and Lamentations, on both Sides.

VERY late, in the Night, came a Messenger to acquaint the *Czar*, that the Prince was extremely desirous, once more, to see his Father. And his Majesty had just step'd into his Sloop, to go over to the Fortress, when another Messenger brought News, that the Prince was already expir'd. — He was deposited in the new Burying-Vault, of the *Czarish* Family; and plac'd next the Coffin of his late Consort. — The *Czar*, among the Mourners, carried a lighted Wax-Taper, in his Hand; and was observ'd to be bath'd in Tears, during the Procession; and, in particular, at the Church Service; where the Priest had chose, for the Text of his Funeral Sermon, these Words of the mournful *David*, --- O! my Son *Abfalom*! --- my Son! --- my Son, *Abfalom*!

You see, Sir! how different this Great Monarch's Conduct, in so nice, and trying, a Circumstance, really was, from the Clouds, which *Rumour* blew upon it, to shade, and blacken, an *unequal'd Character*! — The *Roman Fierceness* has been celebrated, in Men, who not only condemn'd their Sons; but stood by, and saw 'em executed, in the most severe,
and

and shameful Manner, for the Love and Safety of their Country. Yet there was a *Brutal Inflexibility*, and a kind of *Politick Necessity*, in the Actions of those *Roman Fathers*! But this prodigious, *modern*, Prince, under no Influence of Fear, Dependence, or Obligation, chose, to set aside his *own Blood*, for the future Glory of his *People*! Only, with this fine Difference from the *Roman*, that, what was, *there*, done, with a *Stoicism*, that gave Suspicion of Insensibility, was, *here*, adorn'd with *Pity*, and the most manifest Strugglings of an amiable *Weakness*, that convinc'd his Subjects how *Dear* their Prosperity must be, to a Sovereign, who cou'd thus provide for it, by a Sacrifice, against his Nature, even of his private, and domestick, Comfort!

HAVING shewn, in the foregoing Instances, the *afflicted* Side of the *Czar's* Behaviour: It is but just, that I shou'd change the Light, and surprize you, by a View of that unshaken *Firmness*, with which he regarded the *Danger* of the Conspiracy; while the Reflection, *Who was the Author of it*! gave him so moving a *Misery*!

UPON the Examination, and Confessions, of that infinite Number of Confederates, who were engag'd in the Prince's Projects, it appear'd, that the Defection was so wide, and so general, that many of his nearest, and most trusted Servants, were embark'd in it; and such also, in whose Hands lay great Part of his Wealth and Power; so that he was congratulated

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tulated in Form, by the Ambassadors of Foreign Princes, upon his Discovery, and Prevention, of so endangering a Combination, To which, he gave this noble Answer --- *Dangers always are strong, if they are weakly resisted: --- Where a Fire meets with Straw, it soon spreads, and burns through it. --- But, if Iron lies in its Way, it falls back, and is extinguish'd!*



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----- Uterne

*Ad Casus dubios fidet sibi certius; hic, qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem, corpusque superbum:
An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, ap erit idonea bello?* HOR.

MONDAY, June 15. 1724.

WITH the Leave of the *Grammarians*, I shall venture to put one of their *Moods* a little upon the Rack; while I affirm, in a kind of Riddle, for the Use and Pleasure of my Reader --- That, tho' every Body *may* be Happy, yet scarce any Body *can* be so.

THERE is no Definite Point, that we can fix at, when we wou'd describe *what Happiness is*; yet the Road, to this great Journey's End is very Short, and Obvious. One wou'd wonder therefore, how it comes to be so uni-

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O

versally

versally mistaken, if it were not easily observ'd, that most Men are under an Error, even as to the very Placing it. ---- *Happiness* is seated, not in *Power*, but in *Will*. ---- Though very few can be *Fortunate*, yet all Men may be *Satisfy'd*: And they, who lessen their Desires, have, in one great Point, the Advantage, over those who enlarge their Prosperity; for, allowing both to be equally Happy, yet the First, at least, are Happy, with less Danger, and Incumbrance.

WHOEVER can be so wise, as to content himself with his present Lot, while he, patiently, hopes a better, will escape the common Fate, of tasting, with Disrelish, what he finds within his Reach, from a restless and devouring Thirst after what is Future, and Uncertain --- Life slides from the Impatient, like the Motion of a murmuring Brook; where the Current wastes much faster, than if the Surface had been smooth, and silent. --- When we are upon the Brink of the Grave, we start, ---and wonder at our Situation! And, then, first, begin to look back, with Shame, and Sorrow, at the too Little we have *Done*, in Life; and the too Much, we have *wish'd*, in it.

*Ob, greatly blest'd! who can, as Fate requires,
By ductile Wisdom, temper your Desires!
Balanc'd, within, you look abroad, serene:
And, marking both Extreams, pass, clear, between.
Ob! cou'd your lov'd Example teach your Skill,
And, as it moves my Wonder, mend my Will:*

Calm

*Calm wou'd my Passions grow; my Lot might please:
 And my sick Soul shou'd think itself, to Ease.
 But, to the Future, while I strain my Eye,
 Each present Good slips, undistinguish'd, by.
 Still, what I wou'd, contends with what I can;
 And my wild Wishes leap the Bounds of Man.*

So complain'd a Friend of mine, to a Gentleman, wiser than himself, by as much as his Desires were more moderate. --- It was in a Poem, which he call'd his *Choice*: But his Mind was so discompos'd, by a Tempest of ungovern'd Wishes, that he scarce knew what to chuse, even when his *Choice* was the Subject chosen!

*If in my Power it lies, to limit Hope,
 And my unchain'd Desires can fix a Scope: [poor:
 This were my Choice— Oh, Friend! pronounce me
 For I have Wants, which Wealth can never cure!
 Mean is that Soul, whom its own Good can fill:
 A prosp'rous World, alone, cou'd feast my Will.
 He's poor, at best, who Other's Mis'ry sees,
 And wants the wish'd-for Power to give it Ease.
 He's rich, who, sole-supreme, and unconfi'd,
 Can, with unbounded Influence, bless Mankind.
 A Glory this! unreach'd, but on a Throne!
 All were Enough. — But less, than All, is None.
 This my first Wish. — But, since 'twere wild and vain
 To grasp at glitt'ring Clouds, with fruitless Pain,*

*More safely low, let my next Prospect be ;
 And Life's mild Evening this fair Sun-set see.
 Far from a Lord's loath'd Neighbourhood,—a State,
 Whose Little Greatness is a Pride I hate!
 On some lone Wild, shou'd my strong House be plac'd;
 Surrounded by a vast, and healthy, Waste.
 Steril, and coarse, the untry'd Soil shou'd be:
 But forc'd to flourish ; and subdu'd by me.
 Seas, Woods, Meads, Mountains, Gardens, Streams
 [& Skies,
 Shou'd, with a changeful Grandeur, charm my Eyes.
 Still, where I mov'd, new Marks of my past Pains,
 Shou'd plume the Mountain Tops, and paint the Plains,
 Greatly Obscure, and shunning Courts, or Name,
 Widely befriended, but escaping Fame:
 Peaceful in studious Quiet, wou'd I live ;
 Lie hid, for Leisure ; and grow Rich, to give.*

I AM sure, I wish no Ill to the Author of
 the *Manuscript*, from which I took these Ver-
 ses ; because, to say Truth, he is the most In-
 timate of all my Acquaintance ; — yet, I fore-
 see an inexhaustible Provision of Disappoint-
 ments in Store, for a Mind, that is so un-
 stable, as to afflict itself with other's Sorrows,
 when there are Domestick ones, more than
 enow, in the happiest Man's Condition, to
 interweave, and make Checquer-work of, the
 richest Robes of Fortune.

I REMEMBER a pleasant Fancy, in *Plu-
 tarch's Feast of the Seven Wise Men*, concern-
 ing the Limits we shou'd set to our Desires. —

' If a Person, (says the Speaker) is a Man of
 ' Wisdom

' Wisdom and Gravity, he wants no Rule but
 ' his Reason, to prescribe him a proper Mea-
 ' sure: But, if a *Fool* were to ask me the Que-
 ' stion, I would tell him this Story. — The
 ' Moon, upon a Time, was very earnest with her
 ' Mother, that she wou'd make her a new Pet-
 ' ticoat, that might sit handsomely about her;
 ' and be neither too short, nor too long, for
 ' her Body: — But how is that *possible*, an-
 ' swer'd the Mother, with some Emotion,
 ' when thou art always changing Shapes, and
 ' never contented with thy own Figure?

THERE is a restless and universal, Circu-
 lation of Discontent, in all Degrees, and Con-
 ditions; — The Rich Man is miserable, because
 he has no *Heirs*; and wishes himself but so
 bless'd, as the poor *Labourer*; who cries out,
 while he trims his Hedges, that he cou'd be
 happy and live comfortably, if he had *no Chil-*
dren, to provide for! — The Citizen sighs,
 with Envy, at the Smell of a new Hay-cock;
 and longs to wind himself out of Business, that
 he may enjoy Life in the Country! — The Coun-
 try Gentleman finds his Time the most heavy,
 of all his Cares; and dreams, for ever, of the
 Delights, which he cou'd pass it in, at *London*!
 --- The *great* Man complains, that he is wretch-
 ed, from too much Notice; and the *good* Man
 is really so, from too little. — Command is full
 of Cares; and Dependance pinch'd with Mife-
 ries! Every Body repines at some Deficiency
 in his own Fortune, and has something to wish
 for, from another, who is still less satisfy'd!

DISTANT Prospects are most pleasing; but they seldom fail to deceive us. The rough Lines, and Ruggednesses, which look smooth, a great Way off, perplex, and entangle, us, when we find ourselves among them. — I have often been entertain'd, by an ingenious *Italian* Emblem, where, to satirize the Levity of this insatiate Disposition, Boys are painted very busy, running about, with erected Faces, to pursue, and catch at Bubbles; which are blown down, among them, by a Monkey, with a long Pipe, and a Bason. — The Boys, who are suppos'd to have grasp'd some, look amaz'd, and disappointed, that they are vanish'd, in the catching! And the *Motto*, under-written, is ---- *He, who reaches me, loses me.*

PERHAPS, it might deserve to be remember'd, as a Maxim, That *nothing ought to afflict us, which it is absolutely out of our Power to remedy.* --- If it were as easy to regulate our Lives, by this Rule, as it is reasonable to approve it, much the largest Part of our Calamities wou'd, at once, be cut off, and effectually prevented, for the future. --- It is certainly an Ambition, not only *just*, but *noble*, to pursue the honest Calls, either of Fortune, or of Glory: But, if we cou'd pursue 'em, with such Patience, and Moderation of Desire, as not to lose, in the Interim, all Relish of our present Condition; not to place our only Happiness, in attempting to become *more* happy; but content ourselves with what we are, from the Prospect
of

of what we hope to be : --- All the Bitterness of Adversity wou'd lose its Taste, in our Use of it ; and Prosperity become less envied, than Peace of Mind and Tranquillity.

BUT this, however possible to Nature, is impossible to Pride and Custom --- Things, indifferent, in themselves, become hateful, or amiable, from their Consequences. --- The Reputation, that follows Wealth, gives the sharpest Pain to Poverty : And a Man who is brave enough to provoke Danger, and Death, shall want Courage to bear Contempt, though but an imaginary Evil !

HATEMTAI, says the *Arabian* History, was the most bountiful, of all Mankind ; and was flatter'd, by a Train of Followers, with continual Flights of Praise, and Congratulations of his Good Fortune. --- They were asking him one Day, ' Whether, ever, he had ' seen, or heard of, any Man, who had so ' noble a Soul, as *Hatemtai* ? --- He smil'd, ' and return'd this Answer : --- I walk'd out ' into the Fields, on a certain Time, when, at ' a Sacrifice of a Hundred Camels, my House ' was fill'd, by my Order, with all the Poor, ' and the Miserable, who cou'd be found, in ' the Space of many Miles round my Dwelling. ' --- Some of the Lords in my Company, discern'd, at a little Distance, a Man, who was ' very busy, in gathering up a Bundle of dry ' Thorns, to sell, at the next Village. We ' went to him and ask'd, why he was not ' among the Number of his Fellows, who were ' feasting

‘ feasting at the House of *Hatemtai*? --- *Be-*
 ‘ *cause*, answer’d he, *a Man, who can provide*
 ‘ *himself with Bread, by his own Labour, needs*
 ‘ *not be oblig’d to Hatemtai.* --- This Man, *said*
 ‘ *he*, had a Nobler Soul, than *Hatemtai*.

I WALK’D, lately, into the City, toward the
 Close of the Day, and observing a Church
 open, went in, to Evening Prayers. I sat near
 a Lady, whose fine Face, methought, appear’d
 like the Seat of a long War, between *Beauty*,
 and *Affliction*. She saw, that I had no Prayer-
 Book, and modestly offer’d me her own. I
 kept it, during the Service, and took Plea-
 sure to charge my Memory with the Eight
 following Lines, which were written, in a
 Woman’s Hand, on a white Leaf, at the Be-
 ginning; and were, I believe, of her own com-
 posing.

Here, tracing Duty’s Path, redeem’d from Care,
I heal my Sorrow, with the Balm of Prayer:
Patience, that arms the Mind for every State,
Has taught me, not to feel Affliction’s Weight.
They, who can, bravely, bear the Woes of Life,
Steer, safe and steady, through a Sea of Strife.
While they, who pine their Hope, to feed their Grief,
Embosom Anguish; and resist Relief.

THIS was a fine, and useful Lesson; and
 not improperly plac’d. But it was pity that
 she learnt is not soon enough to protect her
 against those Passions, which had left their
 Traces too visibly on her Eyes, her Air, and
 her Complexion.

THE

THE World, upon the whole, may be divided into two Classes; --- The one seldom Find, what they are, always, painfully Seeking: The other Find it, easily, but are never the more Contented. --- Among many Remarkable Proverbs, which are proper to the *Eastern* People, they have one to our present Purpose. --- ‘ *There are only two Things which can fill the Covetous Man’s Eye*; --- Discretion: --- Or ‘ the Earth that his Corpse must be cover’d ‘ with.

AFTER all that can be said of *Riches*; or, that is the Consequence of their Possession: --- *Content* is the surest Comfort. --- It is *Luxury*, that *creates* Poverty; and they are Rich, who desire Nothing.



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*Si quis nunc quærat, quo res hæc pertinet; illuc:
Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.*

H O R.

FRIDAY, June 19. 1724.

THE Number of my Correspondents encreasing, very fast, I must resolve to disengage my self from some of their Obligations: As many of their Letters, therefore as I can

I can make room for, to Day, shall compose my *Reader's* Entertainment.

Oh! SIR,

‘ **W**OU’D to Heaven, when you were so
 ‘ severe upon *Masquerades*, you had
 ‘ warn’d us, against *Opera!* you had sav’d an
 ‘ undone Woman! and one, who, for ought I
 ‘ see, is still likely to be undone; for, think-
 ‘ ing no Harm, where, I had heard, there was
 ‘ no Danger, I am fallen desperately in Love,
 ‘ with *Signior*—, the *Italian*, *What d’ye call it?*
 ‘ — One of those People with an ill-favour’d
 ‘ Name, like the ugly Folks, in the *Bible*, that
 ‘ waited on King *Abasuerus*. — I thought, I
 ‘ cou’d have sworn, I had been Proof against
 ‘ *Man*: But, alas! — He is not Man! — He
 ‘ is a Being more refin’d: and I am wretched,
 ‘ without Remedy! — I have heard some Peo-
 ‘ ple report Things, to his Prejudice; but I
 ‘ dare swear it was all Envy. — The Men, to
 ‘ be sure, cou’d never endure him, because the
 ‘ Women were so pleas’d with him; and be-
 ‘ sides, he *sings* so much finer than they can.---
 ‘ But, do you think, Mr. *Plain-Dealer*, that
 ‘ a Man, that sings finely, may’nt be a good
 ‘ Man, for all his Singing? --- I wou’d fain
 ‘ know what they mean, by laughing, when
 ‘ I mention the Value I have for him; and
 ‘ saying, with a waggish Look, that *no Lion*
 ‘ *will eat a Lion?* --- However heartily I love
 ‘ him, I did not tell ’em, I wou’d eat him.---
 ‘ But I suppose they mean something, that, I
 ‘ fancy,

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‘ fancy, is not true. No Body, I am sure,
 ‘ wou’d *think* it, who has seen how he makes
 ‘ Love in the *Opera*’s. --- I know where I can
 ‘ sit by him, every Day; but I don’t know
 ‘ what to say to him; for I can’t speak one
 ‘ Word of *Italian*, but only *Bravo*! --- Pray,
 ‘ if you know what one shou’d do in this Case,
 ‘ oblige with your Advice,

Your Disconsolate Admirer,

F I D E L I A.

PERHAPS, this Lady’s Case is not so bad as she thinks it. --- Let her only find out what it is, she wou’d *do* with him; and, for what she has to *say* to him, she may take a Hint, from the following Verses. --- They were written, in *Italian*, by *Milton*, when he was at *Florence*, in his Youth; and fell in Love, as *Fidelia* has done, with a Person, whose Language he understood but little of. --- They were address’d to his *Italian* Mistress.

I.

*When, in your Language, I, unskill’d, address
 The short-pac’d Efforts of a trammell’d Muse;
 Soft Italy’s fair Criticks round me press,
 And my mistaking Passion, thus, accuse.*

II.

*Why, to our Tongue’s Disgrace, does thy dumb Love
 Strive, in rough Sound soft Meanings to impart?
 He must select his Words, who speaks, to move;
 And points his Purpose at the Hearer’s Heart.*

III. *Then,*

III.

*Then, laughing, they repeat my languid Lays —
 —Nymphs, of thy Native Clime, perhaps,—they cry,
 For whom thou hast a Tongue,—may feel thy Praise :
 But we must understand, e'er we comply!*

IV.

*Do thou,—my Soul's soft Hope! these Triflers awe ;
 Tell 'em, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I writ :
 Since Love, from silent Looks, can Language draw,
 And scorns the lame Impertinence of Wit.*

Dear S I R,

‘ I AM an honest Man, and keep a *Coffee-*
 ‘ *House*; and pay Two-Pence apiece for
 ‘ your *Plain-Dealers*. My Customers are so
 ‘ pleas'd with them, that I take it for granted,
 ‘ they are worth the Money: But what I think
 ‘ I have just Cause to complain of, is, that,
 ‘ when a Gentleman calls for a Dish of *Coffee*,
 ‘ and the *Plain Dealer*, if he finds any thing
 ‘ in the Paper, that he is mightily taken with,
 ‘ he makes no Scruple of convincing me, that
 ‘ *he* is as *taking*, as the Paper;---that is to say,
 ‘ he puts it up, and carries it away with him,
 ‘ to divert his Club, or his Mistress. — So,
 ‘ he has Two-pence in Wit; and Two-pence,
 ‘ in Liquor: Yet, pays me only for the Li-
 ‘ quor! — as if Wit were worth Nothing!
 ‘ — I am serv'd thus, so often, that, though
 ‘ your Papers come out, but twice a Week, I
 ‘ take 'em in, twice a Day; as my *Account-*
 ‘ *Book* can make appear, by very woeful Ex-
 ‘ perience. — Now, what I want you to say,
 ‘ to

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‘ to these light-finger’d Purchasers, is, that a
‘ Man, who has no Hair, may as well lay
‘ Claim to my Periwig, as a Man, who has
‘ no Wit, pocket up that, which I have paid
‘ for. — Pray, a Word or two to this Purpose,
‘ for the sake of

Yours, to Command,

D. B.

Epsom, May the 19th, 1724.

Mr. *Plain-Dealer*,

‘ I AM a sort of filly *Coquet*; but not so
‘ happy a one, as the envied *Patty Amble*.
‘ — I am sensible of my Faults; but, since
‘ that is not enough, unless I also confess them,
‘ pray put me into a *Plain-Dealer*, that the
‘ Party, I mean, may take Notice, how I
‘ think of him.

‘ I discharged some random Shot, among
‘ the Wild-Fowl, at our last Horse-Races;
‘ but the only two I wounded, were a *Buz-*
‘ *zard*, of the Foot Guards; and a *Canary-*
‘ *Bird*, called a *Templer*. — The *Templer*
‘ was a Wit; and, I speak it, with a Sigh, —
‘ a charming one! — He was vain, conscious,
‘ chearful, and as false, as my own Smiles
‘ were. — My Foot Officer was serious, honest,
‘ friendly: but I thought, he was too Dull.
‘ — I receiv’d both their Addresses, but not
‘ with equal Sensibility: The *Soldier*, I slight-
‘ ed,

‘ ed, but the *Wit* became Triumphant. — Now,
 ‘ first, my Heart felt Warmth enough, to beat
 ‘ with real Passion; and had just impress’d the
 ‘ Image of this gay, this lov’d, Deceiver;
 ‘ when News was brought, one Morning, that
 ‘ he had bid farewell to *Epsom*, without taking
 ‘ Leave of me, to follow a Flirt of a Fortune,
 ‘ that was hoyden’d away, to *London*. — But,
 ‘ what gave me a double Sense, as well
 ‘ of my Error, as my Shame, was, that, the
 ‘ Evening before this happen’d, my honest
 ‘ Lover, the *Soldier*, had slid into my Hand
 ‘ the following Prophetick S O N G; which
 ‘ I bosom’d up for a *Billet*.

I.

*Be wary, my Celia, when Celadon sues,
 These Wits are the Bane of your Charms:
 Beauty, play’d against Reason, will certainly lose;
 Warring, naked, with Robbers, in Arms.*

II.

*Young Damon, despis’d, for his Plainness of Parts,
 Has Worth, that a Woman shou’d prize:
 He’ll run the Race out, though he heavily starts,
 And distance the short-winded Wife.*

III.

*Your Fool is a Saint, in the Temple of Love,
 And kneels all his Life, there, to pray:
 Your Wit but looks, in, and makes haste to remove:
 ’Tis a Stage, he but takes, in his Way.*

‘ Now,

‘ Now, Sir, what I have found out, too
 ‘ late, is, — That my serious Lover, whom, I
 ‘ was silly enough to think Dull, was the great-
 ‘ est *Wit*, of the two. — I wou’d tell him so,
 ‘ now I have lost the other, but that I am
 ‘ afraid, he will laugh at me.

‘ But I hope, you’ll contrive it, so, that
 ‘ he may read it, in the *Plain-Dealer*. — Pray,
 ‘ put it in, for you can’t guess the Disorder
 ‘ of,

Your nettled, humble Servant,

COQUETILLA.

S I R,

‘ I AM a most *Catonick* Adherer to the Old,
 ‘ *English*, Simplicity; the Vertue, the Blunt-
 ‘ ness, and the Liberty, which were the Or-
 ‘ naments of our Ancestors. — I have taken
 ‘ some Pains to prove, that *we Britons*, shou’d
 ‘ not only be *left Free*; but, that we *ought*
 ‘ to be left *Rough*, too. — I am not able, there-
 ‘ fore, to resist the Indignation, that rises in
 ‘ me, at the too visible Encrease, in the Num-
 ‘ ber of our *Courtiers*. --- It is natural for our
 ‘ Gentry, to love to shine, in that gay Light:
 ‘ But, why should *Tradesmen* be corrupted by
 ‘ the Taste of undue Dignity? — I cannot
 ‘ walk the Streets, but I see fresh Instances, in
 ‘ every Corner, of the spreading Power of
 ‘ Preferment. The Court Verge, of old,
 ‘ reach’d,

‘ reach’d, I think, but to *Charing-Cross*. ---
 ‘ Of late, it is *ek’d* out, to *White-Chapel*, and
 ‘ *Norton-Folgate*. Nay, I have been credi-
 ‘ bly inform’d, that there are Courtiers of
 ‘ great Eminence, in and about *Hockley in*
 ‘ *the Hole* !

‘ I SHOU’D not be so averse to this En-
 ‘ crease of the Royal Retinue, if his Majesty’s
 ‘ Ease, or Interest, were, proportionably, en-
 ‘ larg’d by it. — Thus, it is neither Useless, nor
 ‘ Uncomely, for a Prince to have his *Cow-*
 ‘ *House* : But there is another Court Establish-
 ‘ ment, which little can be said in support
 ‘ of, and that is, the *King’s Ass-House*. —
 ‘ His Honour, of this Office, holds his Re-
 ‘ sidence, in the Road to *Hide-Park-Corner* :
 ‘ It being Decent, he says, that his Dwelling
 ‘ shou’d be near his Duty ; and where he may
 ‘ be under the Eye of his Fellow Statesmen.
 ‘ — I was the other Day at an odd Christ’ning,
 ‘ in one of the Horns of this huge City, where,
 ‘ a newly prefer’d Court Lady was complain-
 ‘ ing, to her Sister Gossips, “ How unavoid-
 ‘ able it is, in Divided Times, for those, who
 ‘ are distinguish’d by Court Favours, to have
 ‘ the *Disaffected* for their Enemies.” — I whi-
 ‘ per’d a grave Gentlewoman, to know, what
 ‘ *Post* that great Lady held ? And was an-
 ‘ swer’d, with becoming Seriousness, that she
 ‘ was marry’d to the *King’s Mustard-maker*.

‘ His Majesty’s *Oculist*, in *Extraordinary*,
 ‘ lately departing this Life, I am glad, it has
 ‘ been

‘ been resolv’d, to abolish that High Station:
 ‘ Nothing being more dangerous to the Peace
 ‘ of a Body Politic, than to multiply Officers,
 ‘ without Office. — Yet, there are not wanting
 ‘ imprudent People, who have Hopes of in-
 ‘ stituting a *Royal Mantua-maker*, in Place of
 ‘ the defunct *Oculist*. — Now, it is quite a dif-
 ‘ ferent Case, where Commissions are really
 ‘ useful: No good Subject, for Example, can
 ‘ think much of the *King’s Pudding-maker*,
 ‘ and a great deal might be said, in Honour
 ‘ of the *King’s Punch-house*. — The *Royal*
 ‘ *Chimney-sweeper* is a Minister, not of Rank
 ‘ only, but Necessity: and something like it
 ‘ may be offer’d, in Behalf of *His Majesty’s*
 ‘ *Butter-Woman*. — But I wou’d be glad to be
 ‘ inform’d, what serious Pretence can be urg’d,
 ‘ by any Man, who makes a Conscience of his
 ‘ Arguments, in Defence of the *Royal Gin-*
 ‘ *shop*? — Or, who can assert the Benefit, or,
 ‘ indeed, the Propriety, of the *King’s Royal*
 ‘ *Riding-hood Woman*? Or, *His Majesty’s*
 ‘ *sworn Staymaker*?

‘ To speak with the good old Bluntness of
 ‘ a *Briton*, these are some of the luxuriant *Ex-*
 ‘ *crescences* of Monarchy; and wou’d, in the
 ‘ watchful Times of our Forefathers, have
 ‘ been par’d away, for the Publick Benefit.
 ‘ And I will take it upon me to averr, that,
 ‘ unless some seasonable Restraint be soon put
 ‘ upon this growing Evil, the Courtiers will
 ‘ set up Shops in the very Heart of the City;
 ‘ where, if, among their other Customs, they

‘ shou’d introduce their *way of Paying*, — *Trade*
 ‘ will die of the Inoculation, and leave *Credit*
 ‘ its Executor. — I am,

Your Friend, and my Country’s Servant,

DUKE HUMPHREY.

Dear SIR,

‘ I AM a Woman, who, by the Help of a
 ‘ little Reading, am, so far at least, more
 ‘ learned, than the Generality of my Sex, that
 ‘ a Hard Word does not fright me. But my
 ‘ Husband is a Person, of great Goodness, and
 ‘ little Knowledge. He has a small Estate,
 ‘ in *Essex*, and is only, what they call a Sports-
 ‘ man. — We came to Town, last Week;
 ‘ where my poor Dear drank hard, and fell
 ‘ so ill, that I was alarm’d for him. — The
 ‘ Lady, whose House we lodg’d at, wou’d
 ‘ needs send for *Doctor Fossile*, who is, I find
 ‘ upon Enquiry, a Man of excellent Learning;
 ‘ but, to borrow a Phrase of *Shakespeare’s*, it is
 ‘ *sicklied over*, with Affectation. — When he had
 ‘ felt my Husband’s Pulse, and gone through
 ‘ his Course of Questions, he turn’d, from
 ‘ whispering Mr. *Juniper*, who was in wait-
 ‘ ing, at his Elbow; and said to me, with a
 ‘ physical Air, not the Air of a Physician, —
 ‘ *Maam!* — I have order’d Mr. *What’s his*
 ‘ *Name* here, your Spouse’s Apothecary, to
 ‘ *Phlebotomize* him, to Morrow Morning. —
 ‘ *To do what to me?* cry’d my poor Husband,
 ‘ starting

‘ starting up, in his Bed — *I will never consent to suffer it — No, — I am not, I thank God, in so desperate a Condition; as to undergo such a damnable Operation as that is. — As what is?* my Dear, — answer’d I, half smiling, — The Doctor wou’d only have you blooded. — Ay, — for *bleeding*, reply’d he, *I like it well enough. — But, for that other Thing he order’d, I will sooner die, than submit to it.*

‘ Now, Good Sir! — cannot such a useful Mass of Learning, as distinguishes *Doctor Fossile*, render him capable of discerning, and correcting, this odd Weakness? — It exposes him to the Ridicule of malicious Persons, who, hating a Merit, they despair of ever equalling, are glad to depreciate his Character, by making the Worst of his Particularity. — Since *Ars est celare Artem*, the Doctor wou’d be thought more learn’d, if he less endeavour’d to display his Learning. I know, I have made a forc’d Application of my little *Latin* Sentence; yet, it will do, well enough, too, in the Sense that I have given it. — I am,

Good Mr. Plain Dealer,

Your Constant Reader, and Servant,

LÆTITIA LOVELIGHT.





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*Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet.* HOR.

MONDAY, *June* 22. 1724.

THE Writer of the *Rehearsal*, puts into the Mouth of Mr. *Bayes*, with regard to the *Good* to be *extracted* from *Books*, by the most *indifferent* Hands, a Truth, that might have been spoken by a Person, whose Air of Gravity, was not (like that of Mr. *Bayes*,) intended to make him Ridiculous.

How far was I from thinking Mr. *Fyngle* the most Eligible Companion in the World, when I met him at Sir *Portly's*? And yet this very Mr. *Fyngle*, (for I will take heed how I anger so touchy a Philologist, by mis-spelling his Name any more, with a broad-back'd *Gothick* G, as he calls it) no sooner became my Correspondent, but he proved himself a Man of more than ordinary Parts, and one whose Talents are new and uncommon. I may liken him to some curious Engine, of great Use to me in my Writing-Capacity; and very necessary

fary in the Machinery of some Inventions which I shall make known in the Course of these PAPERS, for the Benefit of those, who have contracted an ill Habit of Humour, and are sickly in their Understanding.

I EXPRESS myself, with much Seriousness, when I declare, as I here do, that I know not one Science, so Advantageous in *Theory*, as Mr. *Jyngle's* New System of *Mind Midwifery*. If this lucky Gentleman can but make it answer in *Practice*, according to the vast Idea's I conceive of its Excellence and Use, he will be as much superior to *Hippocrates* as the Soul is to the Body. Now, *Hippocrates*, as Sir *Clouterly Rumble*, in one of his *Physical* Treatises, informs us, was complimented with *Divine* Honours, just as his Predecessor *Æsculapius* had been erected to the Dignity of a *Demi-God*, from so low a setting out, as that of a *Tooth-drawer*. As mean a Conception, therefore, as I, or any of my *Readers*, might have, too hastily, entertained of Mr. *Jyngle*, as a mere Repeater of his own Rhimes, there is now ample Room for forming great Idea's of his Abilities, and of the Preferment, he may come to, since he is, the Inventor, and will, in all Probability, be the Perfecter of this *more noble Art of Healing*. And if, in the very Infancy of his Science, he makes a thorough Cure of his desperate Patient Sir *Clouterly*; I do verily think, after that, there will not be the least Room for any *sick minded* Person whatsoever, to despair of Success under his *Regimen*.

HOWEVER, since a Person must be in a *painful* way indeed, before he *cries out* for the Physician, I would propound a kind of *Diet* to those who discover Symptoms of any approaching Spiritual Malady, which will serve them by way of Prevention. This Method is certainly preferable to the common way of Delaying till the Disease is actually upon them, which is then in Danger of not being removed, without Recourse to violent Remedies. In Sir *Clouterly's* Case, the Prescription of Mr. *Jynge* is so very ungentle, that Fair Ladies, who find themselves a going into any *Immoral Habit*, should, one would think, take early Care to stop the Progress of it, for fear of lying under the Necessity of such dreadful Emeticks. That, it seems, which the *Titled* Patient must be forced to undergo, for the Cure of *Vanity* only, (and, what Person, with a *Title*, thinks *Vanity* so great an *Ill*?) will, he confesses, be attended with such violent Workings, that it will make him *vomit his Heart up*. Now, who would not avoid this rough Handling, by taking Things in Time, when they apprehend a Disorder to be rising, and observing a regular *Mind-Diet*.

I SHALL proceed, to lay down some general Rules, and short Recipes, by way of Specimen, that the Ladies, especially, may encourage a Pocket Volume, which I intend shortly to publish, on the Subject of *Mind-Labours*, and *Deliveries*, and which I only wish may be dispersed into as many Hands as *Culpeper's* Mid-wifery;

wifery; for I am fure I may fay, without Boasting, it will be a more useful and valuable Treatife.

PERSONS, who have any Confideration for the Health of their Minds, are defired to reflect *Seriously*, that all *Excessive Passions* are *Distempers* of the *Mind*; and but *Fore-runners* of *Diseases* in the *Body*. Let them know, that nothing conduces more, to the Reftraint of thefe *Humours*, (which grow peccant and pernicious, the very Moment they become Inordinate,) than Exercife in the Thinking Faculty.

READING the Salutary Maxims of Wife Men, with Attention, digefting them by Meditation, and imprinting them on the Memory, by frequent Recollection, is a *Mind-Diet* or *Regimen*, which will, in a fhort Time, reftore Health to a decayed Conftitution, and add incredible Vigour, to a Weak and Languifhing Underftanding. Minds the beft arm'd, are not always Invulnerable: There are constantly fome peevifh Accidents, fome crofs and fretful Difappointments, in the rugged Road of Life, to throw a Cloud over the fereneft, and difcompofe the moft equal Tempers. But, there is not methinks, a quicker or fweeter Remedy than to ftep to the Clofet, and take down a *moral Draught*, which will fmooth us into the moft perfect Calm. *Gallus*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, *Catullus*, will afford us *Lenitives*; and *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Persius*, will furnifh us with *Corrosives*, fo that we may find a Cure for every

Distemper. There are not any Infirmities, Pains, or Sufferings of the Mind, but what the Writings of some of these Doctors contain proper *Specificks* for. The best of this Method of prescribing, is, that the Physick is easy and delightful. For what does it consist in but Exercising one's Wits with some of the best Company in the World, whom even Ladies cannot go to for Diverſion, without finding them at the ſame Time uſeful, or viſit for Inſtruction, without finding them agreeable. *Dryden, Congreve, &c.* Have made them refined *Englishmen*, and our *Modern Beauties* have the ſame Advantages in their *Translations*, the *Roman Ladies* had in the *Originals*.

WHY ſhould it not be the Care of profeſs'd *Viſitors*, not to contract ill Habits which are always very catching, and fill the Mind, with Spots and Blemiſhes? a Toaſt that never had the Small-Pox, would be in a Pannick, at the Appearance of a Face newly mark'd; and Perſons who break out with Detraction, have the Small-Pox of the Mind, and are frightful when the Marks are upon them.

YOU ſhall ſee a Young Creature torture herſelf into Beauty puniſh herſelf to pleaſe her Lover, and ſkin her Face for a Complexion; And yet, tho' ſhe knows ſhe is a little Vixen in her Nature, ſhe ſhall not ſo much as once, after ſhe is married to him, endeavour to learn, how ſhe may avoid the præternatural *Paleneſſes* and *Fluſhings*, which Anger excites in a Beautiful Countenance, giving the whole Form of it ſuch
a contrary

a contrary Cast, that it is enough to terrify all Beholders. Whenever any of these blooming Bufflers begin to bluster, the Husband may be the Physician; for, when the fiery Particles within them betray any of the *Soft* Things to an unbecoming Fit of *Rage*, the Sight of a Looking-Glass, at that Critical Minute of Deformity, has been prescribed by our Forefathers with admirable, and neverfailing Effect. But this is only a transitory Cure, and does not go to the Root of the Disease. There are Passages relating to the Effects of *Anger* in a married State, that would place their *Inside* as clearly before them. A Lady, whom this Practice would not work into Gentleness of Temper, could never be cured of so violent an Inflammation, but by one of Mr. *Jyngle*'s severest Operations.

Is a Lady jealous? And will she not have Sense enough, to blush at the Follies of Jealousy, when she is reading them, in private, and save herself from the Inconveniency of looking frightful, in publick Company? She stands highly in need of Mr. *Jyngle*. Who, that could not *read* away a *Fit* of the *Spleen*, in that Excellent *Modern* Poem, the *Rape of the Lock*, could be otherwise than given over, as quite lost, Unless Mr. *Jyngle* appear'd, to carry it off, by his new Invention? Those Ladies, who have *Wit* enough to plead their being of the *Unfortify'd* Sex in so *artful* a Manner,

That

*That, if weak Women go astray,
Their Stars are more in Fault, than they,*

have likewise *Wit* enough, to *Fortify* themselves, by proper Lectures, against the Attacks of *Passion* and *Folly*. Therefore, after this seasonable Warning, Mr. *Jyngle is the Word*; and if any wild, disorderly, pretty Creatures, will *Steal* away from these *Precepts*, and run *Gadding* after their own Inventions, till they *hurt* their *Health* and *Quiet*; Care shall be taken, to send Mr. *Jyngle*, with all convenient Speed, after them; and *he may drive as fast as he pleases, into Practice*.





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*Tendentemq; manus, & jam sua fata videntem,
Et, MATER, MATER, clamantem, & colla petentem
Ense ferit MATER. —*
Quam vocat hic Matrem? OVID. METAM.

— Grande doloris
*Ingenium est, miserisq; venit solertia rebus. Ibid,
Mota quidem est genitrix, infractaq; constitit ira,
Invitiq; oculi lachrymis maduere coactis. Ibid.*

FRIDAY, June 26. 1724.

THE Loss of Friends is a Misery, which, more than any other, puts our Patience to the Trial; and breaks in upon Human Nature with a Violence not to be resisted. All the Looks, Words, and Actions, of those, who were dear to us, in their Life-times, rise, like Ghosts, to haunt the Memory: But, with this Difference from their Effects, before Death had interpos'd, that we now remember with a kind of Pleasure, the *Wrongs* and *Slights* we may have suffer'd from them, as the only Remedy we can have Recourse to, for some Mitigation of our Sorrow: Whereas their *Vertues*, their *Endearments*, and the *Good Offices* they have done us, are like *Tortures* to the *Imagination*; and the most painful *Enflamers* of our *Misery*.

BUT

BUT the Tenderneſs of the *Lovelier Sex* maintains a generous Superiority, over ours, in the Warmth, and Softneſs, of their Sorrow. There is a Sweetneſs, in a Mother's Grief, when ſhe drowns her *Charms* in *Tears*, that raiſes *Beauty* into *Majeſty*; and mixes Reverence with our Fondneſs for her. It is her *Soul*, we are, then, enamour'd of! And the *Husband*, *Son*, or *Father*, of ſuch a Mourner, conſiders, with an inward Triumph, the Inter-eſt, he is proud to hold, in a Heart, ſo grac'd by Pity; and ſo ſincerely Sweet and Senſible.

THE Force of Natural Affection has its ſtrongeſt Effect, in *Mothers* from the great Neceſſity there is, for that long Care, and Patience, which are the Supports of the Human Species, during the Wants, and Helpleſſneſs of Infancy: And the moſt unreaſonable Partialities, of fond *Mothers*, to their Children, are not only Pardonable, but Beautiful, when we conſider, what good Effects are owing to the Influence of this charming Weakneſs.

SHAKESPEARE's Tragedy, of *King John*, has, I hear, been lately alter'd, with Deſign to bring it on the Stage next Winter. I doubt not, but the Alterer has been careful not to rob us of the Grief of *Conſtance*, for the Loſs of her Son *Arthur*, when in the Hands of the King, who deſigns to murder him. — Being told, that ſhe is *Mad*, not *Sorrowful*, ſhe replies,

I am

I am not mad, Oh ! wou'd to Heaven I were !

If I were mad, I shou'd forget my Son.

———— *I have heard 'em say,
That we shall meet, and know our Friends, in Hea-
If so, I, yet, may see my Boy again. [ven :*

*—But Sorrow's Canker will have eat his Bloom ;
'Till he looks Pale, and Meagre, as a Ghost :
And dies, so chang'd, that, when, in Heaven, we
I fear, I shall not know him ! [meet,*

THIS Thought, of her Son's Sorrow, and his becoming so alter'd by it, as not to be known, if she shou'd meet him, in Heaven, has so natural a Mixture in it, of the *Tender* and the *Wild* ! Something so exquisitely adapted both to her Character, and her Condition, that I have always consider'd it, as one of the liveliest Strokes in the Tragedy : Tho' it is finely supported, by what follows.

*Grief fills the Place up, of my absent Son,
Lies in his Bed; walks with me up and down ;
Puts on his pretty Looks ; repeats his Words ;
Swells out his vacant Garments with his Form.
—But Memory smarts to miss him !*

How much easier, and less lovely, wou'd this *Constance* have appear'd, under the Affliction of her Son's Loss, had she regarded him with the cold Indifference of a Modern *Mother* ; whom I am glad, for her own Sake, not to find nam'd, in the following Letter !

S I R,

S I R,

‘ I HAVE the Pleasure of a very intimate
 ‘ Acquaintance with that unhappy young
 ‘ Gentleman, whose Verses to a Painter, you
 ‘ printed in one of your PLAIN DEALERS; with
 ‘ a generous Remark, or two, on the Merit
 ‘ of the poor Gentleman, himself, and the
 ‘ uncommon Cruelty of his *Mother*.

‘ PERHAPS few Things cou’d be more sur-
 ‘ prizing, than a History of his Birth and
 ‘ Usage! — Of two Fathers, whom he might
 ‘ have claim’d, and *both* of them *Noble*, he
 ‘ lost the *Title*, of the one, and a *Provision*
 ‘ from the other’s Pity, by the Means alone
 ‘ of this *Mother*! who, as if she had resolv’d,
 ‘ not to leave him a single Comfort, afterwards
 ‘ robb’d him of *herself* too! and, in direct Op-
 ‘ position to the Impulse of her Natural Com-
 ‘ passion, upon mistaken Motives of a false
 ‘ Delicacy, shut her Memory against his
 ‘ Wants, and cast him out to the severest Mi-
 ‘ series; without allowing herself to contri-
 ‘ bute even such small Aid, as might at least,
 ‘ have preserv’d him from Anguish; and
 ‘ pointed out some Path to his future In-
 ‘ dustry.

‘ BUT I forbear to be too particular, on
 ‘ any of these Heads, because I know it
 ‘ wou’d give him Pain, for whose sake only I
 ‘ remember them: For while Nature acts so
 ‘ weakly, on the Humanity of the Parent, she
 ‘ seems, on the Son’s side, to have doubled her
 ‘ usual

usual Influence. Even the most shocking Personal Repulses, and a Series of Contempt and Injuries, received, at her Hands, through the whole Course of his Life, have not been able to erase, from his Heart, the Impressions of his filial Duty: Nor, which is much more strange! of his Affection. I have known him walk, three or four times, in a dark Evening, through the Street this *Mother* lives in, only for the Melancholy Pleasure of looking up, at her Windows, in Hopes to catch a Moment's Sight of her, as she might cross the Room by Candle Light.

His good Qualities, which are very numerous, ought the more to be esteem'd and cherish'd because he owes them to himself only: And, without the Advantage of Friends, Fortune, or Education, wants neither Knowledge nor Politeness, to deserve a *Mother's* Blessing, and adorn, rather than disgrace her. — I am strongly persuaded, from the Character, which, upon all Occasions, he has taken Pleasure to give me of the Lady's Humanity, with regard to the rest of the World, that nothing but her having, much too long, already been a Stranger to such a Son, cou'd make her satisfy'd to continue so. — It is impossible, at least, that she shou'd not distinguish him, by some kind Notice; some little Mark of her returning Tendernefs; if, without Regard to his Merit, she knew but his Manner of thinking of her: Which is, itself, a shining Merit! and
a sur-

‘ a surprizing Instance of Generosity ! if consider’d against those Reasons, which might excuse a different Treatment of her.

‘ He writ the following Copy of Verses, and several other, on the same Subject, at a Time, when I know not which was most to be wonder’d at ; — That he shou’d be serene enough, for *Poetry*, under, the Extremity of Ill-Fortune ! — Or, that his *Subject* shou’d be the Praise of her, to whom he ow’d a Life of Misery !

*Hopeless, abandon’d, aimless, and oppress’d ;
Lost, to Delight, and, every Way, distress’d :
Cross his cold Bed, in wild Disorder, thrown,
Thus, sigh’d Alexis, friendless, and alone.—*

*Why do I breathe ? — What Joy can Being give,
When she, who gave me Life, forgets I Live !
Feels not these Wintry Blasts ; — nor heeds my Smart :
But shuts me from the Shelter of her Heart !
Saw me expos’d, to Want ! to Shame ! to Scorn !
To Ills ! — which make it Mis’ry to be born !
Cast me, regardless, on the World’s bleak Wild :
And bad me, be a Wretch, while, yet, a Child !*

*Where can be hope for Pity, Peace, or Rest,
Who moves no Softness in a Mother’s Breast ?
Custom, Law, Reason, All ! my Cause forsake :
And Nature sleeps, to keep my Woes awake !
Crimes, which the Cruel scarce believe, can be,
The Kind are guilty of, to ruin Me !
Even she, who bore me, blasts me, with her Hate,
And, meant my Fortune, makes Herself my Fate !*

Tet

*Yet has this sweet Neglecter of my Woes
The softest, tend'rest, Breast, that Pity knows !
Her Eyes shed Mercy, wheresoe'er they shine ;
And her Soul melts, at every Woe, — but Mine.
Sure, then ! some secret Fate, for Guilt unwill'd,
Some Sentence, præ-ordain'd to be fulfill'd !
Plung'd me, thus deep, in Sorrow's searching Flood :
And wash'd me from the Mem'ry of her Blood.*

*But, oh ! whatever Cause has mov'd her Hate,
Let me but sigh, in Silence, at my Fate.
The God, within, perhaps, may touch her Breast :
And, when she pities, who can be distress'd ?*

‘ THEY, who are depriv'd, by Death, of
‘ their dearest Friends, and Relations, are left
‘ wretched, in the Want of them ; But they
‘ have this Comfort, however, — that, before
‘ those Deaths, they were happier : — Whereas
‘ this Gentleman, on the contrary, is unhappy,
‘ by his Mother's Loss, while she is *living*, gay,
‘ and fortunate ! and only *dead*, to that Affection,
‘ on, which other Mothers chiefly *live for* !

‘ IF you, Mr. *Plain-Dealer*, wou'd give us
‘ a Paper, on these Heads, it might, I believe,
‘ have some Effect, for the Service of a too
‘ early Sufferer, whose Merit, and the Wrongs
‘ he has sustain'd, from his Parent's Cruelty,
‘ entitle him to the Hope, of finding better
‘ Parents, among Strangers ! to the open Re-
‘ proach, and Dishonour of a *Mother*, who,
‘ since she has so many fine Qualities, wants,
‘ perhaps, but to be touch'd into a Sense of

‘ her Mistake, to atone for it, by a generous
 ‘ Change, in her Regard for him, for the fu-
 ‘ ture. I am,

Sir, Your most Humble Servant,

AMINTAS.

I AM sorry, that, in a Nation, justly famous for Good-Nature, we have so strong an *Exception*, as may be taken from this Letter. But I will forbear, with my Correspondent’s Leave, to address any Arguments, to the *Lady*: Since, if she is not harden’d, beyond Nature, the generous Sorrow, and the Sufferings, express’d, in her Son’s Sentiments, will melt her Heart into Pity for him; and move her, more effectually, than any Thing, that can be, morally, offer’d to her.

I WILL turn my Advice, therefore, to the Service of those Sons and Daughters, who are neglected, and made unhappy, by the Aversion, or Partiality, of the Parent they depend on. A Case, too common, in most Families! and which stands in need of all the Comfort, that can be pour’d upon their Affliction.

IT is a very melancholy Circumstance when this happens, as it often does, to the finest spirited Child, of the whole Number. But it shou’d be Ground enough for Consolation, that such Sufferers owe the wrong Position, they appear in, to a Weakness in the Parents Reason: A kind of Deception, in their Judgment’s *Sight*! As, when we see our Shadows,
 in

in the Water, our Heads seem to hang downwards; and our lowest Parts are preferr'd, to look, unnaturally, uppermost.

TIME will, certainly, bring a Remedy, to those, who bear this Trial, with Temperance: For Submission disarms the Rancour, that wou'd gather Strength, from Exercise, by an imprudent Opposition. None, whose Injuries are receiv'd, with Mildness, and return'd by Acts of Affection, can be, long, without discovering, and repenting, their Ingratitude. Whereas, by permitting ourselves to *revenge* the Wrongs we suffer, we furnish our Oppressors with an Appearance of Justice; and only make them more blind, when 'tis our Interest, that they shou'd see clearly.

IMPATIENCE under this, or any other, Affliction, does but double our Mortification. How languid wou'd Life be, to the largest Part of the World, if Expectation did not quicken it! *Hope* is the sweetest, of all Companions!—If it leads us not to the Road, which we are most inclin'd to travel in, its Conversation, however, is so entertaining, and agreeable, that we can never tire, in the Journey.

WHEN a wicked Man is happy, he seems unworthy of his Happiness: But, where Virtue is unfortunate, it looks the larger, for the Clouds we see it through.—There is a Courage, in Adversity, that can put Fortune out of Countenance. — Men are not despicable, by their Fate, but, by their Manner of supporting it. The Lyon has more Majesty, in his

Chains, than when in the Forest: His Fierceness is reduc'd, and soften'd, by the Restraint of his Condition, and, what was *terrible*, in him, before, becomes *venerable*, by his Calamity.

BUT, we shou'd not only bear our Misfortunes, with *Patience*; we shou'd sustain 'em, too, with *Silence*. — Complaints are *weak* Mens Weapons: And, there was something, delicate, and finely judg'd, in the Conduct of a *Persian* Merchant, I have read of, who, finding himself on the Brink of Ruin, by a Race of Losses, that beset him, gave strict Orders, to his Son, that he shou'd speak of it to Nobody. For, otherwise, said he, of *One* Misfortune, we shall make *Two* — *The Loss, itself, which we complain of; — and our Enemy's rejoicing at it.*

BUT, as the most perfect Pleasures in the World are always mix'd with Afflictions, so the sharpest Afflictions have their Uses, and their Pleasures. — A Man's best Friend, is his *Enemy*! Since by mortifying his Vanity, he adorns his Nature with Humility; and teaches him to shun the Practice of those Ill Qualities, toward Others, which he finds so unjust, and hateful, while he himself is oppress'd by them.

BUT, while I talk of Humility, I blush, at my own Pride, who wou'd teach others a Science, which I am myself, but a Learner in. — My Reader, in this Case, must be so good as to compare me to a Blind Man, with a Torch in his Hand — Though I see not my own Way, I carry Light enough along with me, to guide the Steps of those who follow me.

The



The Plain Dealer. No. 29.

— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli.* OVID.

MONDAY, *June 29.* 1724.

UNLESS my Legs are in Motion, my Imagination is apt to stand still: for which Reason I am so great a Walker, that, if the Weather does not allow me to take the Air, in the open Fields, I measure my Landlady's Hall Floor, so many Times, for a Breathing, that I can walk Twenty Miles, without stirring out of my Lodgings. — I was meditating, Yesterday Morning, in one of these reverted Perambulations, when I heard the Sound of a Horse's Feet, on the Pavement, before my Door; which was follow'd by a loud, rustick, Whistle; and a thumping against the Porch, with the Handle-end of a Whip. — I look'd out; and was saluted, by a Country Servant of *Will. Weathercock's*, with this simple, and hearty Address, — That *Master* remember'd his Love to me; and had sent him up with a Letter. I dispatch'd my Friend's *Courier*; and shall lay before my Reader the Contents of this Intelligence.

Dearest SIR,

‘ THE good Company, at Sir *Portly’s*,
 ‘ are at a sad Loss, in your Absence. Mr.
 ‘ *Tiresome*, and our Friend *Tony*, won’t drink
 ‘ one another’s Healths yet. But Mr. *Juniper*
 ‘ has done as strange a Cure, upon Mr. *Jynge*,
 ‘ as Mr. *Jynge* himself intends to do, upon
 ‘ Sir *Clouterly Rumble*. — *Tony* has never been
 ‘ right, as he shou’d be, since you made him
 ‘ so ashamed of shooting his Poetry, at Ran-
 ‘ dom. He look’d very pale, Yesterday, and
 ‘ complain’d of a Pain in his Stomach. There
 ‘ was something, he said, lay, like a Load, at
 ‘ his Heart: and he had much ado to draw
 ‘ his Breath, for it. — Mr. *Juniper* felt his
 ‘ Pulse, and said, he hop’d there was no Dan-
 ‘ ger: Asking him, at the same Time, If he
 ‘ had made no *Verses*, for this Week past? Mr.
 ‘ *Jynge* told him, *Yes* — and repeated six hun-
 ‘ dred Lines, of a Poem, he has made a Begin-
 ‘ ning in. The Verses, I must needs say, found-
 ‘ ed as fine, as ever I heard any! But, what
 ‘ I thought strange, was, that, as soon as he
 ‘ had done Repeating, Mr. *Juniper* bid him
 ‘ *hem* — and go, chearfully, about his Busi-
 ‘ ness: for his Oppression, he said, was re-
 ‘ mov’d. — And it really prov’d, as he said. —
 ‘ Mr. *Jynge’s* Colour return’d immediately;
 ‘ and he breathes, as freely as ever he did!

‘ BUT, I fancy, for all this, he is not quite
 ‘ cur’d, yet. His Distemper, I doubt, works
 ‘ inward: and, unless it has constant *Vent*,
 ‘ may

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‘ may blow up, into his Brain, and do more
 ‘ Mischief, than we are aware of. For I ob-
 ‘ serve, though he *says* nothing, the suppress’d
 ‘ Spring of his Fancy twitches his Eyebrows,
 ‘ up and down, and moves his Lips, like a
 ‘ Rabbit’s! — He has got an odd Whim, too,
 ‘ — the Effect, to be sure, of his Melancholy!
 ‘ Of untying the Knots of People’s Periwigs,
 ‘ who happen to sit within Reach of him! He
 ‘ will do the same, by the Ladies Apron-
 ‘ Strings; and has made an Attempt or two,
 ‘ at their Garters! Yet, is musing, all the
 ‘ while, without meaning any Harm in it. —
 ‘ Pray send me Word, by *Humphry*, who
 ‘ rides old *Robin* to Town, on purpose, whe-
 ‘ ther you don’t think, this untying Wigs,
 ‘ and Apron-Strings, an untowardly Symptom,
 ‘ in poor Mr. *Jyngle*? — Methinks, I wou’dn’t,
 ‘ for a great deal, that his Brain shou’d
 ‘ have any Thing in it. — Pray a Word, of
 ‘ your Advice, to, Dearest Sir!

Your most Faithful Servant,

William Weathercock.

THE Answer I return’d to this apprehensive
 Humanity, of *Will. Weathercock*, was, *That*
I cou’d determine nothing, suddenly, in so doubt-
ful a Case: But I desir’d him to tell Tony the
following Story, the first Time he shou’d catch
him at a Wig-Knot, or an Apron-String: and,
from the Effects of it, I might judge better.

‘ AN *Arabian* Physician, of great Learning,
 ‘ went to visit the *Caliph*, who took Plea-
 ‘ sure in discoursing with him, concerning Dis-
 ‘ eases, and their Remedies. The Physician
 ‘ was demonstrating the Necessity of Binding
 ‘ Madmen to prevent Danger, from their Ex-
 ‘ travagance; and the *Caliph* who sat, involv’d,
 ‘ in the profoundest Attention, had insensibly
 ‘ apply’d his Fingers to the Bottom of the
 ‘ Doctor’s Gown; which finding a little un-
 ‘ stitch’d, he had ript it, to the very Girdle.
 ‘ The Doctor, observing it, made a Pause, in
 ‘ his Narration. — The *Caliph*, then ask’d him,
 ‘ By what Tokens they knew, when it was
 ‘ Time to Bind a Madman? — *We bind him,*
 ‘ answer’d the Physician, *when he pulls People’s*
 ‘ *Cloaths to Pieces, without the smallest Pro-*
 ‘ *vocation.*

June the 8th, 1724.

SIR,

‘ GOING last *Sunday*, in the Afternoon,
 ‘ to a Church, not far from the *Temple*,
 ‘ to hear an Eminent, and Learned, Divine,
 ‘ who is remarkable, for his good Preaching,
 ‘ I found the manifest Necessity we are under,
 ‘ of a PLAIN-DEALER: Since most of our
 ‘ well-bred Enormities, which were suppress’d
 ‘ during the Reign of your great Predecessor,
 ‘ Venerable *Spec*, of Immortal Memory, are
 ‘ crept again, into Practice. — Lay-Parishioners,
 ‘ for Example, repeat the *Absolution*, with as
 ‘ much

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‘ much Loudness, and Assurance, as if they
 ‘ were, all, in *Priest’s Orders*! They bar-
 ‘ barously, drown too, in their *Responses*, the
 ‘ Vocal Zeal of the Parish Clerk; to the Dis-
 ‘ grace, and utter Overthrow, of that ancient
 ‘ and useful, Office! — The *Psalms*, which
 ‘ were sung, plainly, in the simple Worship
 ‘ of our Forefathers, are, now, most musically,
 ‘ *warbled*, by gay, powder’d, Choristers, who
 ‘ have their Ears refin’d, by *Opera*, with such
 ‘ a rapturous *Italic* Quavering, that every
 ‘ Syllable pants, and trembles, with the Sigh-
 ‘ ings of a broken Spirit! — The Reverend
 ‘ Doctor declaim’d on *Pride*: But neither the
 ‘ Terror of his Reasoning, nor the awful Gra-
 ‘ vity of his Person, cou’d restrain a giddy
 ‘ Covey, of young Female Gold-finches from
 ‘ fluttering their Fans into a Whirlwind; that
 ‘ blew Grace, and Edification, quite out of
 ‘ the Church Windows! — These Indecencies
 ‘ fall more properly under your Cognizance,
 ‘ than the Pulpit’s; therefore, at your Leisure,
 ‘ I hope, you will animadvert on their Growth,
 ‘ and Consequence. A Nod, from you, will
 ‘ startle them: for they fly PLAIN-DEALING,
 ‘ like a Pestilence. I am,

Your hearty Well-Wisher, &c.

J. H.

Mr.

Mr. *Plain-Dealer*,

‘ I AM one of those *Light-finger’d Purchasers*,
 ‘ complain’d against, in a Letter to you,
 ‘ from the Keeper of a certain Coffee-House,
 ‘ for *filling my Pocket with Wit of another Man’s*
 ‘ *paying for*. The Truth is, I did it; but it
 ‘ was by way of Revenge only. For before
 ‘ your Paper became establish’d, I went a Do-
 ‘ zen Times, to his House, with no other In-
 ‘ tention, than to read over the PLAIN-DEALER:
 ‘ But the Answer, I always had, was, — *They*
 ‘ *did not take in the Paper*. At last, his Custo-
 ‘ mers so often ask’d for it, that he was at last
 ‘ to be longer without it; and I continue to
 ‘ drink his Coffee, for the Pleasure of reading
 ‘ your Paper. But in order to be even with
 ‘ him, I kept a private Account how many
 ‘ *Twopences* I spent, in vain, while I was dis-
 ‘ appointed by his Avarice: And just so ma-
 ‘ ny PLAIN DEALERS I am determin’d to pocket
 ‘ up, that I may bring Things to Balance. Af-
 ‘ ter that, I will content myself to carry off, in
 ‘ my *Memory*, what I now bring away in my
 ‘ *Pocket*. And this is the true State of Mr.
 ‘ *D. B’s* Complaint to you.

‘ But, since *Coffee-Men* must be murmuring,
 ‘ I will put you in a Way to mortifie some of
 ‘ the *Backward Ones*, of that Fraternity; who
 ‘ care not how little *Wit* they lay in, for their
 ‘ Customers, because themselves have no Re-
 ‘ lish for it: And they love to deal in nothing,
 ‘ but what they can come in for a *Taste* of.
 ‘ You

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‘ You must know, Sir, that several of them
 ‘ are resolv’d to wait, ’till *Winter*, before they
 ‘ take in the PLAIN DEALER; as if Cold Wri-
 ‘ ters were fittest to refresh their *Summer*
 ‘ *Customers*. But your Disciples are so nu-
 ‘ merous, that, if you only give the Word,
 ‘ that none, who have *Wit*, or *Breeding*, shall
 ‘ drink, even a single *Dram*, at any Coffee-
 ‘ House, that is not licens’d, by the Stamp
 ‘ of the PLAIN DEALER; then, these Friends
 ‘ to *Money*, and *Dullness*, who, to save a Groat
 ‘ a Week, lose Twelve Pennyworth of *Improve-*
 ‘ *ment*, wou’d take it in for their *Profit* Sake,
 ‘ though they have no Concern for their *Un-*
 ‘ *standing*: And by that Means, extend your
 ‘ Influence to many Thousands of his Majesty’s
 ‘ sober Subjects; who now, sit and sleep in
 ‘ the Corner of a Dusty Coffee-Room, for
 ‘ want of Matter to be kept awake by. I am,

Sir, Your Humble Servant,

VINDEX.

UPON opening some late *Letters*, which
 have been sent me by my Correspondents, I
 found, inclos’d in one, the following *Learned*
Proposition, for unravelling the *Occult Sciences*.

“ PROPOSALS, for Printing a Book,
 “ Entitled, *The Mystery of Modern Game-*
 “ *ing*; being a Description of the Abuses, in
 “ Games at Dice: Proving, by calculated Ta-
 “ bles,

“ bles, That *Hazard* is an unequal Game. Ex-
 “ posing the Nature of unfair Dies and Boxes,
 “ with the Operations of *Loaded Dies*, *Scoop'd*
 “ *Dies*, *Flat Dies*, *Chain Dies*, and *Link'd*
 “ *Dies*. The Art of working with a *Grate*
 “ *Box*; *Eclipsing*, *Sighing*, *Waxing* and *Topping*.

“ A Dissertation on *Pharo*, *Basset*, *Picquet*,
 “ *Wisk*, and other *Card Games*: Proving, that
 “ a *Pack of Cards* may be shuffled, cut, dealt
 “ away, and, afterwards, dispos'd to your
 “ Interest, notwithstanding. With a particu-
 “ lar Description of a *Pharo-Bank*; its Atten-
 “ dants and Expences. Calculated for the
 “ *Meridian* of those two famous Universities,
 “ *Bath* and *Tunbridge-Wells*.

“ THE Book will be Printed on fine Paper,
 “ Octavo, with a New Dutch Letter, and neat-
 “ ly Bound: Price One Guinea, half down, as
 “ usual. 'Tis now ready for the Press; and
 “ any Subscriber shall, if he pleases, see the
 “ Copy, to convince him, that it deserves En-
 “ couragement. *Subscriptions* are taken in at
 “ Mr. *William Leverland's*, at the *Golden-Key*,
 “ in *King-Street*, *Covent-Garden*.

I AM ignorant with what Intention this *Pro-
 posal* was enclos'd to me; there having been
 no *Letter* sent with it. But I take it for grant-
 ed, that it is the *Wish* of the Undertaker to
 have it notic'd, in the *PLAIN DEALER*: And I
 recommend it, with the more Readiness, be-
 cause, if this *Work* is any way answerable to
 its *Title*, the Author will deserve to be con-
 sider'd as a Patriot! and may, by opening the
 Eyes

Eyes of those, who are fond of that *vile Art*, call'd *Gaming*, become the Means of more *Good* to his *Country*, than the *Care* and *Wisdom* of our Parliaments have, yet, been able to accomplish.

Worthy SIR,

‘ I MY own self am a *Barber*, by Trade,
 ‘ but my Wife takes in *Plain-work*. I cou’d
 ‘ never endure to be Idle; and, therefore,
 ‘ when we rented a little House, in the New-
 ‘ Buildings, I hung a Board, at my Pole’s
 ‘ End, with these Words writ upon it, in
 ‘ Great Letters, *SHAVE FOR A PENNY*,
 ‘ Though I say it, that shou’d not, I have a
 ‘ clean Stroke with a Razor: But, because I
 ‘ love a stirring Trade, I thought it better to
 ‘ work for a little, than stand still, and get no-
 ‘ thing. Now, it is a strange Thing to consider,
 ‘ how little Encouragement *Honest Industry*
 ‘ meets with.

‘ ONE Evening, last Week, a Beau with a
 ‘ great Black-Bag at his Back, was set down,
 ‘ out of a Stage-Coach; and fixing his Eye
 ‘ upon my Pole, put his Hand to his Beard,
 ‘ and came directly to my Door, as if he meant,
 ‘ I shou’d Shave him: But, as soon as he read
 ‘ my *Rate*, that was written on my *Show Board*,
 ‘ he turn’d short, upon his Heel; and cry’d
 ‘ out with a silly Oath, “ That, *Six Pence*,
 ‘ he thought, was too little, for a clean Shav-
 ‘ ing: But, if a Man must pay for being
 ‘ *flea’d*, a *Penny* was too much in Conscience.

‘ I WAS

‘ I WAS quite out of Heart, at this unexpected Return, for falling the Price of my Practice: And my poor Wife, who overheard it, as she sat at work, fell a crying, at the Ill-Nature of it. But, presently, we heard a jolly Voice, in the Street, *Come, let us go in:—I will encourage this Honest Fellow, though I have been shav’d once, to Day, already.* So, there came into my Shop a grave, well-dress’d Gentleman, and a pretty Youth with him: He was kind, and talk’d very familiar to me; and had so good-humour’d a Face, that I lov’d dearly to look upon him: When I had done with him, he said, that I had the soft Sweep of your *Turkish Barbers*; and, as he was going out of my Shop he gave me a Crown Piece; and told me, “ That such Industrious Men, as I, ought to be paid, as we *deserv’d*, and not, as we *expected*: And that no body else shou’d *Shave* him, as long as his Beard grew in *London*.

‘ As soon as he was gone, my Wife fell a crying, again.— But, this Time it was for Joy, That in spite of *Beaux* and *Black-Bags*, there is some good *Nature* left in the World yet. — If you will put this into your PLAIN DEALER, and *accept of a Shaving*, the next Time you come our Way, you may Command the ready Hand of,

Your Obedient Humble Servant,

Latherlight Edgely.

The



The Plain Dealer. No. 30.

— *Nec Vox hominem sonat, O Dea certe!*
VIR.

FRIDAY, July 3. 1724.

IT is said, by a Vulgar Error, That *the English are fond of Novelty*. — I have wonder'd, a Thousand Times, how this Notion became establish'd: For, that nothing is more false, in Fact, may be proved, from our oldest Histories: and is, every Day, remarkable, in our modern, and familiar Practice.

THOUGH *ten Englishmen, in twelve*, are the Descendants of *Foreigners*, and the very Name itself, of *England*, is *Foreign*: Yet, the Notion of a *Foreigner* has been, always, ridiculously, distastful to us!

INNOVATIONS were ever odious to us; and we chose rather to *neglect* Advantages, than to try an untrodden Path, for 'em. — What lost *England* the first Possession of that Gold and Silver World in the *Spanish West-Indies*, but her Disposition to discredit *Novelty*? — Our very *Laws* depend on *Precedent*: — And the Defence, even of Rights, in Parliament, is supported upon what *has been*; and seems unconcern'd

cern'd in *why it was*. Those scandalous Oppositions, which are so obstinately given, to the Clearest Bills, for Publick Benefit, such, as *making our Rivers Navigable, — Putting our Lands under a Register, — Promoting untry'd Trades, — And Establishing National Fisheries:* Are, all, convincing Instances, that no Nation, under Heaven, have so fix'd an Aversion to *Novelty*; which, yet, every Body is imputing to us, as the Reigning Humour of our Country.

BUT we have a Present Example, that will confirm my Remark, and for ever put to Silence those, who accuse us of the Love of Novelty. I mean, the new Practice, of *Inoculating the Small-Pox*, on Bodies, purposely, prepar'd to receive it: So, to prevent the usual Danger, and Malignancy, of that Distemper; and sustain it, without the Terror, the Fatality, and the Sorrow, which have heretofore, gone along with it.

IT was a generous Undertaking, in that Publick-spirited Member of the *Royal Society*, who, resolving, by *clear Matter of Fact*, to establish or explode, this Practice, has, with an unwearyed Application, and the most stedfast Impartiality, inform'd himself of its Success, throughout all Parts of the Kingdom; and given the World an Account of it, in his Pamphlet, lately publish'd. A Treatise! which deserves the Eye, and most careful Consideration, of every Parent, who has *Reason*, or who wou'd save a Favourite Child, the promis'd Comfort of his

his Life! from being snatch'd away, perhaps in its Bloom, by the Sweep of this Distemper.

It is demonstrated, in the mention'd Treatise, from a Forty Year's Examination of the Bills of Mortality, ' That the Small-Pox carries off, at least, *one* in every *six*, of all whom ' it seizes in the *natural* Way; whereas not ' one in *fifty*, (scarce one in many *hundreds*) ' of those who receive it by *Inoculation*, have ' been found to die under it.

THE whole Number of Persons, who have been so much as suspected to owe their Deaths to it, ever since its first Introduction, in *England*, amounts to *Nine*, only! — They are, all nam'd, in the Printed Account; and there is scarce one among them, for whose Death a Clearer Cause, than the Inoculation, is not assign'd, and attested, by the very Physicians, and Surgeons, who directed the Operation — So that Providence seems to have guided, and enlighten'd, *Art*, in this Practice, to assist, and relieve, *Nature*, for the Preservation of the Human Species.

YET, with what Violence, and Malice, has it not been rail'd at, and oppos'd? — How many False Affirmations have we seen, with unblushing Boldness, insulting Truth, in our Publick News-Papers! — Nay, the Pulpits, too, have trembled, under the Zeal of *Reverend Railers*; who, in the holy Blindness of their Passion, have shewn us *Job*, upon his Dung-hill; *inoculated*, for the *Small-Pox*, by the *Devil*, of a Surgeon!

IT has been represented, as a *Wilful Murder!* A new, and wicked, Presumption! An Assault on the Prerogative of Heaven! And a taking *God's own* Work out of his Hands, to be mended by *Man's* Arrogance!

BUT the Common Arguments, however despicable, give me Diversion, and Entertainment. — When I hear a pious Old Woman wisely wondering, — *What this World would come to!* and concluding her Remarks with this great Maxim of Resignation, that *God's own Time is best!* I compare this Force of Female Reasoning, to the Representation which, a late Writer tells us, The old *Boyars*, or Grandees of *Russia*, gravely made, to the Present *Czar*, when he attempted a Communication, by Digging a Canal, between the *Volga*, and the *Tanais*. — “ *The Design*, they said, *was Great*; — But ‘ they humbly conceiv’d it *Impious*: — For, ‘ *since God had made the Rivers to run one Way*, ‘ *Man ought not to turn them Another*.

IT is an establish’d Rule, amongst Gamblers, That *Losers* shou’d have leave to speak: And, for this Reason, I rather pity, than grow angry with an unmarried Prude or Coquet, when I catch ’em Railing at Inoculation, with a Thousand *Excuses* for it, in their *Faces*. — As it is a Comfort to the Miserable to have Companions in their Misery, so, it must be a Provocation, to these Fair *Invalids*, to hear of a Preservative, for other’s Beauty, when it is too late, to save their own by it.

YET,

YET, these good Ladies, unmindful that they carry about with them, the Cause of their own Peevishness, treat an innocent Practice, when they join the *Chorus* of *Railers*, as the *Indian* did the Looking-Glass, which he found on the Sea-Side. — He was frightfully Ugly; and, starting back from his own Image, threw away the Glass, in great Rage, with this comfortable Observation: — *I might have guess'd, thou wert good for nothing: Thou would'st not have been left here else.*

IT is the Observation of some Historian; but I forgot where I met with it: That *England* has ow'd to *Women* the greatest Blessings she has been distinguish'd by — In the Case, we are now upon, this Reflection will stand justified. — We are indebted to the Reason, and the Courage of a *Lady*, for the Introduction of this Art; which gains such Strength in its Progress, that the Memory of its Illustrious Foundress will be render'd Sacred, by it, to future Ages.

THIS Ornament of her Sex, and Country, who ennobles her own *Nobility*, by her Learning, Wit, and Vertues, accompanying her Comfort into *Turkey*, observ'd the Benefit of this Practice, with its Frequency, even among those obstinate *Prædestinarians*; and brought it over, for the Service, and the Safety, of her Native *England*; where she consecrated its first Effects, on the Persons of her own fine Children! And has, already, receiv'd this Glory from it, “That the Influence of her Example. has reach'd as high as the Blood Royal.” And

our noblest, and most antient, Families, in Confirmation of her happy Judgment, add the daily Experience of those, who are most Dear to them.

I HAVE seen a short Poetical Essay, on the Occasion we are now treating of. I wou'd say, if I meant the Verses an *Encomium* they shou'd be envied for, " That their *Subject* need not " blush at them !

On Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's bringing with her, out of Turkey, the Art of Inoculating the Small-Pox.

WHEN Greece, reviving, into short Delight,
Felt Pride, and Comfort, at Our Muse's Sight:
The Rival'd Nine no sooner saw her Face,
But ev'n their Envy gave their Wonder Place!
Charm'd, into Love, of what eclips'd their Fame!
They wak'd Apollo, with her pow'rful Name.

See! — God of Grecian Wit ! Urania cries,
How sweet a Muse the Western World supplies !
Say, shou'd she ask some Favour, from your Throne,
What cou'd you bid her take, that's not her own?
Sparkling in Charms, the heav'nly Stranger view,
So grac'd ! — she scarce can owe a Beam, to You !
Beauty, with Love, her Pow'r to Your's prefers :
And Wit, and Learning, are, already, Hers !

Rous'd, at her Name, — receding, from her Eyes,
The gazing God rose slow, in soft Surprise !
Fair Miracle, he said, — and paus'd, a while :
Then, thus, — Sweet Glory, of your envied Isle !

Charm'd

*Charm'd, and oblig'd, lest, we ungrateful seem,
 Bear hence, at least, One Mark of our Esteem.
 One, of my three great Claims, your Wish may fit ;
 Whose Voice is Mulick : and whose Thoughts are Wit !
 Physick, alone, remains, to grant you, here —
 A Skill ! your godlike Pity will endear.
 Form'd, to give Wounds, which must no Ease procure,
 Atone your Influ'nce, by new Arts, to cure.
 Beauty's chief Foe, a fear'd, and fierce Disease !
 Bows, at my Beck ; and knows its God's Decrees.
 Breath'd, in this Kiss, take Pow'r, to tame its Rage :
 And, from its Rancour, free the rescu'd Age.
 High, o'er each Sex, in Double Empire, sit :
 Protecting Beauty, and inspiring Wit.*

A Journey into Greece being the Subject of these Verses, *Parnassus* lay a little too directly in the Way. — I shou'd, else, have been out of Humour, that the Force of the Author's Fancy took its Turn from the *Pagan System* : and does *Apollo* as much Honour, as the *Lady*, who is worth a Thousand of him. But, it is an uncommon Misfortune, to her Genius, “ That the only Thing in the World, worth
 “ knowing, and not known, to *her*, is, *her*
 “ own prodigious Excellence. — So, she is neither able, nor willing, to describe it, herself ; and no Verse, but her own, can soar high enough, for her Merit. — The *sweetest* of our *English Poets* has endeavour'd it with less Success, than attended any of his other Compositions : And, if a *Nameless one* has mis'd it, after him, he has, at least, this Consolation, “ That he miscar-

“ries in such Company, as it is a kind of Honour to go astray with.

I wou’d not, however, be mistaken, in this Censure.—The Verses, I mean, abound with *Wit*.—They have only an Air of wanton Levity, that looks too merry, to be enough in Earnest, and gives the Turn of a *smiling Satire*.—Praise ought always to be *serious*, when it is address’d to the *Person prais’d*, and where the *Subject* is of Weight, and Dignity.

THERE is, I know, a *pert* Species of *Panegyrick*, which has been admir’d, in the Examples of *Balzac*, *Voiture*, and other *French* Writers; who, when they wou’d praise *Kings*, and *Heroes*, took ’em, ironically, to *Task*: and *chid* ’em, by way of *Commendation*.—But, to speak like a PLAIN DEALER, such familiar, and smart *Encomiums* imply something like a Sense of superior Qualities, in the over-conscious Bestowers of ’em.—Some of the Verses, just now hinted at, have a little too much of the *Sportive*; but nothing of the *French Arrogance*.

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Renew the old Claim,
That, to your whole Sex does belong :
And let us receive
From a second bright Eve,
The Knowledge of Right, and of Wrong.

But,

*But, if the First Eve
 Hard Doom did receive,
 When only One Apple had She;
 What a Punishment New,
 Must be found out for You,
 Who have tasted, and robb'd the whole Tree?*

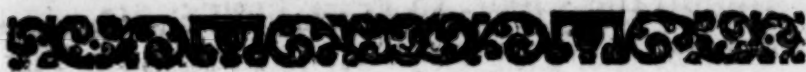
THIS is exquisite, and lively, *Wit!* But it is Wit of too *brisk* a Species, for the Purpose it is applied to. — If a *Barrister* shou'd take a Fancy to *dance* in his *Pleading*, wou'd the Judge admit his *Skill*, in Excuse of his *Indecorum*? — This Praise, so gayly given, wou'd have surpriz'd, like a Flash of Lightning; where, instead of being the *profess'd Subject*, it had been struck out, *unexpectedly*. — As it is, it looks like Trifling; and misrepresents the Author, as not charm'd into *Reverence* of the Worth he celebrates. It speaks him *Regardless*; and but half *Intent*: — and is like tripping, antickly, over a Drawing-Room, when it is prepar'd for the Steps of *Majesty*.

If ever this Remark shou'd fall in the way of that Excellent Writer, and he shou'd not, himself, think, as I do; I shall fear, I have been mistaken. But, It is the Duty of every Man, when he assumes the *Critick*, to speak frankly his Opinion, what is an *Error*, and what an *Excellence*; that his Reasons being weigh'd by the Reader's Impartiality, may contribute to produce that *Judgment*, which is the sole good End of Criticism.

BUT, to return to the Lady, from whose extensive Benevolence, we receiv'd the Art we have been speaking of; —It is a Godlight Delight, that her Reflection must be conscious of! when she considers, to whom we owe, “ That many Thousand *British Lives* will be “ sav'd, every Year, to the Use, and Comfort, “ of their Country, after a General Establissh- “ ment of this Practice! ” — A *Good!* so lasting, and so vast! that none, of those wide Endowments, and deep Foundations, of *publick Charity*, which have made most Noise in the World, deserve, at all, to be compar'd with it.

S A A D I, the *Persian* Author of the Work call'd *Gulistan*, tells a Story, of three Sages; — A *Greek*, an *Indian*, and a *Persian*; who, in Presence of a King of *Persia*, debated, on this Question. “ Which, of all Evils, was most “ grievous? ” — The *Grecian* said, *Old-Age*, oppress'd with *Poverty*. — The *Indian* answer'd, *Pain*, under *Impatience*. — But the *Persian* decided it to be *Death*, without *Good Works* before it.

I F the want of *Good Works* is all, that makes *Death* Terrible, the great Bestower of the mentioned Blessing cannot fail to die, with *Chearfulness*. — It must be Impossible for her to want *Joy*, at her last Moments: But it may be fear'd, she will carry it away with her to the other World; — For *this* will be left, in *Sorrow*.



The Plain Dealer.

No 31.

Teque his, Infælix, Exue Monstris.

OVID.

FRIDAY, July 6. 1724.

Good Mr. Plain-Dealer,

‘ I AM a young Widow-Woman, that was
 ‘ bred and born in *Wapping*; and, had
 ‘ one of the Best of Husbands; that was Master
 ‘ of as good a Ship as ever us’d the *Guiney-*
 ‘ *Trade*. But he dy’d, in his last Voyage, as
 ‘ he was bringing Home a great *Elephant* for
 ‘ a *Token*: And I have taken a strange Fancy
 ‘ to the Beast, because he puts me in Mind of
 ‘ my poor Husband. — Most of our *African-*
 ‘ *Company* have been to see him; and they all
 ‘ agree, there is *more in him*, than in a whole
 ‘ Court of *Assistants*.

‘ BUT, for all he looks so big, there is no
 ‘ Manner of Harm in him. He is as Tame,
 ‘ as one of us, Women; and plays twenty
 ‘ clever Tricks, to make People merry, that
 ‘ make much of him. — One cou’dn’t forbear
 ‘ laughing, tho’ one lay a dying, to see, how
 ‘ the good-natur’d, clumsy, Beast will dance
 ‘ *Moll Peatly*! He will so catch up his Feet,
 ‘ and

‘ and frisk round, in a small Compass; and
 ‘ thump the Floor, to keep Time; and move
 ‘ his Back-side to the Musick! and, in short,
 ‘ your other End o’ the Town Dancing-
 ‘ Masters, are *no Body at all*, to him!

‘ HE plays at *Trap-Ball*, in a Rope-Walk,
 ‘ by our House; and strikes out the Ball with
 ‘ his Snout; and is the comicallest poor Crea-
 ‘ ture alive, to be sure! — A Gunner, and a
 ‘ Man of War’s Chaplain of my Acquaintance,
 ‘ are, now, very busy, in teaching him to *dance*
 ‘ *upon the Ropes*; and I must needs say, he
 ‘ comes on, very towardly; only, he look’d
 ‘ a little silly, at first, and tumbled off, when
 ‘ they cry’d, *Jump, for the King*; and cou’dn’t
 ‘ keep steady, for the Life of him. — He
 ‘ cracks Nuts, with his Nose: and makes a
 ‘ woeful Splutter, when he gets Loose among
 ‘ the Herb-Womens Apple-Baskets. — All my
 ‘ Neighbours love him; and tell me, that he
 ‘ will bring in a world of Money, if I would
 ‘ but *make a Show of him*. — Pray, what is your
 ‘ Opinion? And where-about, do you think,
 ‘ it will be best for me to *set up*, with him?
 ‘ In answering this you will do an Act of great
 ‘ Kindness, to

Your afflicted, humble Servant,

SUSAN SOFTLY.

Honourable

Honourable SIR,

‘ **O**BSERVING by some of your *Plain-*
 ‘ *Dealers*, that you are a great Admirer
 ‘ of the *Czar of Muscovy*, I humbly presume
 ‘ to acquaint you, that I am, lately, come out
 ‘ of his Country; and have brought with me
 ‘ a Commodity, call’d a *Russian Bear*. — He
 ‘ has shar’d very largely, in the Improvements
 ‘ of his Fellow Subjects; for, he can fiddle, as
 ‘ well as any Body; he sits bolt up on End,
 ‘ and holds his *Kit* in one Paw, with the Butt
 ‘ End against his Belly; and, with his Fiddle-
 ‘ stick in the other Paw, *tunes it away*, after
 ‘ the *Italian* Manner, with his Head o’ one side,
 ‘ all in Raptures, at his own Harmony! — It
 ‘ wou’d do your Heart good, to look at him,
 ‘ when he is splitting a Note into *Graces*: For
 ‘ he shakes his Nose, and his Paw, together,
 ‘ with such a Variety of melodious *Quavering*,
 ‘ that his *Ear* must be confess’d as *delicate*, as
 ‘ if he had been a *Subscriber* to the *Opera*.

‘ **B**UT, there is one Thing, that I take to
 ‘ be a very particular Happiness to him! He
 ‘ looks, when he is Grave, for all the World,
 ‘ like that Ingenious *Swiss* Gentleman, that
 ‘ has so many diverting Fancies, to get Money,
 ‘ by making Ladies, and Gentlemen, merry
 ‘ together. If they were to be dress’d both
 ‘ alike, I am confident there wou’d be no
 ‘ knowing ’em afunder. May be, that may
 ‘ go a great Way, toward making the poor
 ‘ Thing’s Fortune. — I have him, here in
 ‘ Town

‘ Town, but he is out of Business, at present, so, if you cou’d but be so kind as to put him in some Way of Preferment, he shall wait on you, where you please; and entertain you with a *Sample Lesson*: Which is all, that offers, at this Time from, Honourable
‘ SIR,

Yours to Command,

JONAS QUEER.

I TACK this extraordinary Pair of *Epistles* together, because of a manifest Resemblance in their Contents; and, for that I am desirous to promote a *Union* between Mrs. *Softly*, and Mr. *Queer*. — Their *Beasts*, at least, if not themselves, must be subscribed into a *Joint-Stock*, for the better carrying on of their Trade. — They may afterwards debate, at Leisure, concerning the *Incorporation* of their *Persons*. But, certain it is, that two Animal Artists, of such Sagacity, as both the *African*, and the *Russian* Stranger, cou’d never have honour’d *London* with their Residence, at a properer Time than this: Or, with a fairer Promise, for their own Benefit.

SOME *Statesmen*, who look deep into National Consequences; and discern at a Distance, the Fate of *Mightiness*, and *Ministry*, have pretended to foresee the sudden Downfall of *Opera*! — Who knows, if such a melancholy Revolution shou’d befall the Polite World; but these two, qualify’d, Performers, may take Possession of

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of that deserted Theatre; and, under the Auspices of so noble, and so unanimous, a Board of Directors, out-do, even the surprizing Things, which have already been heard, and seen, there!

OR, suppose, it were, *yet, a Winter*, before the *Haymarket* will be in a Condition to receive them: They cannot fail, in the mean Time, to meet with more than reasonable Encouragement, if they but apply themselves to the Managers, of either of our Theatres: In one, of which, they labour under such a want of good Actors, that two such accomplish'd Comedians (having the Advantage, too, of being *foreign Ones*!) may, certainly, make their own Terms, if they are inclinable to *strengthen the Youngest Company*: Or, if Fortune, against her usual Custom, most propitious to her old Favourites, shou'd dispose their Choice another Way; they may be entertain'd, as *Friends*, and *Allies*, upon the Foot of well-paid Subsidies; the Commanding Officers, of those *Veterans*, entering, lately, with much Vivacity upon New Plans of Action, which fall, immediately, within the Genius of our fourfooted *Virtuoso's*.

HAVING barely touch'd this Hint for the Service of my Correspondents, who are Persons, of great Parts and Industry; I come now to say a Word or two, in my own Person, to the Stages.

MUCH of the Summer is, yet, before us; and *Winter*, being the Season of our Theatrical Campaigning, I shall prepare myself against
that

that Time, to take the Field, at their first Marching: and move, with one, or other of the Bodies, during the whole Course of their Operations. My Readers may then, expect to be entertain'd, from my private Journal, with the Good, or Bad, Discipline, of both Armies: and the Personal Conduct of their Generals, in the Exercises, Evolutions, Sallies, Stratagems, or Engagements, they shall, at any Time be concern'd in.—Let 'em therefore stand *warn'd*: and assure themselves, that I shall animadvert on their Behaviour, with a Frankness, they have been little us'd to; and lay 'em Open, like a PLAIN DEALER.

BUT, to enter on another Subject, I have receiv'd several Letters, from the Female Part of my Care, to complain of my *Odious Title*, (so they call it!) of PLAIN DEALER. — They had *heard of me, it seems, but did not dream I had any Thing in me.* — *They took my Business to have been Politicks.* — *They little thought me the Man they find me.* — *Instead of Humour, and Wit, they look'd for Bluntness, and Malice, from a surly, old, Fellow, that was setting himself up for a Cynick,* — with a great deal more, to the same Purpose. But one arch Flirt, among the Rest, is for *forcing me to declare myself, that People may know, what to make of me.* She is at a Loss how to think, or what to say, of my Papers; and can neither *like*, nor *dislike*, with any Manner of *Certainty*, till she hears, whether I am a *Whig*, or a *Tory*? — She adds, in a Postscript, “ That, perhaps, I may think
“ indifferently

“ indifferently of *both*, and pretend to an Impudent *Neutrality*, like the Old Grafier, in our Civil Wars: who, when he was met, on the Road, by Either of the opposite Parties, and ask'd: *For King? Or for Parliament?* told 'em. — *For Neither: 'till both were wiser.*

THE *Hotheads*, and *Testimonies*, of this present Generation, think it a Disgrace to their Vivacity, not to be as briskly in the Wrong, as their Ancestors. And I pity, very heartily, the Condition of the King's poor Subject, who has sent me the following Letter.

Master PLAIN DEALER,

‘ I WISH you wou'd lend me but one Lash, or two, of your PLAIN DEALING, for some Folks, in Red-Coats, and Others, in no Coats at all: For, if Things go on, as they stand now, an honest Man won't be able to travel the Road, *pro*, and *con*, for a Set of silly Busy-Bodies, that must be meddling with us, about Things, that we have other Matters to do, than to think of. For, you must know, Master *Plain-Dealer*, if you please, That I drive a peaceable Waggon, of my own; and have done so, these Thirty Years, without being molested in my Calling: till now lately, that a Pack of strange People have got a Whim into their Heads, *to make us Englishmen, all, of one Mind*: — But, if ever they bring it about, I will be hang'd, for 'em.

‘ ABOUT

‘ ABOUT Six a Clock, in the Morning on
 ‘ the *Nine and Twentieth Day of May last*, I,
 ‘ and my Waggon, were met, near a Wood-
 ‘ Side, by a Knot, of fifty, or sixty, roaring
 ‘ Fellows, stuck all over with *Oaken Boughs*;
 ‘ and loaded with Branches of the same. —
 ‘ They stopt me, in the Road, to know, *Whe-*
 ‘ *ther I lov’d the Memory of King Charles the*
 ‘ *Second.* — I said, *Yes, with all my Soul.* —
 ‘ At that Word, they fell a dancing, and set
 ‘ up a loud *Huzzaing*: waving their Hats,
 ‘ and their Boughs, till my Team became
 ‘ frightened, and took ’em all to be bewitch’d,
 ‘ and was within a Hair’s Breadth of running
 ‘ away with my Waggon. Then, they hand-
 ‘ ed me a two Quart Brandy-Bottle; and bid
 ‘ me drink a Dram, *To the Glorious Memory of*
 ‘ *the Restoration*: And, as soon as I had got
 ‘ it down, they gave a great Shout, again,
 ‘ stuck my Horses, and my Waggon, all over
 ‘ with Green Boughs; said, I was a *very honest*
 ‘ *Fellow*: and had a *Heart of English Oak*.
 ‘ And, so, we parted, with much Ceremony,
 ‘ and Satisfaction, on both Sides.

‘ BUT, before Eleven, the same Day, as I
 ‘ was driving into a Town, where my Waggon
 ‘ was to *Dine*, there came up, in a great Rage,
 ‘ seven or eight of the Troopers, that were
 ‘ quarter’d there; and ask’d me, *What I busb’d*
 ‘ *out my Horses for?* I told ’em, *To drive Flies*
 ‘ *away*: But they said I was a *Jacobite Rascal*,
 ‘ — that my Horses were guilty of *High-*
 ‘ *Treason*; and my Waggon ought to be
 ‘ *hang’d*.

‘ *hang’d*. --- I answer’d, That it was already
 ‘ *drawn*; and within a Yard or two, of be-
 ‘ ing *Quarter’d*; but as to being hang’d, It
 ‘ was a Compliment, we had no Occasion
 ‘ for, and therefore desir’d them to take it
 ‘ back again, and keep it in their own Hands,
 ‘ ’till they had an Opportunity to make Use
 ‘ of it: --- I had no sooner spoke these
 ‘ Words, but they fell upon me, like Thun-
 ‘ der, stript my Cattle in a Twinkling; and
 ‘ beat me black and blue, with my own
 ‘ Oaken Branches.

‘ THIS went off, and I thought no more
 ‘ of it: ’till the *Tenth Day of June* came. I
 ‘ was then Inn’d in *London*; and, from where
 ‘ my Waggon lay, in *Holborn*, I went to *Soho*
 ‘ *Square*, to deliver a little Parcel, that I had
 ‘ brought up, for my Landlord’s Lady. ---
 ‘ She order’d, That I should have as much
 ‘ Strong Beer, as I cou’d drink, and that I should
 ‘ drink a Health to *her Inclinations*. --- She
 ‘ smil’d at me, and was so kind, as to give
 ‘ me, out of her own Hand, a fine *Nosegay*
 ‘ of *White Roses*. I was very proud of my
 ‘ Nosegay, for my Lady’s Sake, that had
 ‘ given it me: And went along the Street
 ‘ smelling to it, thinking all the Way as I
 ‘ walk’d, How pretty it looks in your *Gentry*,
 ‘ to be so free and good-natur’d with a poor
 ‘ Man, as I am: When, all of a sudden, a
 ‘ Scarecrow, lean Man, in a fine lac’d Coat,
 ‘ snatch’d it out of my Hand, and another
 ‘ Gentleman in red, who was along with Him,

‘ lent me a Cut cross the Shoulders, with a
 ‘ cursed smarting Cane, and told me, —
 “ That he would teach such a dirty Dog, as
 “ I was, to be smelling to *Tory Roses*.

‘ IF I could have got one of these fine Fel-
 ‘ lows all alone with me, in my Waggon, I
 ‘ shou’d have made him *know his Driver*. —
 ‘ But as it was, I thought it best to shew him
 ‘ a good Pair of Heels for it. — Which of us
 ‘ might have *run* fastest, in a fair Field of
 ‘ Battle, I can but give a guess at. — Up-
 ‘ on this Occasion, it was *my* Luck to be
 ‘ nimblest, and outstrip Both of ’em. — I
 ‘ don’t know, for my Part, what to make of
 ‘ all these Doings. They are strange Times
 ‘ we live in ; and as I love to be musing,
 ‘ when I have nothing else to do, methinks,
 ‘ very often, as I travel along the Road, from
 ‘ one End of the Kingdom to another, and
 ‘ find the People of such different Notions, I
 ‘ fancy my Waggon and I are moving upon
 ‘ a Draft Board ; *Old England* is turn’d *Chec-*
 ‘ *quer Work*, and mix’d Black and White all
 ‘ over. So, wishing Things wou’d mend, I
 ‘ rest, *Master* PLAIN DEALER,

Your humble Servant to Command,

RALPH DOBBYN.

The



The Plain Dealer.

No 32

*Verane te facies? Verus mihi nuncius affers?
Vivo equidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco:
Ne dubita, nam vera vides.* VIR.

*Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse Supremum;
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.*

FRIDAY, *July* 10. 1724.

I MADE a Visit, the other Day, to a Gentleman, who has a Country-House, near *London*; and, while we refresh'd ourselves with a Social Glass, in a Summer Bower, which he has rais'd above the Corner of his Garden-Wall, I observ'd him to fix his Eyes, with much Attention, on the Gate of a stately Building, that stood on the opposite Side of the Road. — The Mistress, said he, of that fine House, has been charming me, all this Morning, in a Poem, which was written, in Praise of her Extraordinary Beauty, by a very celebrated, *English*, Genius. — The warm, and lively, Imagination of the Poet has plac'd her exactly before me! I feel, methinks, the Influence of her Eyes! I am enchanted, by her Air and Movement! — But I lose myself in Rapture, while I seem to gaze upon

S 2

that

that Spring of Youth, which he describes with so much Wantonness ! That *living, thinking*, Bloom ! that quickens her soft Languor ; and adds Health, and Joy, to Loveliness. — But, see ! — Look yonder ! The very Charmer comes, This ! this ! is she : This gay, young, wish'd, ador'd dear Master-piece of Nature ; whom I have been reading of, with so much Transport.

I STARTED up, in great Amazement ; and, inflam'd by eager Curiosity, look'd out, to see this Prodigy. — But I beheld no other than a thin, wither'd, stooping, old Lady ; whom Two Servants, with much seeming Difficulty, supported ; and were leading along, between them, toward a Coach, that waited for her, at the Gate. Her Head, and both her Hands, shook, strongly, with the Palsy ; but every other Part seem'd motionless, and quite insensible. — I sigh'd at the Appearance of so mortifying an Object ! And recall'd my Eyes, from aking at it, to fix 'em, reproachfully, upon my Friend, for his ill-pointed Levity, in sporting with the Weakness, and Misery of Human Nature. --- Yet *This*, said he, *was once*, so chang'd as we now see her ! that Divine ! that Godlike ! that resistless Miracle ! whom, to contemplate, in *Dryden's* warm Description of her Influence, when the Hearts of a gay Monarch, and a Court of Rival Lovers, were the Trophies of her Beauty, *Who* could think, that Time wou'd thus reduce her, to a *Contradiction* of all those flourishing

rishing Attractions ; which, though perish'd in the chang'd Original, will bloom, for ever, in the Poet's Picture.

I PROTEST, the sudden Shock, which this malicious Artfulness of my good Friend's Morality surpriz'd and struck me with, quite damp'd, and overwhelm'd my Chearfulness. --- I sicken'd, at this *too near* and *naked* View of Life, without its *Palliatives*. — I resolv'd to drink no more. — Your Wine, said I, has lost its Relish, and your Society is grown insipid ; from the tingling Thoughts which you have fill'd me with. — So, rising for my Hat and Gloves, I took my Leave abruptly, and walk'd homeward, cross the Fields, oppress'd with musing Melancholy.

I have not, to this Moment, lost the Weight of its Oppression ; and shall never cease to wonder, That the *Young* reflect so seldom on the Shortness of their Spring, when yet the *Old* are always near us ; and the *Younger* coming up behind, to push us forward into Winter. — It was a sharp and startling Answer, *That* of the *Armenian* Beggar, who, leaning double on his Staff, was ask'd by a young jesting Coxcomb, How much that *Bow* had cost him ? For I wou'd be glad, said he, to buy one — *Have Patience*, answer'd the old Man, *and, if God prolongs your Life, you will have as good a one for nothing.*

THERE is but one Thing Here, that can deserve our constant Thoughts, and that is the very Thing, which we most hate to think of!

— What ought, so frequently, to busy our Remembrance, as the only sure, and unavoidable common Lot of ALL who ever liv'd, who now do live ; or who shall live hereafter ? --- Where are, now, *Times past* ? --- We toil, and strive, and labour on, through Life, as if *to live* were our chief Business ! Unmindful, all the while, what empty Shadows we are grasping at ; and for how short a Time, and how uncertainly they can be Ours, when we have gain'd them. What is become of all those busy Bustlers, who have liv'd and died before us ? Are they not vanished, and forgotten ? They have made their Way thro' Life, as an Eagle does through Air ; and their Path is clos'd up after them ; nor have they left a Track to follow by.

TIME is the greatest of all *Deceivers* ; but deceives us, without *flattering* us. --- It has a Tongue in every Steeple ; and points its Finger to the Dial's Shadow, to alarm and give us Notice. But we neglect its hourly Summons ; we trust its gentle Pace ; against the Harshness of its Warning. Yet, were we wise, we should think Time a smooth, but precipitate Current, that carries us down to Death, whether we are bound thither, or no : And *He* will, always, have the roughest Passage, who, instead of gliding quietly, will be struggling to swim against it.

LIFE has nothing, that is truly desirable, but the Presence of those we love ; yet this, of all its Pleasures, is most precarious and unstable.

unstable. --- Are we charm'd by the Power of *Beauty*? Let us learn from such an Object, as the once blooming Lady, whom I have been speaking of, that it is a false and fluid Prospect. --- It is chang'd since Yesterday; and will be further chang'd, To-morrow. --- *All*, that is *Ours*, is mutable. We still, indeed, *live on*; but we are no longer what we have been, nor can we continue what we are. Though the River is still known by its old Name, its Waters, To-day, are not the same Waters that were Yesterday. Not our Blood alone is flowing, and in constant Motion; our Faces, Strength, Health, Comforts, Fears, Joys, Miseries, and Dangers, all move and mix us in one Gulph, *Eternity*!

I KNOW nothing so *ridiculous*, as what is call'd being *serious*: nor is any thing more *idle*, than what we usually term *Business*. --- We wou'd be *fortunate*, *lov'd*, *fear'd*, *great*, every thing, but what we *shou'd be*: --- For, whoever, in this Life, proposes to be completely happy, hopes to build, like the Men of *Babel*; and wou'd raise a Pile, *as high as Heaven*, without Foundation to erect it on. The World is too narrow to allow Dimensions for a *Basis*, where the wild-intended Height is so unproportionably extravagant.

The *Mahometans*, who affect, after the ancient Manner of the *Eastern* Writers, to express their Moral Doctrine, in a kind of proverbial Chain of Parallels; say, there are *six* Things which a wise Man will ground no

Hopes on : --- The Colour of a Cloud, because imaginary. The Friendship of the Covetous, because mercenary. The Love of Women, because inconstant. Beauty, because frail. Praise, because airy : And, the Pleasures of this World, because deceitful.

IT is equally to be wonder'd at, since Life is so little valuable, and Death so certain, and unavoidable, " That we should be so unreasonably fond of the One ; and, so fruitlessly " afraid of the Other." There is no Harbour on this Side *Death* : And, the nearer we approach to those shining Follies, which we pursue with such dangerous Eagerness, the more we multiply our Cares, and distract and weary our own Purposes. The whole Earth is not broad enough for two proud Fools to quarrel in ! whereas *Death* is the End of Contest, the weary Man's Repose, the great Man's Glory, the sick Man's Health, the poor Man's Comfort ; and a Shelter against Wrongs and Misery.

SINCE a Traveller can enjoy Pleasure, by often thinking on his Journey's End, while he is yet but upon the Road toward it ; why might not Death be made familiar to us, and disrob'd of its false Terrors, by accustoming ourselves to look out for it ? To acquaint ourselves with it, at a Distance, during our Journey, through Life to it ? Life is, properly, a Journey ; but differs from our other Journeys, of less Consequence, in this surprizing Particular, " That we are travelling as fast, while
" we

“ we are sleeping, and intend no Progress;
 “ as, when we are awake, and know we are
 “ moving.

LIFE, then, being a Journey, Death, I think, may be consider'd as an *Inn* at the *Land's End*: And, since the Traveller, when he comes thither, is still oblig'd to go farther; and must set out for Discoveries, upon a deep and unknown Ocean; if he takes not along with him, fit Provisions for his Voyage, he must be either a Fool or a Madman.

THE Difference between the *Great* Man, and the *Good* Man, is never so plainly seen as when they, both, come to *die*. Then, the one shuts his Eyes; and steps, trembling, and in the Dark, into the Dreadfulness of Uncertainty: While the other smiles, with Joy, upon the Enlargement of his opening Prospect; and comes, out of a miry Labyrinth, into Day-light, and a boundless *Champion*! --- I sometimes take Pleasure to consider the Birth of Man, as a Commitment of his Soul to Prison; where, during the Life of the Body, it is chain'd short, and can move but a creeping Pace; and in limited and dusky Stages. But, it is set free, and unfetter'd, by Death, and, at one Spring, reaches Heaven. --- Such Discharge is, to the Soul, what Light is, to the Eye; when it opens Colours, and Objects, which before, were conceal'd in Darkness.

Thus, then, when it is said, we *die*, we are rather *born* into real Being; we are enfranchis'd, by the Grant of Death, and incorporated

rated among the Millions upon Millions, who have died before us. Those we leave, are a Number, very small and inconsiderable, in Comparison with those we go to. The Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, the heroick Conquerors, the shining Poets of Antiquity, and the whole, assembled Congress, of long-known and glorious, Characters, who have flourish'd, from the World's Creation, are to be the Company, to whose familiar Converse *Death* will introduce us. --- And, that we may add one charming Hope, to warm and sweeten, all the rest! *There*, too, we shall, perhaps, embrace, and be restor'd to, those lost Friends, we lov'd, most dearly: and whom we never more expected to have met with.

BUT, I will, now, relieve my Readers from the Severity of these Reflections, by entertaining them with a Copy of Verses; which, I am assur'd, were, really, written to a Lady, eminent for her Wit, and Beauty: by a Gentleman, who thought it no Disgrace to her Loveliness, to mix his Admiration of it, with the Memory, that she was mortal.

To CLELIA, in the COUNTRY.

On the pulling down St. Martin's Church.

WHILE from the noisy Crowd, you lean, retir'd,
 In silent Shades, by Love of Thought inspir'd,
 I, vex'd by varied Cares, to Business chain'd,
 Mourn'd your lost Converse, and in Town remain'd.
Dark,

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*Dark, as the Midnight World, your Sunshine gone,
Guideless, in sullen Gloom, I wander'd on.
Passion's wild Influence ebb'd, and flow'd, my Mind;
As Seas drive diff'rent, with the changing Wind.
But, to what Point so'er my Will was bound,
In vain I turn'd th'unresting Compass round:
Doubtful, a while, the wav'ring Needle hung;
Then, trembling, backward to your Image sprung.*

*Pensive, I view'd a Sacred Pile, of late,
Which falls, like Man, to rise in nobler State.
The Doors, thrown wide, it seem'd unveil'd to lie:
And rev'rend Ruin struck my startled Eye!
Ent'ring, amidst the busy Hammers Sound,
I saw Time's dusty Trophies scatter'd round.
Each violated Pillar stood, bedew'd;
And wept, in solemn Grief, a Fate so rude.
From Tombs, by Force disjoin'd, reluctant Stones
Roll'd, mix'd with Clouds of Dust, and human Bones.
From faithless Walls, defac'd Inscriptions fled:
And to long Night consign'd the nameless Dead.
The Pews pale Squares, in their whole lengthen'd Row,
Gave Way, and open'd a sad Scene, below!
Beauty, Youth, Wealth, and Pow'r, reduc'd to Clay,
Larded with Bones, yet moist, unshelter'd, lay.
Remnants of Eyeless Skulls, with concave Stare,
Mock'd the proud Looks, which living Charmers wear.
Coffins rose, broke, unfaithful to their Trust!
And Flesh flew round me, in unjointed Dust.
Scarce a short Span, beneath that op'ning Floor,
Where kneeling Charmers pray'd, the Week before;
Where Forms, like Tours! rejoic'd th' admiring Eye,
Forms, once, like Tours! in naked Atoms, lie.*

O!

O! Fate of failing Life! O! flatt'ring, Dream!
What wintry Sunshine is Thy shadowy Gleam!

*Thus, while I mus'd, Thy Soul approach'd my Ear:
 Thy soft-wing'd Soul! that, always, hovers near.
 See'st Thou, it sigh'd, How these sad Relicks lie!
 And do'st Thou fear, that CLELIA thus can die?
 No, she's All Mind: and Her immortal Name,
 Eluding Death's short Reach, shall tread on Fame.
 Tongues, yet unthought-of, CLELIA shall adorn,
 And charm adoring Nations, yet unborn.
 Heroes, at whose Resolves the World will shake,
 Shall treat thy Sex with Rev'rence, for thy Sake:
 And each fair Tyrant, who wou'd Empress be,
 Form but One Wish —*

“ To Think, and Look, like Thee.



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Ostendit Tibi Te. ———

H O R.

MONDAY, *July* 13. 1724.

AMONG some extraordinary Epistles, which have been lately sent me, I had the Honour to receive the following, from the Right Worshipful Mr. Alderman *Blunder*: But, not thinking fit to reply to it, explicitly, I have only taken it, *Ad Referendum*, as
our

our good Neighbours, the *Dutch States*, receive Petitions, which they find themselves inclinable to answer with the political Eloquence of *saying nothing*.

S I R,

‘ I And Mr. *Weathercock*, were at a Tavern,
 ‘ with *Ned Volatile*; who may have *Wit*,
 ‘ for any thing I know to the contrary: But,
 ‘ as for *Money*, I dare be positive, that the
 ‘ first Time he saves *Six-pence*, will be when
 ‘ he has but a *Groat* in his Pocket. And yet
 ‘ this extravagant young Fellow (as I have
 ‘ lately been well inform’d) has the under-
 ‘ hand Impudence to *make Love to my Daugh-*
 ‘ *ter*! --- A Whim took him, while we were
 ‘ merry together, that he must set himself,
 ‘ forsooth, to *Scribbling*. ---- Presently, it
 ‘ comes into my Head, that he was writing
 ‘ a Love-Letter to my Daughter: And so,
 ‘ pretending to mind nothing but Talking, I
 ‘ lean’d back in my Chair, and overlook’d
 ‘ what he was doing. --- But, as if the young
 ‘ Rogue had had Eyes in his Elbows, he
 ‘ broke off what he had begun, and writ, thus,
 ‘ in a new Place. --- *If an impertinent Old*
 ‘ *Fellow, that sits by me, did not overlook what*
 ‘ *I am writing, I should have told you a plea-*
 ‘ *sant Secret* --- I let him alone, as far as
 ‘ this; but, then, being thoroughly provok’d,
 ‘ at his calling me Names, I told him round-
 ‘ ly, *That he was a Lyar, and an unmannerly*
 ‘ *young Coxcomb, to pretend to write Folks*
 ‘ *Word,*

‘ *Word, that I overlook’d his Letter, when I*
‘ *had not so much as seen a single Word he had*
‘ *been writing. --- The only Answer he gave*
‘ *me, was, to laugh till he tumbled out of*
‘ *his Chair. But I wou’d have him to know,*
‘ *that this is no laughing Matter. Mr. Wea-*
‘ *thercock says, he is in the Wrong : But, that*
‘ *he was in the Right of it too. I don’t much*
‘ *like this Decision, because I can’t tell what*
‘ *to make of it ; so I resolv’d to refer it to*
‘ *you ; and, pray tell the pert young Jack-*
‘ *anapes his own : which is the Needful.*

I rest, Yours to serve you,

HABAKKUK BLUNDER.

P. S. *Mr. Thomas Tiresome has something*
to say, which he will write, by the same
Hand.

Worthy S I R,

‘ **M**Y good Friend, the Alderman, saying,
‘ he was to write to you upon extraor-
‘ dinary Business, makes me lay hold on this
‘ Opportunity, to ask a little of your wife
‘ Advice, what I shall do with the Sum of
‘ Twelve Hundred and Ninety Three Pounds
‘ Sterling, which are come back upon my
‘ Hands, by selling out my *India Stock*, very
‘ seasonably, upon this melancholy Story, that
‘ is whisper’d about, so cautiously, concern-
‘ ing the *Great Mogul’s* entering into an Alli-
‘ ance against Prince *Tockmas*, and the *Czar*
‘ of

‘ of *Muscovy* ? --- My Broker is for *South-Sea*
 ‘ *Dipping* : Because, now, says he, it is Low-
 ‘ Water, in those Parts, and the Danger of
 ‘ Drowning not half so great, as it was for-
 ‘ merly. But, I believe, I shall stay, till
 ‘ their New House is quite finish’d ; and,
 ‘ then, perhaps, I may, for any thing I see
 ‘ to the contrary, stay still a little longer :
 ‘ For the young King of *Spain* seems to have
 ‘ more in his Head than ordinary. They say
 ‘ he is *angry with the Irish* already, because
 ‘ of the Bustle they made at *Cadiz* lately ;
 ‘ and, if the *next he falls out with* shou’d be
 ‘ the *English*, *South-Sea* will go near to pinch
 ‘ for it. — Besides, who can tell (you know)
 ‘ what may happen, upon the Choice of this
 ‘ *New Pope* ? He won’t let People wear good
 ‘ Cloaths : And, some of our publick Prints
 ‘ say, that he is so horribly covetous, that
 ‘ he makes the Cardinals go bald-headed,
 ‘ to save the Charge of buying Perriwigs !
 ‘ Pray, what can be his Meaning, in all
 ‘ this, but only to ruin the *Protestant In-*
 ‘ *terest*, and make *Stocks fall*, to destroy
 ‘ *Trade*, in downright Spite to *Old England* ?
 ‘ The poor Bays-Makers, at *Colchester*, seem
 ‘ to suffer for it, already : And the Weavers
 ‘ that are *Up*, about *Columpton*, have much
 ‘ ado to be kept *Quiet* at it ! — Then, again,
 ‘ What could the *French King* mean, by calling
 ‘ home the *Marshal de Villeroy* ? I make no
 ‘ Doubt, but there is some Mischief in *that*
 ‘ too. --- In short, while Things stand in this
 ‘ ticklish

‘ ticklish Posture, a wary Man will think
 ‘ twice, before he runs into the *Stocks*. --
 ‘ Indeed, if the King of *Prussia* should come
 ‘ over, there might be some Reason for ven-
 ‘ turing: But, as it is, I am afraid, I must
 ‘ lay out my Money in *Lottery Tickets*: For,
 ‘ when all comes to all, *that* is the only *abso-*
 ‘ *lute Certainty*. — Knowing you to be a long-
 ‘ headed Man, would be glad to have your
 ‘ Opinion, in a Matter of such extraordinary
 ‘ Difficulty.

Your Friend,

THOMAS TIRESOME.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ I AM a good agreeable young Woman, of
 ‘ a very *Loyal* Family: and have a most
 ‘ mortal Aversion for a *Roundhead*. It gives
 ‘ me no small Pain to observe how fast they
 ‘ increase, in this present Generation. Pray,
 ‘ make publick Proclamation, in the Name of
 ‘ *Us our ownself*, and many Hundred unsub-
 ‘ scribing, *Spinsters, who adhere to our Opinion*,
 ‘ That a Fat, Chubby Face, with a Short,
 ‘ Thick Neck, and Broad, Big Shoulders,
 ‘ were never made for *Nightcap Perriwigs*,
 ‘ of the New, Scarecrow Model! that shew
 ‘ the *Ears* a little of the *Longest*: but all the
 ‘ rest of the Head, as *Round*, and as *Empty*,
 ‘ as

“ as a Cypher.” — Give the *Great O's* this Hint, from

Your humble Servant,

ARAMINTA SQUEAMISH.

Old PLEASANT ONES,

‘ **T**HIS comes to acquaint you, That my
 ‘ dear Spouse is taken sick, of a sudden,
 ‘ and stands in need, to the utmost Degree,
 ‘ of that Experience in *Mind-Midwifery*, which
 ‘ you gave out Bills about, in your XXVIIth
 ‘ Paper. — Pray, let Doctor *Jyngle* be sent
 ‘ for, immediately: And beg him to come
 ‘ away, whether his Chariot is brought home
 ‘ or no. — We must have him, though he
 ‘ comes in a Wheel-barrow. — The Bearer
 ‘ knows how to bring him: And, pray, let
 ‘ his *Emetics* be such as will work deep, and
 ‘ fetch up *Choler*, as well as *Flegm*. — Rage-
 ‘ ing *Jealousy* is the Distemper: And, if the
 ‘ *Bitter*, and *Green*, and *Yellow*, that lie as
 ‘ low as my poor *Fubsy's* Heart, is not, all,
 ‘ brought away by it, he had e'en as good
 ‘ give her a Caudle.

‘ BUT, unless Doctor *Jyngle* has better Phy-
 ‘ sick, for sick Minds, than those *Poetical*
 ‘ *Pills*, which you prescribe, out of the *Classi-*
 ‘ *cal Dispensatory*, I shall have little Faith in
 ‘ his *Modus of Practising*. — I have try'd, to
 ‘ no Purpose, an admirable *Modern Doctor*,
 ‘ who has given us finer *Recipe's* of that
 ‘ Kind, for Cure of either the Hot or Cold

T

‘ Fits

' blaz'd out at both her Eyes ; and, with a
 ' frightful flaming Face, she tore the *Recipe*
 ' in a thousand Pieces ; and burnt so strong,
 ' and so outrageously, that, fearing I should be
 ' scorch'd as she flew toward me, and not be-
 ' ing, just then, provided with one of Mr. *God-*
 ' *frey's Chymical Extinguishers*, I had no Way
 ' left to quench the Fire, but by Affusion of
 ' my *Sillabub* ; which, very fortunately, *put*
 ' *her out*, by the Copiousness of its Adhesion.
 ' But I was so frightened at the Ebullition that
 ' ensued immediately upon it, that I ran away
 ' as fast as I was able ; having left her a good
 ' deal cool'd, and in a fair Way to be extin-
 ' guish'd.

' I THOUGHT it proper to give you this
 ' Intelligence, how far I have fail'd, that
 ' Doctor *Jyngle* may come, prepar'd, with
 ' more powerful, and searching Remedies.
 ' --- Let him make but a thorough Cure, and
 ' I'll warrant him we do his Business. There
 ' are Nine-and-Thirty Ladies of Quality, of
 ' my *Fubsy's* particular Acquaintance, who
 ' are All down, at this very Time, of the
 ' self-same Distemper ; and All taken, too,
 ' with the *Conflagration*, exactly as she, her-
 ' self, is. He shall never want good Patients,
 ' if his *Emeticks* but go to the Bottom. --- I
 ' am, in no small Impatience,

Dear PLEASANT ONES,

Thine, most Expectantly,

GREGORY DINGLE, *Knight.*

T 2

Oxford,

Oxford, July 1, 1724.

Mr, *Plain-Dealer*,

‘ I HAVE a wonderful Piece of News for
 ‘ you ; and desire, that you will apprize
 ‘ the World, That *Wit* may be *worth some-*
 ‘ *thing*, when a little *Good Fortune* goes along
 ‘ with it. --- My *Muse* was so long my
 ‘ *Mistress*, that I began to grow weary of
 ‘ her ; and she has been so kind, in the very
 ‘ Nick, as to help me to a *Wife*. --- I had
 ‘ been in Love above three Years, and never
 ‘ got three good Words from the dear Ty-
 ‘ rant ; ’till I went a Fishing with her, one
 ‘ hot Evening, in the Middle of last Month.
 ‘ --- She delighted much in Angling, out of
 ‘ an old Summer-House, over a River, that
 ‘ makes part of her own Royalty. --- Upon
 ‘ these Occasions, you must know, I was
 ‘ always her *Humble Trout* ; and it was my
 ‘ Business to bait her Hooks, and sit, and read
 ‘ to her while she watch’d her Fishing Rods.
 ‘ But, that happy Evening, abovemention’d,
 ‘ I had, upon a Hint out of Doctor *Donne*,
 ‘ compos’d three little *Stanza’s* ; and, hiding
 ‘ the Paper they were waiten in, betwixt
 ‘ the Leaves of one of the Volumes of *Dry-*
 ‘ *den’s Miscellanies*, I read her the Title, and
 ‘ Verses, as if they had been part of the Print-
 ‘ ed Collection,

To a LADY, who lov'd ANGLING.

*S*ome, by the bending Reed's slow Aid,
May boast th' unwary Fish betray'd:
Others may finny Shoals beset,
And sweep 'em with the treach'rous Net.

*But, why shou'd SYLVIA use Deceit,
Who is, herself, her own best Bait?
Step but, undress'd, within the Brook,
And smile at every needless Hook:*

*Each willing Fish will round thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.
Or, if one Fish, uncaught, goes by,
That Fish is Wiser, far than I!*

' She was taken with 'em, as I cou'd wish;
' and, without dreaming that they were mine,
' cry'd out, to hear 'em again; for nothing,
' sure! was ever so pretty: But, observing
' me very careful to conceal the Inside of the
' Book, she snatch'd it out of my Hand; and,
' discovering her Mistake, blush'd, and cry'd
' *Pish!* — and look'd most charmingly silly!
' — But, in short, my Bait took so well, that
' I have now got her on a Hook, that she is
' never like to slip off from, 'till one of us has
' done with Fishing in *this* World; which
' has at present, no happier Creature in it,
' than

Your most fortunate Humble Servant,

PETER TROUT.

T 3

SIR,

SIR,

‘ IT is said, that *England*, within this last
 ‘ Century, is grown Richer, and more Po-
 ‘ tent, beyond Comparifon, than in the Days
 ‘ of our Forefathers. I verily believe, it is
 ‘ fo: Because the Increase of Rank Weeds is
 ‘ a natural Indication of Strength in the Soil
 ‘ that breeds them. I was reading, the other
 ‘ Day, That in the Reign of King *Edward*
 ‘ the Second, the Number of *Attorneys* was
 ‘ limited; and one hundred and forty declar’d
 ‘ fufficient, to ferve the whole Kingdom!

‘ WHAT a Surplufage of rapacious Claws
 ‘ has this Nation then to fpare, if we were dif-
 ‘ pos’d to cut our Nails, and fend the Parings
 ‘ to our Neighbours! — Put the Cafe, Mr.
 ‘ *Plain-Dealer*, That yout Friend, the *Czar*
 ‘ of *Ruffia*, were to borrow thirty or forty
 ‘ thoufand of our *Inns o’Court Labourers*, to
 ‘ help his own clumsy Subjects, in Digging
 ‘ that Canal, for joining the two great Rivers
 ‘ you were mentioning? I can but fmile to
 ‘ think, how happy they wou’d make him!
 ‘ — Let his Rivers be never fo diftant, they
 ‘ will bring ’em together by the Ears; and
 ‘ work away every Inch of the firm Ground
 ‘ between them. — You can’t think, what an
 ‘ admirable Talent they have at your *Dirty*
 ‘ *Work*: for, where-ever they find a Hole,
 ‘ they never leave it, ’till it is pafte ftopping.
 ‘ — So, pray, ufe your Intereft, to procure
 ‘ a Transportation in that Monarch’s Favour,
 ‘ of

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‘ of these *Root-and-Branch* *Pioneers*; for ’tis
‘ Pity, so great a Prince shou’d want an As-
‘ sistance that we cou’d lend him, without do-
‘ ing ourselves the least Hurt by it. I am,

Yours, as far as is left of me,

GOOSE FEATHERLESS.



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Notus in fratres animi paterni. HOR.

FRIDAY, *July* 17. 1724.

I NEVER wak’d in more Harmony, and
Composure of Mind, than I did Yesterday
Morning; when, rising chearfully, with my
Spirits more diffused than ordinary, I visited
my Friend the *Major*, whose Face, as often
as I see it, makes me happier than I was be-
fore. From his firm, and steady Temper, I
learn to break the Force of my Disappoint-
ments, by the Patience with which I receive
them: And I am taught, by his Generosity,
to feel the Weight of no Misfortunes, but
those which oppress my Friends, whom I love,
without being able to comfort. — When I see
this Gentleman despising, and even adorning
T 4 himself

himself by, his Afflictions, I am ashamed to have ever murmured, or considered my own as burthensome.

I FOUND this faithful Friend reading one of my printed Papers, and entertaining his little Family, with all the Chearfulness of the Fortunate. — He rose, and received me, smiling. I have been Reasoning away some Pain, said he, by the Influence of your PLAIN DEALER. How powerful are your Thoughts? And how happy am I in your Friendship? What a Force of Delight comes with the Praise of those we love? It is Musick to the Mind, and our Cares dissolve before it.

THE generous Fulness of his Heart, was prepared to say much more, if I had not interrupted him, by proposing a Walk into the Fields. — It was one of those sweet, sunless Days, when, though no Place was shelter'd, yet every Place would be shady. We had wander'd, without designing it, 'till we found ourselves by *Chelsea-College*. The Grandeur, Use, and Beauty of that Building, charm'd us into a short Silence, which the *Major* broke agreeably, by these apt, and just, Reflections.

THOUGH *Charity* is last in Rank, when we name the three great Virtues, it stands first, methinks, in Dignity; for it seems to include the others. There may be *Faith*, and *Hope*, where there is no *Charity*; but there can be no *Charity* without both. It imployes *Faith* in the easy Credit which it allows to affirm'd and rational Appearances: And it applies
Hope

Hope to its own, and others Benefit, by indulging an Expectation, that all that is amiss, will mend; and Ills produce good Consequences. The common Notion of this Virtue, centers in a contracted Beneficence toward the Support of the Poor and Needy: And that, too, for the most Part, when the Bestower has no longer the Power of enjoying what he parts with. Whereas *Charity*, in its noblest Sense, requires a Return of *good Offices*, to the very Malice that oppresses us: For, it teaches us not only to *act well*, but also to *think generously*. — It banishes from the human Soul, all its fordid Affections; All Partiality to our own Interests; All Attachment to our own Opinions; All Jealousies, and low Suspicions, concerning the Designs, Words, and Actions, of those we hear of, or converse with. It is, in short, the great Refiner, and Ennobler of the Mind: It swells the Heart with Pity, Friendship, Justice, Pardon, Openness, and Magnanimity; And stifles the inward Struggles of Self-preference, Revenge, Distrust, Pride, Avarice, and Ignorance.

THOUGH it is certain, answered I, That *Charity*, at full Extent, is no less than you describe her; yet, even in the Sense most limited, her Influence is sweet, and amiable. How wretched would many Thousands be, through want of the most common Comforts, if Ostentation did not borrow the white Robe of Charity, to disguise her Pride of Heart, in the Appearance of Humility! And if the
Miser,

Miser, on the Brink of Life, did not fill his trembling Hands with Benefits, that bless the Destitute as effectually, as if his Will, and not his Penitence, had urged him to bestow them !

How many want the Pity, which even an Hospital can give them ? How many return hungry, cold, weary, disappointed, and despairing, to their famish'd, and unfriended Children ? What double Death would it be to an unhoping, wanting Husband, to see the Breast of a lov'd Wife dry'd up with killing Want ; and a dying Infant held, in vain, to her insensible, exhausted Bosom ? — I know, you feel not that you can be miserable, 'till you think of the *more miserable* : And I should not, therefore, haunt so apprehensive a Reflection, with Apparitions of imagined Sorrow. But, how frequent would such Lots become, if not prevented by the *late*, indeed, yet always *welcome*, Bounty, of those Founders, even of our common Houses of Compassion ? Our Monuments of Death-Bed Bribery ! to which, for the Example's sake, *This* World allows the Name of Charity !

It has been remarked, but, I hope, it was unjustly, That the Charity of Women is much narrower than that of Men. — If this is true, it is an Accident which must be owing to some Error in their Education ; for Nature meant it otherwise, and soften'd their tender Minds, to fit them for Impressions of a mild, and pitying Quality. — In all the Sculptures, and fine Paintings of Antiquity, we see Charity represented

sented as a smiling *Woman*, to shew, it is the *Sex's Virtue* ; and, that Sweetness, Grace, and Bounty, should adorn a Lady's Loveliness. — When I see a Woman fortunate, yet narrow-minded, and unmerciful, I look with Scorn upon her Beauty, and think most upon the Dross it covers. I grow angry at beholding such a gay and gilded Sepulchre, and turn my Eyes from her shining Dust, to the more grateful Earth, which it was taken from.

How different, replied the *Major*, from such a Woman as you are describing, is the charming *Belvidera*? I have seen her lovely Features, which give new Joy to the *Triumphant*, languish, and look comfortless, when she has heard of the *Unhappy*. — Her Voice, which wakes the Soul, and calls it up into the Ear, with all the Musick of a Trumpet, falls, and trembles, when she talks of Wretchedness, which she is sensible she cannot remedy. The Numbers whom she obliges, have two Rival Benefactors, which divide and perplex their Gratitude; for they know not which most merits it, her *Manner*, or her *Bounty*. — To such a sweet Excess of Tenderness does *Belvidera* raise her Charity, that she would be old, unseen, unlovely, rather than adorable, as she now is; because she *pains*, where she must *only pity*. — She is, at once, the most charming, and least conscious, of all Women!

WHILE we were speaking of her, we were surprized in the most agreeable Manner possible, by the Sight of her Chariot passing us.
— She

— She bowed very humbly, and order'd it to stop ; and, while her Servants retir'd, with a Politeness and Sensibility, which I have very seldom remark'd in Persons of their low Condition, she receiv'd us with an Air of Sweetness, that resembled the Idea which we have of a descending Angel. — She lamented, that she was in her Chariot ; because her Coach, she said, might have held us all ; she wou'd, therefore, *leave* it, to bless our Walk. The Major offer'd her his Arm ; at which I felt a kind of foolish Envy, which I knew not how to reconcile with my growing Passion for *Patty Amble*.

How attractive is Beauty, when it is soften'd by the humblest Modesty, and yet dignify'd by Wit and Majesty ! — She busied and delighted my Soul ; and I was so transported by her Voice and Sentiments, that I fell in Love with my own Silence, because it prolong'd the Pleasure of her Speaking.

WE were join'd in this Place, very unexpectedly, by *Ned Volatile*, who had enquir'd for us at the *Major's*, and rambled hither in pursuit of us. He had never seen *Belvidera*, nor so much as knew who she was, yet came up with his usual Air, of brisk Assurance and Sufficiency. — *What !* cry'd he, *my Old Friends engag'd in a Confederacy against my Liberty !* Then he retreated, with a kind of counterfeit Astonishment, and, lowering his Voice, went on thus, looking, with a genteel Levity, upon the Lady ; *I don't know, Ma-*
dam,

dam, what undeserv'd good Opinion you may have, of these grave Gentlemen; but I shall never be brought to think patiently of 'em again. — 'Twas ungenerous, and unpardonable, to give a poor Wretch no Warning; but draw him in, with an unguarded Breast, to stand the Mark of all these Charms, where it is impossible but I must fall by some of 'em!

Believe me, Sir, reply'd *Belvidera*, with a Mixture of Disdain and Compassion; *The Danger* you complain of, is too small to excuse your Terror. — However open your Heart may lie, few first Blows reach thither. — If you are wounded at Sight, the Hurt was only in your Eyes; and the Armour, you should have been defended by, was not a Breast-Plate, but a Head-Piece.

I SHALL never forget, with what an Air of Surprize and Awe, poor *Ned Volatile* started back, at the piercing Voice of *Belvidera*, and from the smiling Sharpness of her Satire: But I love the young Rogue's Virtue; and, I own, my Heart triumph'd for him, under the Mortification of this Retreat; for it fate on him, methought, more gracefully, than all his natural Gayety.

HE kept behind us all the Way, in a sincere and becoming Confusion, listning, attentively, to *Belvidera*, without one Attempt to Rally: But I observ'd him, at length, draw out his Pocket-Book with a Sigh; in which, he writ for Three or Four Minutes, and then, giving it into my Hands, I found he had been
penning

penning down his *Dying Speech*, with a woful Warning to all Christian People, to take Example by his Suffering.

*Let rash, young Fools for what I now endure,
Learn, never to believe their Hearts secure :
Once, O ye Gay! a striking Hour may come,
When Mirth shall cease to smile ; and Wit grow dumb!
The light, low Jest! the giddy Repartee !
The chearful Triflings, of the Vain and Free !
When Love's warm Hand shall wake the wond'ring
[Heart,
Will shame the Mem'ry, and increase the Smart.
Ob! Love! — from Midnight Mirth, Wit, Friends,
[and Wine,
Take my snatch'd Soul, from this soft Moment Thine.*

I cou'd not resist the Temptation I was under, to make Atonement for *Ned's* Impertinence, by presenting his Poetick Penitence to the Divine *Belvidera* : She perus'd it with a conscious Blush, and an Air of eloquent Disorder, which has given a reviving Hope to the Distress of her new Lover. But it robb'd us too soon of her Company ; for she took Leave presently after, and, permitting her Hand to *Ned Volatile*, stept, again, into her Chariot, and left us, melancholy, and dissatisfy'd.

THE Major and I, were for returning to our first Subject, and had resum'd the Discourse of Charity ; but *Ned* would have nothing but Love. His whole Soul was fill'd with

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with the Image of *Belvidera*: And a Passion, which, 'till now, he cou'd never mention seriously, was become, on a sudden, the darling Theme of his Conversation. — Groves, Brooks, and *Belvidera*, were the Objects of his enamour'd Fancy. — Silence, Thought, Shade, Solitude, Things which he had never before a Notion of, presented themselves to his Imagination, as the most desirable Delights of Nature. — The Major oblig'd him beyond Acknowledgment, and won all that remain'd of his Heart, by talking to him of a Poem, which he cou'd shew him, when he came Home, call'd, *The Picture of Love*; and repeating out of it some Lines, the most adapted to *Ned's* new Circumstances.

*Cautious, ye Fated! who frequent the Fair,
Your Breasts examine, nor too rashly dare.
Curb your untrusted Hearts, while yet they're free:
Love is resistless, when you feel 'tis He.*

*Small is the Soul's first Wound, from Beauty's Dart,
And scarce th' unheeded Fever warms the Heart.
Long, we mistake it, under Liking's Name:
A soft Indulgence! that deserves no Blame.
A Pleasure, we but take, to do her Right,
Whose Presence charms us, and whose Words delight!
Whose sweet Remembrance broods upon the Breast;
And whose dear Friendship is, with Pride, possess'd!*

*Excited thus, the smother'd Fire, at length,
Bursts into Blaze, and burns with open Strength.*
This

*This Image, which, before, but sooth'd the Mind,
Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd.
Mixing with all our Thoughts, it wastes the Day;
And when Night comes, it dreams the Soul away;
Pungent Impatience tingles in each Vein,
And the Sick Bosom throbs, with aking Pain.*

Ned was impatient to learn more, of a Lesson which he found so fit for him. But the *Major*, with much Difficulty, came off, by assuring him, that though he could remember no more at present, yet he had it at Home in Manuscript, and would shew it him all another Time. — He then grew quiet, and walk'd on contentedly, 'till the full Advance of the Day put us in mind, that if we return'd, we might perhaps, find Dinner waiting for us.



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No 35

— *Davusne? Ita, Davus amicum*
Mancipium Domino. —

HOR.

MONDAY, July 20. 1724.

WHEN Souls of a superior Form, look
Abroad, and discover among their
honest Inferiors, Minds capable of the finest
Impressions, and only in Danger of being render'd

der'd barren by Poverty, Ignorance, and Injuries; they take a Godlike Pleasure in communicating their own Virtues: they strive, with the most Praise-worthy Charity, to substitute the more influencing Power of their own good Example in the Room of evil Patterns by others, 'till, by turning Injuries into Benefits, they raise their obscure Neighbours, to bright Images of themselves.

ALL Persons, who are Favourites of Fortune, who shine in exalted Stations, who are gifted with large Possessions, and surrounded with a Multiplicity of Dependents, have the Blessing, I have been speaking of, in their Power. They may choose for their Domesticks, the Distress'd of both Sexes, whom Poverty has render'd humble enough to wish to become *Servants*; and whose Discretion, adapting their Nature to their Condition, has taught them the Spirit of Obedience, and Diligence.

A GOOD Master may be consider'd as the Soul of his Family, who communicates Action and Dignity to all, who are under his Influence, and animates them by his own Example, to be, in some measure, like himself; his House will be the Habitation of Wisdom, Virtue and Honour. If such a Master be at Home, and a Stranger wants Access to him, that Stranger will be prejudiced in his Favour, even before he beholds him; for it is easy, and natural, to read in the Voices, Looks and Gestures of the People *below Stairs*, what sort of

a Person one may expect to meet with *above*. Nay, suppose him even *Absent*, he remains in some measure at *Home*, leaving so much of the Force of his Presence, in those, who represent him: He reigns in the obliging Department of his *Domesticks*; and their grateful Manner of receiving all Persons who inquire after him, proclaims the Goodness of their Master. All the Honour, or, Dishonour, of a Family, reverts to the Source, and either clears or pollutes the Fountain.

THERE are too many *haughty Flutterers*, in the World, made giddily vain and unthinking by too much Prosperity, who *dream*, that People of low Condition, ought to be overlook'd; and that *Servants*, because *Servants*, should not be treated as of the same Species with themselves. These Gentlemen, as they must be call'd, have Understandings abundantly too coarse to be come at by Railery: They ought to be bluntly told, That *good Servants* might make *good Masters*, and that theirs possess good Qualities of which themselves appear to be destitute. They ought, in very plain Terms, to be informed, That *Reason* has plac'd their Servants above them, tho' themselves are pleas'd, unreasonably, to despise them, because Fortune, without Demerit of theirs, had placed them *seemingly* lower.

A LOW and obscure Birth has been often the Lot of a high, and noble Spirit. It seems to be the Victory of *Nature* over *Fortune*, that she can produce such valuable Creatures, in
the

the most abject *State* of Servitude: A *Plain-Dealing*, faithful Servant is a Jewel of inestimable Value.

THE *Compassion* due to honest Men, on account of their Poverty, must, after having approved their Integrity, be refin'd into *Regard*, and *Esteem*. I have, for this Reason, consider'd it as a well-spirited Piece of Advice in Monsieur *Bruyere*, who writes like an *accomplish'd Gentleman*, when he counsels all, *of that Rank, to treat a Good Old Domestick, rather like a Friend than a Servant*. And truly, it is far from impossible, but that a Master may stand in need of such a Servant for his Friend, and find him, upon Trial, a much better, than those inconstant Comrades, whom the World, in their mistaken Phrase, would be apt to call *his Betters*.

I LATELY had a Story told me to this Purpose, and if it affects the Reader, as it did me, he will not be displeased, that I give it him by way of Example.

A GENTLEMAN named *Belmont*; a Person of Distinction, filled an honourable Post in the Army, and behaved himself well during the late Wars in *Flanders*. He is Honest, Brave, Hearty, Sincere, Generous, and Affable; was generally courted for his Company by his Brother Officers, and universally beloved by his Soldiers. In those Sunshine Days of his Prosperity, *Belmont* held dear, as his Bosom-Intimate, a Gentleman, by Name, *Celsus*; and had one particular Servant, whom,

on account of many rare Qualities, he loved above the rest, and treated as Monsieur *Bruyere* advises, and whom, for the Sake of his Fidelity to his Master, we will call *Fido*.

BELMONT, and *Celsus* lived, indeed, like true Friends: And, as if each thought the other's Interest his own, they commutually, as Exigences on either Side required, furnished one another with Money, and desired no Interest or Security. At length, when they had long loved and lived together, *Celsus*, was called to another Quarter: Never did Soul and Body part with more Reluctancy than these Friends, being *less* certain when, and where, and how, they should meet again. Much about the same Time, *Fido*, having been bred to a Trade, and got a little Stock by his Master, had Thoughts of setting up in the World. His Master, when he discharged him, added to the Salary he paid him, a handsome Present, and wished him good Fortune, with such Familiarity and Condescension, as made the *Wish* more endearing than the *Present*.

AFTER this, if we behold *Belmont*, it must be under a Cloud of Evils: He met with cross and severe Accidents which reduced him to narrower Circumstances, than suited so liberal a Soul: He, who delighted in extricating others out of Troubles and Perplexities, was, at length, involv'd in Difficulties himself. In a word, his Affairs were brought to that Extremity, that a certain Sum must be punctually paid on such a Day, or *Belmont* be exposed to such

such an indecent Distress, as it is painful but to think of.

MANY Measures he had try'd, in vain, to make Provision against it: He was acquainted with many Persons of Fashion, who had been lavish of their Vows of Friendship, and profuse, even to Prodigality, in offering him their Services, at Times, when they well knew there was no Danger in the Offer. He tried them all in their Turns: And found them, all, false alike.

How will it go with poor *Belmont*, who has the Ill-luck of such Acquaintance? why, the Reader will be pleased to hear, That *Celsus* is return'd to *England*, as much in the Abundance, as *Belmont* in the Want of all Things, and settled within a Mile or two of *London*. On him were *Belmont's* Eyes turn'd from the sad Scene that threaten'd him: Here he is sure to be right; Here his Address must prevail: I fancy myself walking over the Fields with *Belmont*; I hear him say, he is no longer to groan under his Misfortunes, than till they can reach the Ear of *Celsus*; They want nothing towards being reliev'd, but being barely laid before him: Then *Belmont* is to astonish him with the Falseness and Meanness of his other Acquaintance. Thus soothing his Imagination, he arrives at the House of *Celsus*, is receiv'd with the Warmth of Friendship; he opens his Complaint, and tells the Story of the Usage he had met with. Here the Reader will be stunn'd — the Story was as unprofitable

ble in the Ear of *Celsus*, as if their Friendship, had been a Fable.

As *Belmont* was returning home cross the Fields, loaded with heavy Reflections, with whom should he meet, but his old Man *Fido*! walking out with an Intention to lie that Night at his Country-Lodgings, for the Benefit of the Air. *Fido* would walk back, part of the Way with his Master: And finding him very melancholy, implored him to tell the Cause of it. — At length *Belmont*, half smiling, said, Thou can'st not help me in it, honest *Fido*; and yet, with a Sigh, said he, now I think on't, I will tell thee, for thou knowest *Celsus*. — Thou must remember him. — Sir, reply'd *Fido*, and ever shall. — I can't forget your best Friend: I hope he is not dead! — *Belmont* told him the whole Story: Just as he had finish'd it; they reach a little publick House on the Road — *Fido*, without answering, begg'd him to walk in, called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote a Note for the Money, and giving it his Master, said thus; *I am glad at my Heart it was a Sum within my Power, without breaking in upon my Stock, because I should have parted with it All; for, Sir, I owe it All to you.*

LET us consider *Celsus* and *Fido*, *Celsus* a Friend and a Companion; *Fido* a Menial Servant: *Fido* a Weaver of fine Silks, *Celsus* a Wearer of finer; how then shall we reconcile this Matter, That *Celsus*, after all this Difference in Substance and Figure, should be only Gentleman in *Appearance*, *Fido* in *Reality*?
It

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It is easy to answer, that the Stage of Life is like the Theatre, where the principal Parts acted, are not always the best: It is not *what* Part we act, but *how* we act it, that gives us Applause. I have frequently known a Servant the chief Ornament of a Play: It is the same in the World; where they often make considerable Figures.



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Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.

VIRG.

FRIDAY, July 24. 1724.

I AM never more delighted, than when I meet with an Opportunity to unveil obscure Merit, and produce it into Notice: There being nothing that more easily deceives us, than our Judgment on the Wit and Learning of a Cotemporary Writer, when we take not our Measure from our own Examination, but rely on the Authority of Publick Rumour.

A PLEASANT Vein, a busy, meddling Talent, Acquaintance, Importunity, Preferment, or any outward and accidental Advantage, shall throw forward an assuming Trifler into Distinction and Popularity: While a great,

and modest Genius is neglected and unfam'd; because not One in Fifty, of our Men of Fashion, or of Quality, as they call themselves, has an Understanding that is able to *go alone*. They are forc'd, therefore, to wait 'till they have their Sustainer's Opinion to lean against, before they dare venture upon the Praise, even of what they are inclinable to think favourably of, as far as poor, weak *Wards*, can presume to think at all, whose Wits are out in Guardianship, and under other Mens Disposal.

It is owing to the Multiplicity of these overgrown *Infants*, that our Eyes and Ears are fatigu'd by such Impertinence of mistaken *Encomium*. Infomuch, that, to those who inspect the Things and Persons which are most praised among us, we appear a Nation of *Grotesque Thinkers*, whose Idea of our Writers Excellence, like the *Dutchmens* Taste of *Painting*, seems to be Nature, in a Fit of Distortion, where *Grimace* is placed for *Dignity*.

By a Custom, that has prevailed too much, since the chearful Times of King *Charles* the Second, when they ran into the contrary *Extreme* to that which they had *suffer'd by*, and confounded the *Serious* with the *Humorous*, treating the most solemn Subjects after a light and wanton Manner, we have established a false Taste of Wit, which has insensibly, like an unnoted Current, declin'd us from our right Course, and brought us so far out of our Way, that it will be some Time before we find ourselves restored to our old Relish, — The slender

der Shape of the Modern Muse, is made for becoming the *Hoop-Petticoat*; but there was a charming, majestick *Nakedness* in that nervous Simplicity, and plain Soundness of *pathetick Nature*, which went to the *Hearts* of our Forefathers, without stopping at their *Fancy*, or winding itself into their Understanding, through a Maze of mystical Prettinesses.

BUT, though this venerable, *undress'd Nature*, is seldom to be met with now; and has, indeed, been lost among us, for above a *Century*, it was so frequent Two or Three hundred Years ago, that their lowest Class of Poets, the Composers of our good Old Ballads, have left us some of the noblest Examples of the *Sublime*, in its most striking Energy. But, in the present Practice, it is stifled, as the *Roman Maid* was, under the Oppression of Golden Earrings, Bracelets, Jewels, and heap'd Heavinesses of the *Gothick Armory*. Yet, now and then, we start upon it in the Writings of our Modern Poets; as I did, the other Day, in an *Ode, on the Power of Musick*, which was written by a young *Scots Gentleman*, who has conveyed, in a naked Grandeur, and in the utmost Degree of Plainness, the following awful Thought, which carries a Terror, that will shake the Soul of every attentive Reader.

*When Living Men shall die, and Dead Men live,
And Order is, again, to Chaos hurl'd;
Thou, Melody! shalt still survive,
And triumph o'er the Ruins of the World!*

*A dreadful Trumpet, never heard before,
 By Angels never blown, 'till then,
 Through all the Regions of the Air shall roar,
 That Time is now no more !*

BUT the Accident, which has drawn me into this Lamentation for the Loss of *Nature*, in our Works of Wit and Poetry, where she ought most to shew herself, is, my having taken up, in a late Perambulation, as I stood upon the Top of *Primrose-Hill*, a torn Leaf of one of those Half-penny Miscellanies, which are published for the Use and Pleasure of our *Nymphs of low Degree*, and known by the Name of *Garlands* — That Part of it, which first caught my Eye, had its Turn a little too *Modern*, as well in the Matter, as the Poetry, and celebrated the Midnight Triumphs of some *straggling Female*, of whom I had no Knowledge ; but one, it should seem, of more Beauty than Delicacy ;

*Who took the Place of Ladies bright,
 And with their Lords lay all the Night !
 Who pleas'd them with her Humour free ;
 Oh ! the charming Sally Sal'sbu—ree !*

BUT I pass'd lightly over this Lyrick Fragment, as too ludicrous for a Person of my Gravity, and fell, unexpectedly, upon a *Work*, for so I make no Scruple to call it, that deserves to live for Ever ! And which (notwithstanding its Disguise of coarse, brown Paper, almost
 unin-

unintelligible Corruptions of *Sense*, from the Blunders of the Press, with here and there an obsolete, low Phrase, which I have alter'd for the clearer Explanation of the Author's Meaning) is so powerfully filled, throughout, with that Blood-curdling, chilling Influence, of Nature, working on our Passions (which Criticks call the *Sublime*) that I never met it stronger in *Homer* himself; nor even in that prodigious *English* Genius, who has made the *Greek* our Countryman. — The simple Title of this Piece was,

WILLIAM, and MARGARET,
A BALLAD.

I.

WHEN Hope lay hush'd in silent Night,
And Woe was wrapp'd in Sleep,
In glided Marg'ret's pale-ey'd Ghost,
And stood at William's Feet.

II.

*Her Face was like an April Sky,
Dimm'd by a scatt'ring Cloud:
Her clay-cold, lilly Hand, Knee-high,
Held up her sable Shroud.*

III.

*So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youthful Years are flown!
Such the last Robe, that Kings must wear,
When Death has rest their Crown!*

IV. *Her*

IV.

*Her Bloom was like the Morning Flow'r,
That sips the Silver Dew:
The Rose had budded, in her Cheek,
Just op'ning to the View.*

V.

*But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Consum'd her tender Prime:
The Rose of Beauty pal'd, and pin'd,
And dy'd before its Time.*

VI.

*Awake! she cry'd, Thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave!
Late, let thy Pity mourn a Wretch,
Thy Love refus'd to save.*

VII.

*This is the dark, and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain:
And Lovers Tombs give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless Swain.*

VIII.

*Bethink thee, William! of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge of broken Truth:
See the sad Lesson, thou hast taught
My unsuspecting Youth!*

IX.

*Why did you, first, give Sense of Charms,
Then all those Charms forsake?
Why sigh'd you for my Virgin Heart,
Then left it, thus, to break?*

X. *Why*

X.

*Why did you, present, pledge such Vows,
Yet none, in Absence, keep?
Why said you, that my Eyes were bright,
Yet taught 'em first to weep?*

XI.

*Why did you praise my blushing Lips,
Yet make their Scarlet pale?
And why, alas! did I, fond Maid!
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?*

XII.

*But, now, my Face no more is Fair;
My Lips retain no Red:
Fix'd are my Eyes, in Death's still Glare!
And Love's vain Hope is fled.*

XIII.

*The hungry Worm my Partner is:
This Winding-Sheet my Dress;
A long, and weary, Night must pass,
Ere Heaven allows Redress.*

XIV.

*But, hark! — 'tis Day! — the Darknefs flies:
Take one long, last Adieu!
Come, see, false Man! how low she lies,
Who dy'd for pitying You.*

XV.

*The Birds sung out; the Morning smil'd;
And streak'd the Sky with Red;
Pale William shook, in ev'ry Limb,
And started from his Bed.*

XVI. *Weep-*

XVI.

*Weeping, he sought the fatal Place,
 Where Marg'ret's Body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the Green-grass Turf,
 That veil'd her Breathless Clay.*

XVII.

*Thrice call'd, unheard, on Marg'ret's Name,
 And thrice he wept her Fate:
 Then laid his Cheek on her cold Grave,
 And dy'd — and lov'd too late.*

I AM sorry I am not able to acquaint my Reader with *his* Name, to whom we owe this melancholy Piece, of *finish'd Poetry*, under the humble Title of a *Ballad*. — Such Ballads were the reverend Fragments of disjointed *Homer*, when they were sung about the Streets of the *Grecian* Cities, before *Lycurgus* caused the Limbs to be assembled into Union; and so piec'd, redeem'd, and consecrated them to the End of Time, as we now see 'em in his *Iliad*. — Yet, the Common Fate of Merit is so unequal to its Claim, that one might almost venture to conclude, That this *great Genius*, whoever he was, lived poor, and died unknown; in Want perhaps, of Ease and Comfort, while he had Excellence, that merited a Nation's Gratitude, for the Honour he might have lived to do it.

FROM an Air of impressive Earnestness, that is distinguishable through this Piece, I am of Opinion, that it was founded on the real
 History

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History of some unhappy Woman of the Age the Author liv'd in, who had the Misfortune to die untimely by her Lover's Insensibility; or, rather, by his Ingratitude. — I please myself with an Imagination, that this *Sonnet* might be one of *Shakespear's*. A hundred worse are imputed to him: And there is his peculiar, solemn Power to touch this *Church-Yard Terror*, very visible in the *Ghost* of this Ballad.

BUT, whoever the Author was, his Judgment appears to have been as extraordinary as his Genius; as is finely visible in his Conduct of this little Poem. — When the Ghost has glided in, and stands at the Bed's Foot of the sleeping Lover, had the Speech begun immediately, the Reader must have been hurried too fast away from the Impression which the Apparition was design'd to make on him: He is, therefore judiciously detained in this Place by a Description of her Face and Posture, so strongly painted, that we really seem to *see* her. And, after a short Moral Reflection, which follows aptly in the Third Stanza, we are acquainted, during this artful Interval, with her Character, her Youth, her Beauty, and the Cause of her unhappy Death: And, by that Time we are prepared to know her, and to pity her, the Speech is open'd with this sharp and startling Summons.

*Awake! she cry'd, — Thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave!*

BUT
†

BUT nothing was ever juster, or more strikingly imagin'd, than his Comparison of the Ghost's Face, to an *April Sky*, (which is, at best, but faintly shining, and is here made fainter still, by a scattering Cloud that dims it) to the Shadow, as it were, or thin Resemblance of a Light not visible. This is an Image, so true to the Meaning, so Poetical, and well-adapted, that it greatly deserves Notice: As does also, That Clay-cold, Lilly-Hand, that holds up a *sable Shroud*! The Opposition of the Shroud's Blackness, to the Lilly Whiteness of the Hand, is a delicate and graceful Stroke, and very judiciously heighten'd by that Epithet of *Clay-cold*, which makes us shrink, as if we *felt*, what we *see*, so very *strongly*.

TO wake us from this Horror, in order to make way for that *Pity*, which he is preparing to move in us, we are, by a sudden, yet almost imperceptible, Transition, carried away from what she *is*, to what she *was*, before Love chang'd her;

*Her Bloom was like the Morning Flow'r,
That sips the Silver-Dew.*

I AM charm'd by a Stroke in this sweet *Simile*, which is touch'd with so much Delicacy, that it would go near to escape the Observation of any Reader, not skill'd in Poetry: I will therefore take Notice, That her exact Time of Life being directly pointed out by

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The Morning Rose, just opening to the View,
that Expression of *Sipping the Silver-Dew*, is
peculiarly just and elegant: For, where a
Flower is full blown, the Dew-drops have
free Admission, and are taken in, as it were,
by large Draughts; but a budding Flower,
receiving no Moisture, but on its Edges, is,
with the finest Propriety, said to sip it. *So Milton in his*

A SECOND excellent Simile is, That where *Pamela*:
he compares a secret Love in a Woman's *to the*
Heart, to the Canker-worm in a Bud, that *to the*
fades and destroys it: And this, again, has *to the*
the Air of *Shakespeare*, who has the same Al-
lusion for Grief in one of his Tragedies. —
There is something exquisitely touching in that
noble Tenderness of her Reproach, in the
Eighth Stanza. — That *Erotema*, or Figure
of *Questioning*, which takes up the *Ninth*,
Tenth, and *Eleventh*, is pursued with the most
pathetick Emphasis; and, at last, broken off
with an *Apostrophe*, so natural, and so mov-
ing, that I have seldom seen a Beauty more
distinguishable. It is where, after all those
passionate *Why's*, with which she has been up-
braiding her Lover's Falshood, she interrupts
them, on a sudden, with this Self-accusing
Question, which strikes out the *Moral* too, in
a surprizing Flash of Warning, where it was
least to be expected;

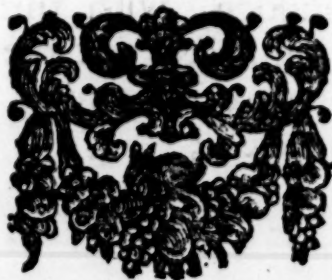
And why, alas! did I, fond Maid!
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

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BUT it were endless to particularize the Beauties of this charming Ballad. The whole may be said to be one continued Beauty! And, I believe, it will not be possible for any serious Reader to peruse, or hear it, without Emotions in his Blood, that will speak more in its due Praise, than the most regular *Critique* on it.

IT is a plain and noble Masterpiece of the *natural* Way of Writing, without Turns, Points, Conceits, Flights, Raptures, or Affectation of what Kind soever. It shakes the Heart by the mere Effect of its own Strength and Passionateness; unassisted by those flaming Ornaments, which as often *dazzle*, as *display*, in Poetry. This was owing to the Author's Native Force of Genius; For they, who conceive a Thought distinctly, will, of Necessity, express it plainly, because, out of the Words which arise, and offer themselves to embody a Meaning, they find no Use for the Superfluous, but to darken, and confound their Purpose.

See P. 388.



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PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.—
LILLY'S Grammar.

*Interea volucres Pyrois, & Eois & Æthon,
Solis Equi, quartusque Phlegon, hinnitus auras
Flammiferis implent, pedibusque repagula pulsant.*

——— *Nec fræna remittit,
Nec retinere valet, nec nomina novit equorum.*
OVID.

MONDAY, July 27. 1724.

I HAVE remark'd an Impropriety, in our Use of common Names, which cries out aloud for Redress: And I am absolutely determined to proceed, *ex Officio*, and without waiting to receive Complaints, in giving Sentence against certain nimble-tongu'd, married Females; who have taken it into their Fancies, so far to invert *Order*, and *Distinction*, among the Animals which they are possess'd of, as to bestow upon their *Dogs* the Names of Heroes, Gods, and Goddesses; and apply *plain Puppy*, to their *Husbands*.

I KNOW not how it comes to pass; but an Enormity, of like Nature, has had Confidence enough of late Years, to creep into His Majesty's *Navy*; to the most manifest Hazard of bringing a *bad Name* upon many a Ship-full of good Mariners. — What a Hardship, for Example, must it be, for a Crew, who can fight like *Lions*, to be sent to Sea in the *Antelope*? Or, for a Commander, as keen as a *Hawk*, to hear his Ship call'd but the *Swallow*? There is a Sound of something to the Purpose, in the *Warsprite*! The *Dreadnought*! The *Revenge*! and, The *Defiance*! — The very Names of these Ships carry a Report, like their Artillery. But who would dream of a *Man of War*, in the *Hare*? or the *Roe-Buck*? In the *Hind*? or, in the *Weasel*?

I WAS at a Loss how to account for these *Runaway Names*, in the most *fighting Fleet* of *Europe*, till I found, upon due Enquiry, that the Riders of our Sea-Horses have been *jockey'd* out of their proper Titles, by the Encroachment of the *Newmarket Racers*. I wou'd fain, therefore, have the Claims of these Two Parties adjusted, and assign to each its proper *Quota*. It is but reasonable, that His Grace of *Bolton* shou'd keep his *Sloven* to himself: But his *Terror* ought to be given up, in Exchange for the *Roebuck*, or *Antelope*. — Against *Creeping Jenny*, and *Coney-Skins*, much might be said, in a Way of Criticism: But I am not, at present, in
so

so carping a Humour, but that I will indulge the Fraternity in Possession of those Appellatives. Nay, I will even throw 'em, into the Bargain, *Dryboots, Fidler, and Blackpudding*: Provided, absolutely, that they part with *Scarecrow, Swimmer, Ranter, Old Surly, Thunderbolt, and Drunken Barnaby*, to the Use, Behoof, and Disposal of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy.

I AM indebted to a little white-headed Son, of my good Landlady, for the Honour of my Acquaintance with so many *Horses of Quality*, who are worthy, I make no doubt, of all the Friendship that is shewn them, by those grateful Allies, and Confederates, their Masters. The Boy came up, to my Apartment, with a Petition, and a Paper of Gunpowder; which he desir'd I wou'd instruct him in the Mystery of making out, into *Crackers*: And I busied my self, for half an Hour, with becoming Gravity, and Application; enjoying all that Pleasure, which I perceiv'd I gave my Pupil: Whose Powder being apply'd to the important Use which he had bought it for, the Paper it was wrapt in, happen'd to be left upon my Hands; and seems to have been an Original Letter, from some honest poor Fellow, of the inferior Class of Horse-Couriers (if any Certainty, as to his Rank, may be drawn from his bad Spelling.)—The Beginning was torn off, with the Date, and Place, it was sent from: But, what remain'd, was as follows.

‘ — I T was early in the Morning,
 ‘ the *Thursday* before our Races was to
 ‘ come on, as All Us *Horses* in the Field
 ‘ started together, for a *Breathing*. But mad
 ‘ Work we made, amongst us: For that same
 ‘ *Coney-Skins*, that bit *Tom. Varney* by the
 ‘ Shoulder, at *Barnet*, kick’d *Betty Williams*
 ‘ in the Belly, before she had run a Stroke :
 ‘ And *Dryboots*, with me upon his Back,
 ‘ started close against Captain *Collier’s Pig* ;
 ‘ and bid fair, for half the Course, to bite
 ‘ him by the Tail, if I had not not been
 ‘ thrown out, by a cross Fling of *Black-*
 ‘ *pudding* ; That is, for all the World, such
 ‘ another wicked Beast, as *Master Bond’s*
 ‘ *Kentish Lady* ! ——— After him came
 ‘ *Drunken Barnaby*, blundering, jig by jole,
 ‘ along with *Master Morgan’s Beau* : And,
 ‘ so, they kept up, till they came, both, to
 ‘ the Gap-side, and there, struck out, for the
 ‘ nonce, and overturn’d *Bully-Rock*, into the
 ‘ Ditch, upon *Creeping Jenny*. — When we
 ‘ were up, at the Broad-Pond, *Miss Kitty*,
 ‘ that had only a Chimney-sweeper’s Boy
 ‘ upon her Back, was put in a great Fright ;
 ‘ For *Squeaker* and *Scarecrow*, run her up to
 ‘ the Rail Brink ! But souce came *Swimmer*
 ‘ between ’em, flouncing directly through
 ‘ the Water ; and, as soon as he came out,
 ‘ shook himself dry, upon *Old Surly*, that
 ‘ was close up with *Hobler* ; and made him
 ‘ run back upon *Tender-Toe*, which beat down
 ‘ *Ranter*

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' *Ranter* into a Rutt. Mean while, whip
' comes *Thunderbolt*, full drive along with
' *Whitefoot*. But *Whitefoot* came first in,
' altho' *Fidler* was a Length behind him.
' You never saw such strange Doings! For,
' except *Blue Dick* and *me*, there was Nobody
' rid, that knew what breathing a Horse
' meant, any more than *Nell Clapton* does.
' But pray be down a *Friday*: For never was
' such rare Work, as we are like to have at
' the *Afs-Matches*!

So no more, for now, but I rest,

Your loving Kinsman, till Death,

SETH THOMSON.

Fish-street Hill, July 14. 1724.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

' I BELONG to a Club of Friendly Citi-
' zens: And we meet, every *Monday*
' Night, to discourse of such Things as may
' entertain, and improve us, in a way most
' suitable to that industrious, and unambiti-
' ous, Honesty, which Men of Trade pro-
' pose to thrive by. But our Diverſion has
' been often ſpoil'd by a great Scholar, who
' is got among us, that makes no more of
' *Greek*, and *Latin*, than if it were only plain
' *English*! — Ever ſince he was introduc'd,
' he has had all the Talk to himſelf; but

‘ was never understood, above Three times
 ‘ from the first Night he came into our Com-
 ‘ pany. He is *Great Mogul* of our Club,
 ‘ and reigns Absolute, and without a Mini-
 ‘ stry: Publishing his *Edicts* in a Language
 ‘ peculiar to the Throne, and which, being
 ‘ unintelligible, by any of his *Vassals*, can
 ‘ neither be contradicted, nor disputed
 ‘ against.

‘ HE expatiated, last Night, with a
 ‘ Stile, unusually *florid*, on the *Verbosity*,
 ‘ *Loquaciousness*, and *Propension to Garrulity*,
 ‘ of a worthy Common-Council-Man, whom
 ‘ we were commending, for a ready Speaker.
 ‘ And when one of us, by way of Atone-
 ‘ ment, mentioned my Neighbour *Hushly*,
 ‘ the Cheesemonger, as the *silentest* Man, in
 ‘ *London*; he answer’d, *That Taciturnity was*
 ‘ *a Quality as ineligible as Excess of Narra-*
 ‘ *tion; for it dehominated those Persons who*
 ‘ *were obnubilated by its Umbrageousness;*
 ‘ *and involv’d their Comprehension in a La-*
 ‘ *byrinth of Internality.*

‘ IT happen’d, fortunately for the CLUB,
 ‘ that an honest Drunken Officer, belonging
 ‘ to the *East-India* Company, was among
 ‘ us upon this Occasion. — He was, now,
 ‘ what we call *Half Seas over*; and star’d at
 ‘ our Man of Oratory, for, a Minute with-
 ‘ out Motion! At last, he began to tell him,
 ‘ with the most compos’d Face in the World,
 ‘ That he was charm’d with this Opportu-
 ‘ nity of discoursing with a Gentleman of
 ‘ sq

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‘ so much *Wit* and *Learning*, and hop’d he
 ‘ shou’d have his Decision in a Point, that
 ‘ was pretty nice, and concern’d some *Eastern*
 ‘ Manufactures, of *Antient* and reverend *Ety-*
 ‘ *mology*. Modern Criticks, he said, were
 ‘ undetermin’d about them; but for *His*
 ‘ Part, he had always maintain’d, That
 ‘ *Chintz*, *Bullbull*, *Morees*, and *Ponabaguzzys*,
 ‘ were of nobler and more generous Use, than
 ‘ *Doorguzees*, or *Nourfurmannys*; not but he
 ‘ held against *Byrampauts*, in Favour of *Nic-*
 ‘ *canees* and *Boralchauders*; Only, he wish’d,
 ‘ That so accurate a Judge wou’d instruct
 ‘ him, why *Tapzils*, and *Sallampores* have
 ‘ given Place to *Neganepauts*? And why
 ‘ *Bejatatoutz* shou’d be more esteem’d, than
 ‘ the finer Fabrick of *Blue Chelloes*?

‘ THERE was not One, of all the Com-
 ‘ pany, except the grave Banterer himself,
 ‘ but laugh’d out aloud, at this humorous
 ‘ Retribution of the Scholar’s affected Lan-
 ‘ guage. He look’d a little out of Counte-
 ‘ nance, and sat silent for some Time. But
 ‘ he started up, at last, with a smiling Air
 ‘ of good Humour: And, filling out a Brim-
 ‘ mer, drank the Health of the *East-India*
 ‘ Officer; and, then, spoke to him, as fol-
 ‘ lows. — *Sir, I find myself much obliged,*
 ‘ *and return you my Publick Thanks. You*
 ‘ *have held to me so true a Glass, that I see,*
 ‘ *and am ashamed of the Image of my Vanity.*
 ‘ *I was weak enough to be growing angry;*
 ‘ *but, upon a short Recollection, find you have*
 ‘ *used*

‘ *used me no otherwise, than I have treated*
 ‘ *the CLUB, and been forgiven for it, these*
 ‘ *Six Months. In short, Sir, you have re-*
 ‘ *deem’d me, from an Affectation, that made*
 ‘ *me ridiculous; and, as long as I live, I will*
 ‘ *take Care to be Wiser.*

‘ *THUS all ended well; and the CLUB*
 ‘ *being restor’d to Freedom; I am deputed,*
 ‘ *in their Name, to write this Account of*
 ‘ *it, to the PLAIN DEALER; that it may be*
 ‘ *publish’d for the common Benefit. Your*
 ‘ *Health is just going round, and,*

I am, S I R,

Your constant Reader, &c.

J. H.

FOR my Reader’s Entertainment, I shall add, to these Two Letters, Two uncommon Pieces of Poetry. The First was written, by *Karasin*, the Favourite Mistress of *Tamerlane the Great*; by way of Congratulation, after his Success against *Bajazet*. It was compos’d in Form of a *Lozange*; the Letters of which were Brilliant Diamonds, upon a Ground of Crimson Velvet. The Words, the Order, and the Figure, are exactly as in the Original. Note, The *Wit* of the Lady’s Poetry, lay in its *Shape*, and *fine Cloaths*: Where a Lady’s Wit often lies, in other Countries, besides *Tartary*.

SOUND

SOUND

O YE HARPS!
 SOUND OUT IN STATE,
 TEMIR THE GREAT:
 WHO, WITH HIS SWORD,
 OF BRIGHT, RESISTLESS, STEEL,
 MAKES ALL, WHO MEAN HIM HARM,
 AND THOSE, WHO WRONG HIM, FEEL
 THE STRENGTH OF THAT RIGHT ARM:
 CLEAVING, BETWIXT BOTH EYES,
 SUCH, AS AGAINST HIM RISE.
 WHAT FAME HE WON
 BY DEEDS NEW DONE,
 BEFORE THE SUN;
 BAJAZET, LATE,
 IN HIS FATE,
 FOUND.

Tamerlane answer'd her in like Form; but
 with a great deal of Gallantry, and Polite-
 ness in Letters of *Amethysts*, upon a Ground
 of Green Velvet.

FIVE

BATTLES FOUGHT,
 AND DEARLY BOUGHT,
 THY TEMIR WON:
 AND IN THE BLOODY FIELD,
 HAS FORC'D ALL FOES TO YIELD,
 REDUCING CROWNS, AND LAND,
 BY HIS TRIUMPHANT HAND:
 YET NEVER GAIN'D I CONQUEST, YET,
 SO JOYFUL, AND SO DEAR, TO ME,
 AS WHEN I CONQUER'D THEE.
 O! KARASIN! THY WOES
 ARE MY WORST FOES.
 BUT GENTLE BE;
 FOR LOVE OF THEE
 KEEPS ME
 ALIVE.

THE

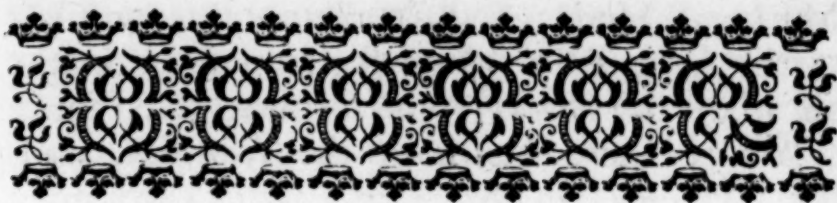
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THE Second, which now follows, is a Copy of Verses, by Queen *Elizabeth*; on Occasion of her first Uneasiness, concerning *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*.—I met with this little Piece, in an Old *Art of English Poesy*, which was Imprinted at London, in the Year 1589; and Dedicated to the Lord Treasurer, *Burleigh*.

—The Author, speaking of these Verses, says, ‘*And this was the Occasion of them;*
‘*Our Sovereign Lady, perceiving how, by the*
‘*Queen of Scot’s Residence within this Realm,*
‘*were bred secret Factions among her People,*
‘*some of them desirous of Innovation, and*
‘*aspiring to greater Fortunes, by her Liberty*
‘*and Life: The Queen, our Sovereign Lady, to*
‘*declare, that she was nothing Ignorant of these*
‘*Secret Practices; albeit she had long, with*
‘*great Wisdom and Patience, dissembled it,*
‘*writeth this Ditty, most sweet and sententious.*

Watchful, to shun those Snares which wou’d my Peace destroy,
In doubt of future Woe, I lose my present Joy
When Falsehood’s Tide flows in, all Duty’s Channels ebb:
And meddling Folly toils, to untwist Wisdom’s Web
New Clouds of Toys, untry’d, o’ercast th’ aspiring Mind;
Then fall in empty Show’rs; and drive, with ev’ry Wind
But Pride of Hope, suppos’d, the Root of Ruthe will be;
And all their grafted Guiles a sudden Blast shall see.
That Daughter of Debate, that dork Contention sown,
Shall reap no Harvest here, where Peace hath us’d to grow.
Our Sword, that rusts with Rest, shall first his Edge employ:
And lop this Love of Change, that gives such distant Joy.

HAVING never met with these Verses before; and questioning, whether they are extant, in any Book, but that, in which I found them; I have taken Pleasure to communicate them as a Relique, that merits to be preserv’d; and is worth the Notice of the Curious.



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— *Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis ? —* JUVEN.

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna. ————— Ibid.*

— *Nobilitas sola est atque unica Virtus.* Ibid.

FRIDAY, July 31. 1724.

THERE is a Hobby-Horse, in the World, call'd Nobility by Right of *Birth*; which was the Invention of industri-ous Policy, to entail, and perpetuate, Vir-tue. But, like Vinegar, from the finest Wines, it is so changed, by its Putrefaction, That there is not a sharper Curse, among the Scourges of God's Vengeance, than is inflicted on Mankind, by that silly Thing, called, *Pride*,

Pride of Descent. It was first indulged, as a Mark of Merit: But it clings, inseparably, to the *Line*, after the most manifest Extinction of all the *Worth*, which it was given for.

YET, there was both the *Rational*, and the *Generous*, in that Hope, which seems to have been conceiv'd, by the first Inventors of *Nobility*, from its Original Institution. — Some Great, and Powerful Prince, when he had experienc'd a Servant's Courage, his Conduct, or Integrity; and, was willing to transmit those Virtues (after they had been so useful to Himself) to the future Benefit of His Heirs and Successors; made it his first Care to bestow, on this able Favourite, such Lands, and Extent of Revenue, as might place him above the Necessity of concerning himself for his Childrens Support in Life. And this left him at perfect Leisure, to enlarge, and inspire, their Minds, till He made them capable of succeeding, as well to his Toils, and Dangers, as to his Honours, and Possessions.

To strengthen, yet more, their Expectation of so good an End, They contriv'd this further Means of adding visible, and outward Marks; betokening Honour, Power, and Wisdom: Such as *Titles, Robes, Rank, Privileges*, and a Train of Pumps, and Ceremonies. All These they made *Hereditary*, for this weighty, and sufficient Reason: — Because, It was a natural Hope, that Persons, who were exempt from private Wants, should,
also

also, be unsubject to private *Baseness*. They would, then, be at Liberty to enlarge, and exalt, their Thoughts, in Proportion to that High Condition, which they grew up in the Expectation, and Fore-knowledge of: 'Till they came to disdain narrow Principles, and renounce selfish Purposes; such as *Poverty* might have seem'd to justify; but, which could never correspond with that Magnificence and disinterested Scope of Mind, which was propos'd to be the Consequence of so distinguish'd an Education, in a Life so happily provided for.

A NOBLEMAN, the Descendant of Noble Ancestors, when we consider him in this Light, seems to be One of the Pillars of Human Virtue, and the honour'd Ornament of a Body Politick! And the only Reason, why we talk with Respect, or even with Gravity, of the *Antiquity* of a Man's Family, is, Because, by how many more Successions the Line has continu'd *Noble*, by so many more Examples their Virtues are suppos'd to have been fortified; 'till the Practice, and Love of *Glory*, *Justice*, *Knowledge*, and *Compassion*, are esteem'd inherent, in their very Nature; and their Blood flows down, distinguish'd, by a kind of *Inspiration*, which it carries with it.

BUT, exclusive of this single Consideration what a ridiculous Pretence to *Reverence* is the Accident of having been *born, to live lazily!* — It is Insolence; in the highest Degree, for

a *Cypher*, of Rank, and Title, to expect Submission, from a Person, who is venerable, for his good Qualities, upon no better a Foundation, than because the *accomplish'd Commoner* is, perhaps, the Son of an honest Man, who had nothing to depend on, but his Industry; And the *foolish Lord* had a Father, who left him an Estate, and a Title, which somebody (*a long Time ago*!) gave a sturdy, valiant, *Soldier*, to maintain his Posterity, till they shou'd grow *good for nothing*, and look with Scorn, at their first Founder: Drawing all their empty Glory from the number'd Ages, which have passed, since *Merit*, and *Humility*, could claim a Place, in their *Great Family*!

I F, in the World, there is a pleasanter Piece of stupid Impertinence, than ordinary, It is, that conceited and satisfied, *Self-Preference*, with which one of these *Happy* Creatures looks down, from his own Sublimity, upon the *Merit* that lies below him! — But I wonder what he would Answer, if, in the Heighth of his Exultation, *Fortune* shou'd take a Freak to whisper this Question, in his Ear, “ Pray, my Lord! have you consider'd, how to
“ Deserve *this fine Distinction*, which you inherit, without knowing why? — Are you
“ *Honester*, than your own Steward? Pretty
“ much upon a Par. — Are you Braver,
“ than your ragged Cousin? Oh! no— Not
“ at all. — Are you more Pious, than your
“ Chaplain? Far from it, I assure you. —
“ Are

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“ *Are you Wiser, or more Learned, than my*
 “ *Lady, your Lordship's Wife?* But a little,
 “ *if any thing.* — *Are you Richer, than*
 “ *your Banker?* Not so Rich, by half a
 “ *Plumb.* — *Pray, what then may your*
 “ *Lordship's Pretensions be, to that Respect,*
 “ *which you claim from others?* — *Why,*
 “ — *you know, says he, that I was born*
 “ *to it.* ”

IT is a pleasant Pretension! let us trace it a little higher. — Why is *This Lord's* Family of more Dignity than *That Lord's*, since their Estates, and Rank, are Equal? *Oh! there is a very good Reason for That: It is, because His Race is most Ancient.* — Pray, what do you mean by *Ancient*? Was not *Adam* their common Father? *Yes: But This My-Lord has been longer in Possession of Lands, than That My-Lord has.* — So then, the Case, it seems, stands thus, *Other Mens Acquirements must give Him DIGNITY, to whom Other Mens Merit has given DISTINCTION!*

ANTIQUITY of Name, and Family, is one of the most ridiculous Things in Nature, when it is made use of, as the *Ground of Honours*: There being nothing more certain, than that the Revolutions of Time and Fortune, have us'd all Families alike. And, were it possible to see, backward, into the Obscurity of past Ages, we might pick out *Beggars*, from our proudest Lines; and point at *Princes*, in our humblest. This Nobility, that consists in *Sound*, is an empty, and chimerical,

merical, Grandeur: It is a mere *King of Clubs*, who, as the Game happens to be, may run away from the *Knave*, and see the single *Ace* a nobler *Card* than *His Majesty*!

I FANCY, that, if I were a *Lord*, the *Turkey-Cock*, with his sweeping Wing, erected Neck, and Peer-like Strut, within the Sphere of his *Barn-door Royalty*, wou'd make me sick of my boasted *Quality*, unless I had better Claim than my *Pride*, to the Stateliness I was distinguish'd by.

THE true Use of *Titles*, is, That they may serve, as shining Lights, to lay open and illustrate, the spacious Chambers of a *Mind well-furnished*. But, to a close, and sordid, Soul, they are like Torches, which we carry down, to illuminate a sickly Dungeon: Where they expose, but the more disgracefully, the narrow Cells, bare Walls; and Dirtiness.

THE basest Thing in Nature is, To have *Power* to do *much* Good, without *Will* to do *any*. How contemptible, then, are they, who, becoming insolent by Prosperity, think on nothing so seldom as the Distresses of the Miserable? And, while they were made Noble, for this End only, to be active in good Offices, live, for *Pleasure*, and to no better Purpose than one of their *Hounds*, or their *setting Dogs*? — If a Nobleman, who is thus declin'd, from the only End of his Institution, can be Author of any Good, by Effect of his *Example*, it must be such an
 acci-

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accidental, and involuntary, Service, as was done, of old, to the *Philosopher*. — He was ask'd, From whom he learnt, to be so steady, in Pursuits of Virtue? ' I learn it, ' *said he*, from the Persons who live *most viciously*: For, observing what makes them despicable, I see plainly what to *shun*: And I ' guess, by the *Reverse*, what it is that I ' ought to *practise*.

The Eastern People ascribe to *Plato* several excellent Sayings, which we do not find in his Works: And, among others, they cite this following. ' *Plenty and Want, are Two Clouds,* ' the fullest stor'd of any; the First rains *Dul-* ' *ness*, and *Arrogance*; the Second, *Learning* ' and *Humility*. For, while the *Body* of the ' Poor is improving into *Spirit*, the *Spirit* of ' the Rich is degenerating into *Body*. ' It is a pretty Remark: And every Man's Experience will enable him to justify it. For how few Publick or Private Improvements have been owing to our Men of Rank? And how many to the unsatisfied Application of the Unhappy; who, finding themselves press'd, by uneasy Circumstances, *whet* and *urge* their active Talents, 'till Prosperity can afford them *Leisure* to be as useless, as if they were *born to it*.

It is plain, then, That a *Nobleman*, who has no other Merit, than his Rank gives him, has no Merit at all: And is just so much more despicable than a *Commoner*, who is equally worthless, as the Duties of his Condition are

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more elevated, and important. And that *Respect*, which is look'd for, by a Lord, *merely as a Lord*, deserves to be number'd among those Sacrifices, which we make to Custom, at the Expence of our common Sense; and to the Dishonour of our natural Liberty.

AN Essay Writer, of the last Age, who had learnt from tiresome Experience, That he had, irrecoverably, *lost* those Years, which he had spent in attending the *Great*, (as they love to hear themselves call'd) quitted the Pursuit with a manly Scorn: And having observ'd, for his Reader's Use, That these Men make no Friendships, but such as are subservient, either to their *Interests*, or their *Pleasures*; he closes all, with this Remark —

‘ I have so hearty a Contempt for what is
‘ commonly called *Greatness*, that if I did
‘ not meet with the Word *Lord*, in a Prayer
‘ I repeat daily, I should never name it, but
‘ with *Detestation!*’ And, to allow this Author but common Justice, no Man is so foolishly, a Tyrant over his own Heart, as he, that humbles himself, to a *Will*, that is too proud to take Notice of it: And waits on those, from whom he can expect nothing, but what he must dearly pay for, in Guilt, Dishonour, or Mortification.

I am pleas'd with a frank Correction, of that peevish, and humourfome, Arrogance, so inseparable from these proud Mens Behaviour, as it was given, by a *Syrian Doctor*,
to

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to one of the *Caliphs* of *Babylon*. They were Angling, upon the River *Tygris*; and the *Caliph*, growing impatient, because he had caught nothing, ordered the Physician out of his Sight, for he was sure he should have no Sport, in Company with one, who was so *unlucky*. — ‘ Nay, but methinks, reply’d

‘ the Doctor, you accuse me a little rashly: ‘ My Father was a Drawer of Water, and ‘ my Mother but a Slave; yet I have been ‘ Chief Favourite of many successive *Caliphs*, ‘ and am Rich, and Fortunate, beyond my ‘ Wishes: How then can such a Man, as I, ‘ deserve to be call’d *unlucky*? But if you ‘ would be inform’d, I can name a Person, ‘ who may, *truly*, be stil’d unhappy. ’ The *Caliph* told him, he might explain himself.

‘ — It is, Sir, pursued the Physician, a ‘ Lord, who descending, lineally, from Four ‘ illustrious *Caliphs*, and being, himself too, ‘ a *Caliph*, sits, unmindful of his Dignity, ‘ *catching Fish*, like an idle Saunterer; while ‘ *Ignorance* and *Rest*, are spreading Nets, to ‘ catch his People. ’

SINCE Honours were first bestow’d, as a Reward of Mens past Virtues, and for Excitement of their Future, it seems the justest Thing imaginable, That all *Lords*, who possess them, fruitlessly, should *forfeit* them: And step down among the Herd, to hide the Shame of those Defects, which, by Reason of their too high Situation, blaze out, like a Beacon, to the Disturbance of a whole Coun-

try. As, (for the same Reason) where a Nobleman is truly such, his Wisdom, his Courage, and his Loyalty, strike out their Influence in larger Circles, than the Virtues of inferior Ranks can possibly be extended to.

FOR my Part, as it is my Purpose to speak of every Thing like a *Plain Dealer*, I declare with the utmost Indifference, That, though no Man more sincerely reverences what a Nobleman was meant to be, yet I can have no Respect at all, for the *Name*, where the *Thing* is wanting. On the contrary, it is my Opinion, That every Gentleman of Spirit should despise, and mortify the Vanity of such a chimerical Superiority, as would advance itself, above *substantial Honour*, by the empty Memory and *Sound* of it.

THE Breath of a Sovereign may have Power to *create Titles*; But it can have none, to *invert Qualities*. Though the Vessel is in the Potter's Hands, and the Man *must* be called Noble, *whom the King delighteth to Honour*, yet, he will never *be so*, by his Patent, if he was not before, so, in his Nature. — But there is a Kind of Man, who, will, always, be found Noble, without Aid of Pomp, or Titles: And, in what Place soever you chance to meet him, you may know him by the following Marks: He will be Humble in Greatness; and Immoveable, in Adversity. He will be compassionate, without Weakness; Brave, without Arrogance; Conscious, without Pride; and Sincere, without Indecency.

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Indecency. He will be Wary, but not Suspicious: And his Anger will have no Malice. He will Love, without Folly: and Disapprove, without Hatred. His Hope will be Strong, but Patient: his Fear Awake, but Easy. He will be Active, without Hurry; and at Leisure, without Idleness: And, at least, if he be not Learned, he will be a Lover of Learning,



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— *Turpi Secernis Honestum.* HOR.

*Nec duo sunt, sed forma duplex; nec foemina dici
Nec puer ut possit: neutrumque & utrumque
videtur.* OVID.

MONDAY, *August* 3. 1724.

THE following Letters being written in the Spirit of Benevolence, and tending very much to the Reformation of some vicious Habits, which are grown to an enormous Height in too many of both Sexes, they shall furnish the Entertainment of the Day.

These Female Correspondents, who are such powerful and ingenious Advocates in the Behalf of Beauty, Innocence, and Modesty, will, probably, observe with Pleasure, that their Letters, in a short Time, will have had a good Effect upon those who are not lost to all Sense of Shame; they will then enjoy the Satisfaction, of having efficaciously corrected, with their own pretty Hands, the Rudenesses and Abuses, which they, so justly complain of.

Epsom, July 25. 1724.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER,

‘ I HAVE had the Misfortune to be Educated after the old-fashion’d Method of our Ancestors; who were so ignorant, to instil *Modesty*, as a Virtue, into their Female Pupils. Now, you must know, Sir, this Place is filled, at present, with a polite Set of Ladies, (Members of a Society, with so hard a Name, that I am afraid I shou’d spell it wrong, so will omit it) that have Heroically resolv’d to put all Modest Virgins out of Countenance, by staring unmercifully in their Faces. This Behaviour adds so many new Charms, and renders them so agreeable to all they converse with, that I would gladly assume a little of this *Modern Accomplishment*: But the Prejudice of early imbib’d Principles, is so strong, that, instead of answering a SMART in his own Way, I cannot forbear Blushing, both for Him,

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‘ Him, and the Ladies that are diverted with
‘ his *prodigious Wit* : So beg you will either
‘ assist me to conquer these *ill-bred Flushes* ;
‘ or prevail with the Ladies to *confess* their
‘ Sex, by a Grain or two of Modesty, out of
‘ Compassion to several Sufferers ; and par-
‘ ticularly,

S I R,

Your Obedient

Humble Servant,

BIDDY BASHFUL.

N. B. *It wou’d not be amiss, if you wou’d
be pleas’d to appoint different Hours of
Publick Appearance, to the two Classes,
of the Bolds, and Bashfuls.*

S I R,

‘ **M**OST of our Neighbours, know-
‘ ing that I have the Honour to be
‘ related to you, have put me upon writing
‘ this Letter, to acquaint you, That Yester-
‘ day a strange and surprizing Creature was
‘ seen to pass through our Town on Horse-
‘ back: It had the Face of a young Woman,
‘ stuck full of Patches ; a Perriwig, which
‘ hung down to Its Waist ; a Hat, cock’d
‘ with the Smartness of a young Officer ; a
‘ huge Bunch of Ribbons, fastened behind
‘ Its Left-Shoulder ; a Shirt laid in large
Pleights

‘ Pleights on the Breast, and tied close at the
 ‘ Neck and Wrists, which, with a Vest of
 ‘ White Satten, trimm’d with Black, had
 ‘ much the Resemblance of a Shroud. Our
 ‘ whole Town was soon alarmed with this
 ‘ strange Appearance, and various are still the
 ‘ Opinions what It really was: The Old Peo-
 ‘ ple who were the most couragious generally,
 ‘ went pretty near to It, with their Specta-
 ‘ cles on, to view It more distinctly; the
 ‘ younger Sort kept It at an awful Distance:
 ‘ Some were of Opinion, that It was a High-
 ‘ wayman in Disguise, and accordingly were
 ‘ for seizing It; others took It for a Nun;
 ‘ but by a certain arch Lear It had with Its
 ‘ Eyes, I dare engage It had not a Bit of
 ‘ Nun’s Flesh about It: However, by its
 ‘ pale Complexion, and Shroudlike Dress,
 ‘ most of my Neighbours, at last, concluded
 ‘ It to be a Ghost, and so took to their Heels,
 ‘ and left me, (who am no great Believer in
 ‘ these Things) almost alone with It in the
 ‘ Road. I had now an Opportunity. during
 ‘ the Time It was drinking a Glass of *Rhe-*
 ‘ *nish Wine* and *Sugar*, at the *Saracen’s-head-*
 ‘ *Inn*, to survey It well, and thereupon, con-
 ‘ cluding It to be an *Hermaphrodite*, I enqui-
 ‘ red of the Man, who seemed to have the
 ‘ keeping of It, If he intended to shew It in
 ‘ our Town? and at what Inn? for, you
 ‘ must know, Sir, that I have a mighty Cu-
 ‘ riosity to see one of those Creatures all
 ‘ over: But the Man, with an angry Coun-
 ‘ tenance,

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‘ tenance, told me, That what I took for an
‘ *Hermaphrodite*, was only a young Lady,
‘ and that the Sort of Dress she was in, was
‘ commonly worn for a *Riding-Habit* by the
‘ Ladies of Fashion at *London*: But as nei-
‘ ther I, nor my Neighbours, can believe it
‘ possible for Folks, upon no ill Design, to
‘ disguise themselves in such a Manner,
‘ I desire you will, in one of your *PLAIN-*
‘ *DEALERS*, (for we have it constantly
‘ brought to us by our Coach) inform us of
‘ the Truth, which will tend very much to
‘ the Satisfaction of the best Part of our
‘ Town, who are your Readers; and parti-
‘ cularly,

Honoured SIR,

Your Kinswoman,

And most Humble Servant,

DOROTHY PLAIN.

Kettering in Northampton-
shire, July 27. 1724.

P. S. SIR, Since I writ my Letter, some
of my Neighbours tell me, they believe the
Creature I have writ to you about, is one
of the Masqueraders we have heard of,
that are common with you at London;
but, for my Part, I can't think it ugly
enough for one of them neither.

THE

THE subsequent Epistle is very curious, and gives an Account of a new Method of Scandal, which, my Correspondent assures me, takes very much with the Satyrical Part of her Sex; whom I am sorry to see so uncharitable to each other, and indiscreet enough to trust their Reputation to the Tongue of so loquacious an Animal.

S I R,

I WAS prevailed upon, one Day last Week, to visit my Lady *Tattle*, where I was no sooner seated, but I heard a Voice (which I thought too hoarse to come from our Sex) cry, ‘ ’Tis true, *she is very pretty; but she has Mrs. Frail’s Fault, that loves Fellows Company*: And then a little afterwards: *Good Lord! What’s become of Miss Patty! will she never leave the Country! People say, before she went, she was fat about the Waist*. Hearing my best Friends scandalized after this rude Manner; I could contain no longer, but, turning about to see the Author of such injurious Expressions, I was surprized to hear the same Voice, in the most humble Tone imaginable, cry, *Poor Poll, scratch Pole; pretty Parrot! It is impossible to describe the Pleasure, that appear’d in Lady Tattle’s Eyes, upon hearing her Bird’s Discourse: She told me, She had bespoke Three more, and that she designed one for Party, another for Scandal, and the Third, which she would instruct her-*

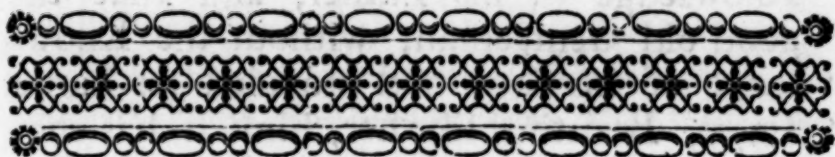
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‘ herself, should speak *Poetry*; I beg, Sir,
‘ you would either in your Writings put a
‘ Stop to this growing Folly, or desire some
‘ Member of Parliament to propose an Act
‘ to prohibit the Importation of *Parrots*.

I am S I R,

Kensington, *Your most Humble Servant,*
July 27.

VINDEMIA.



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Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori. VIRG.

FRIDAY, *August* 7. 1724.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

S I R,

‘ **T**HE few Lines, I sent to you, on the
‘ 27th of the last Month, were in-
‘ tended for the Diversion of your Readers,
‘ and were the Dictates of a Mind at Ease.
‘ I write to you now, with a quite different
‘ Spirit

‘ Spirit, and on a more substantial and solid
 ‘ Motive. My Heart was then, so light,
 ‘ that I little thought it would, in so short a
 ‘ Time, grow so heavy as I now find it. I
 ‘ am in Pain about a very worthy Relation
 ‘ of ours, young Mr. *Truelove*, who, being
 ‘ just return’d from his Travels, is married to
 ‘ a young Lady, upon whom he had secretly
 ‘ set his Heart for some Years before he went
 ‘ Abroad. The Perplexity of the Case is,
 ‘ That he has married her, without the
 ‘ Knowledge of his Father, and that the
 ‘ good old Gentleman, without the Know-
 ‘ ledge of his Son, had provided for him a
 ‘ Lady, Beautiful like her, himself has cho-
 ‘ sen, and young; like her; Equal in Fa-
 ‘ mily, but vastly Superior in Point of For-
 ‘ tune. Never was there a more Paternal
 ‘ Affection, than my Uncle *Truelove* has
 ‘ shewn innumerable Marks of to his Son;
 ‘ nor were there ever more Tokens of Filial
 ‘ Piety, than my Cousin has taken all Oc-
 ‘ casions to demonstrate towards his Father.
 ‘ It would be a wonderous Pity, that any
 ‘ Misunderstanding should happen between
 ‘ so loving and beloved a Father, and so lov-
 ‘ ing and beloved a Son: And yet we are all
 ‘ in mighty Apprehensions, that this Marri-
 ‘ age may occasion a fatal Breach between
 ‘ them. The Father placed the Prospect of
 ‘ the Son’s Happiness in his having a Wife
 ‘ with a plentiful Fortune. The Son thought
 ‘ that, with Regard to his own Happiness,
 ‘ no

' no Fortune could be put in Competition
 ' with the Value of the Woman, whose
 ' Virtue, Beauty, and Innocence, had en-
 ' dear'd her to his Heart. The Father (if all
 ' our Family gueſſes right, and much I fear
 ' we do) will be intriged at the Loſs of an
 ' Eſtate, in which he had imaginarily pla-
 ' ced the whole Sum of his Son's Felicity in
 ' this World; he will tax him of Impru-
 ' dence, tell him he has thrown himſelf away,
 ' and call this Marriage ſo enter'd upon with-
 ' out his Knowledge or Conſent, an Act of
 ' Diſobedience. My Couſin, who bears a
 ' tender and an affectionate Heart, will ill
 ' brook theſe Rebukes, that make his Fa-
 ' ther ſeem to undervalue the precious Crea-
 ' ture, whom he, above all the World,
 ' holds dear; he will not, he cannot, ſuffer
 ' them. He will juſtify his Choice; He will
 ' be warm in the Defence of the Fair One
 ' his Father has deſpiſed; He will ſpeak with
 ' Indifference of the Fortune; his Father
 ' had with Pains been ſeeking, in Compari-
 ' ſon of her, and maintain the Privilege of
 ' his being of Age, and free to chule for
 ' himſelf. Thus their very Affections, by
 ' this different Notion, they have of Hap-
 ' pineſs, may be the Cauſes of their Diſfe-
 ' rence; and ſince thoſe, who have a Vio-
 ' lence in the Paſſion of Love, carry with
 ' them that Violence into other Paſſions, we
 ' are apt to fear, that, unleſs ſome Precauti-
 ' ons be taken, the Rupture may be dange-
 ' rous;

' rous; and we rather think, by gentle Me-
 ' thods, to break the Force of the Disap-
 ' pointment in the Manner of discovering
 ' the Marriage to the Old Gentleman, than
 ' leave him to the Chance of a hasty Fury,
 ' upon his suddenly discovering it himself.
 ' We are all on the Son's Side, before the
 ' Matter breaks out; and we have a Mind
 ' to make it up with the Old Gentleman, as
 ' it were without his own Knowledge. Our
 ' Contrivance is, what I am sure your Hu-
 ' manity will prompt you to help forward;
 ' that you should pen a Paper, in Defence of the
 ' Right which young Men have of chusing for
 ' themselves, and against the Hardship there
 ' would be in a Father's interposing his Au-
 ' thority against the Inclinations of his Son,
 ' in the Case of Marriage, and after we have
 ' read that to him, we will open it by De-
 ' grees. Though it is more particularly ours
 ' at present, yet it is the World's Concern:
 ' The Young of both Sexes will be pleased
 ' with the Speculation, and it may be very
 ' extensively beneficial. If that Fatherly
 ' Gentleman, that wise Companion of yours,
 ' the Major, joins with you in supporting the
 ' Cause of the young People, two such Au-
 ' thorities will be of great Weight with the
 ' old Ones, and, at least reconcile them so
 ' far to this general Opinion of all Children,
 ' that when such Accidents happen, they
 ' will not stand in need of so many Argu-
 ' ments to reconcile them to their Persons.
 ' In

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‘ In complying with this, you will give great
‘ Ease and Satisfaction to our whole Family,
‘ and particularly to,

Honoured S I R,

Kettering in Nor-
thamptonshire,
Aug. 1. 1724.

Your Affectionate Kinswoman,

and Hamble Servant,

DOROTHY PLAIN.

WHEN this Letter came to my Hands, the Major happened to be present, and as soon as I had look'd it over, I told him, He had a Right to read it; he did so, and returning it with a Smile, *Your Kinswoman* (said he) *makes a very reasonable Request;* The Old People, who are generally in the Right, when they differ from the Young, will not be angry with us, their Coævals and Well-wishers, if we should endeavour to shew, that the young People are not altogether in the Wrong in this Point. *For my share, I must frankly declare, That, when young People are at Years of Discretion before they marry, the Law of Nature and Reason, seems to speak them Free to chuse for themselves, since they, and not their Parents, for no less a Term than Life, are to enjoy the Happiness of a Right Choice, or feel the Smart of a Wrong one.* The Major and I agreed in this Sentiment, and had a long Discourse upon

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the Subject, which, when I got Home, threw me into the following Reflections.

OF all the Affections, which move and act pleasurably upon the Frame of Human Nature, *Plato* reckons Love the most desirable: *For He*, saith this curious Philosopher, *who is thoroughly affected with this Passion, removes his Soul to the Place, where he has settled his Affections, and loses Himself to find the Object he doats upon.* This pleasant Straying, this delightful Wandering of the Soul from its own Mansion, is a beautiful Description of the Force of Love, and the Power, which those, who were created to charm, have to transport us, as it were, from the Government of Ourselves, into their own absolute Dominion. A Passion, which is, of its own Nature, so violent, renders Men excusable, in a great measure, when they seem to misplace it: They cannot be said to be guilty of a Fault in disobeying their Relations, when they are transported beyond the Power of giving Law to themselves. They are *sunk in the soft Captivity*, and Captives, are not free Agents: Neither is it hard it should be so in Nature; on the contrary, as good and virtuous Women, alone, have the *full* Power of moving and captivating the Soul in the manner I mention, it is so far from being an Evil, that it is a Blessing to be highly coveted. The Man, who is born of a good Mother, says little enough, when, transported by her Desert, he calls Women the Ornaments of Mankind in their Prosperity,

Prosperity, and their Supports in Adversity; There is no being happy in Life without them.

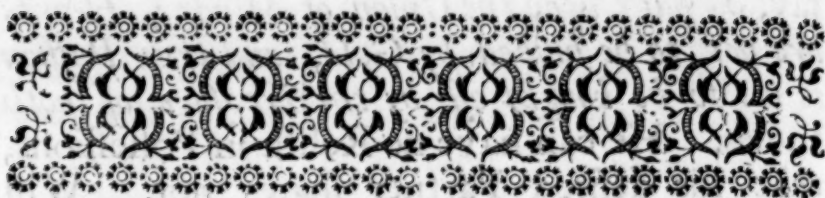
PLATO, in another Place, has carried the Sentiment to a more agreeable Height, he says, *The Soul of a Man, in Love, dieth in his own Body, and liveth in anothers.* This is Energy of Expression; and yet there is not more of Strength and Delicacy, than of Propriety and Justness: For, the Soul of a Man in Love, is dead to all other Appetites. The Man, who was in Love with Riches, and eager in the Pursuit of Honour, before he beheld the Fair One, who captivated his Soul, the Moment his Heart confesses itself a Victim to the Enchantment of Beauty, looks no longer upon Honour and Riches as the Two principal Movements, they grow only secondary Blessings, and are no farther valued than as they may help him to comfort, and adorn the adored Companion of his Life. Love is really, with regard to other Affections, what the Philosopher's Stone is pretended to be, with regard to Metals: It enriches, and ennobles every Thing it touches: It is the genuine Elixir, that gives a golden Tincture to every Disposition of the Mind; it heightens Ambition; it enlarges Generosity; it quickens Joy; it banishes Envy; it extinguishes Lust; it enlivens the Virtues, and extirpates the Vices of Men in all Ranks and Conditions of Life. Is there a King, who is a Lover of Money? The Beauty whom he languishes to make a

Queen, is valued beyond all his Treasure: Is there a Courtier that is warm in the Pursuit of a Coronet? Let him be in Love, and his Mistress is his *Pride* : Without her, the Coronet will not hinder his Head from aching : A *Garter* will less assuage the Swellings of his proud Heart, than a *Favour* of her bestowing. A Man that has a Fulness of Joy in his Composition, will grow melancholy, if he loses the fair Object of his Desires ; Musick cannot please where her Voice is not heard : Equipage, Embroideries, and Brocades are false Colours upon the Heart that is inwardly in Mourning. The Envious Man envies no Body but his Rival, while he continues a Lover. The Lustful forgets his Appetites after Variety of Women. What Parent can rationally expect to be heard, when he undertakes to plead against such powerful Impressions? All the Urgings of Duty will be of no Effect ; all the Arguments that can be used, will be no Arguments to these ; all the World, beside his Mistress, is nothing to the Man that is in Love, and She is all the World to him.

WHAT can they hope to propose to a Son in this Condition, that will deter him from his Purposes? Will they propose to him a Women, whom they think more beautiful and agreeable, and that as an infinite Superiority of Fortune, above the Fair One, that is his own Choice ; Let her be as great a Fortune as she pleases, she is no Fortune at all to him : She would be, with all her Wealth, the Load
and

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and Calamity of his Life. *Love*, he would say, *is built upon the Union of Minds ; Hearts are not to be bribed by Gold, and true Passion is not to be bought off by the Treasure of both Indies.* He can have no Relish in Possessions, that his desired Partner shares not. Will they add, That besides Fortune, the Mistress they recommend, has infinitely more of Beauty in the World's Eyes ? He will answer, The World's Eye is none of his ; he will grant, even that she may have Defects, and will not stop to say, *That he is even in Love with those Defects.* In fine, All they can propose will never avail, nor is it, indeed, reasonable that it should. If they threaten him with their Displeasure, and tax him with want of Duty, he will tell them, That he is dutiful in all other Points ; he will be sorry for their Displeasure, but cannot obey in this One Case ; he will make this undeniable Quotation in his Defence, *That he is to leave his Father and Mother, and cleave to his Wife.* And, truly, if his Parents think, that he sins against Prudence in chusing a slender Fortune, all the World will judge, that they would sin against Justice, if, forcing his Inclinations, they make him Wretched, under Pretence of making him Rich, and render him Miserable, under the Colour of making him Fortunate.



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Principiis Obsta ——— OVID.

————— *Vellent tibi barbam*
Lascivi pueri ——— HOR.

MONDAY, *August* 10. 1724.

THE Complaint of *CHLOE*, in the ensuing Letter seems to be formed upon so laudable a Desire of making her Husband more agreeable to her, that without being entirely uncomplaisant, and void of all Gallantry whatsoever, there is no such Thing as refusing to insert it, or denying her all the Assistance, that such a Plain Old Man, as I am, shall be able to give her, towards procuring her a proper Redress from her Husband. — It is, indeed, a nice and ticklish Matter to have any Thing to do betwixt married Folks; and, unless I had great Hopes of doing good, I should have little Inclination to meddle in it.

BUT

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BUT I remember to have heard a particular Case once, when a very Reverend Divine was applied to, by both Parties, to accommodate a Difference between them; the holy Man, excused himself, with a venerable Shrug, saying, *That he had laid it down as a Maxim, Never to go between a Man and his Wife, on any Consideration whatever.* — A Friend of mine, who knew both the Man and the Wife, assured me, That the first Grounds of their Difference were too ridiculous to bear being told; but, that both being very stiff and obstinate not to yield an Inch on either Side, were, however, inwardly ashamed, and wanted nothing more earnestly than a Pretence to come together by the Interposition of the Divine: If the *Doctor* had only used *Will, Weathercock's* healing Method, and said no more, but that, *Tho' both of them had been in the Wrong, yet both of them were in the Right too*, all would certainly have come right, and they have been as good Friends as ever.

FOR this Reason therefore, I shall never think it a Matter of Scruple to thrust in between a discontented Couple, My Correspondent *CHLOE* complains of a very obvious and visible Obstruction, that is easy, and will be even *refreshing* to her Husband to *take off*, and I comply with her Desire of inserting the Complaint, because, I confide, that her Husband's Compliance with the Prayer of her Petition, will be the Consequence of mine.

MR. PLAIN DEALER.

‘ THIS very Day makes it exactly Half
 ‘ a Year, since I became a Wife. My
 ‘ Husband, when he made his Applications
 ‘ to me, always appeared Gay, Genteel, and
 ‘ Debonnair. But, about Two Months af-
 ‘ ter we had tyed the *Gordian Knot*, He be-
 ‘ gan to dress in a more negligent Manner,
 ‘ He now appears so much the Reverse of
 ‘ what he did formerly, in Point of Dress,
 ‘ that the Neighbours look upon it as a bad
 ‘ Compliment to his Yoke-Mate. Before
 ‘ Matrimony, his Chin was scarce shaded.
 ‘ But now, the *Barber* is never sent for but
 ‘ on a *Saturday Night*. This strange *Meta-*
 ‘ *morphosis*, you may naturally suppose, is no
 ‘ ways agreeable to me. I assure you, Sir,
 ‘ I have spared no Pains to prevail with my
 ‘ Deary, to make his Appearance, in a Man-
 ‘ ner suitable to his Station. However, my
 ‘ repeated Petitions have, all of them, prov-
 ‘ ed ineffectual. I therefore, beg of you,
 ‘ MR. PLAIN DEALER, to give me your
 ‘ Assistance in this Affair, and you will high-
 ‘ ly oblige,

Your very Humble Servant,

CHLOE.

IF the Maxim of the above-mentioned
 Divine was to be followed in our present Case,
 ↓

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I do not know where this Complaint might end, and whether it would not come to an open Rupture: It is certain, the most remarkable Divorces have arisen from as small Beginnings. The very Letter of this young Lady, shews her to be a neat and cleanly Person, and therefore her Complaint of this (I cannot help terming it) *dirty* Usage, carries the greater Weight with it. I can, methinks, behold this young Sloven approaching the tender Thing, and embracing her in a manner that turns Pleasure into a Torment; I see him hold her struggling against a Kiss, his Arms round her unwilling Neck, force her Face to his dreaded Lip; he is put to the Necessity of *ravishing* a Kiss from his own Wife, and yet is ignorant of the Meaning. — He takes it, however, by Violence. — She looks half pleased, half angry, hangs down her Head, hides the Water in her Eyes, pushes him, between Jest and Earnest, from her Bosom; rubs her glowing and smarting Mouth, calls him *Rough Thing!* with half a tender-laughing, and a half-whining Voice. — The unpolish'd Creature casts a Booby Stare at her, and is stupidly at a Loss to know why she struggles so hard against what she likes: Unless he is told, point-blank, That his Beard is the Cause of all the Disorder, he cannot perceive that her Cheeks look red and angry with his Kisses, and wear rather the Print of Fury than Love. He must be told, That a delicate Skin was never form'd

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form'd to be brush'd over by a bristly Beard, that is rough, and stubborn, like the Humour that lets it grow. I call it more particularly *stubborn* in this unaccountable young Fellow, for she has told, and told him of it again and again, in plain Terms, and he, notwithstanding all this, pertinaciously continues to go *rough*. Now is it not a preposterous way of acting, after all, that when a *Lover*, he should shave close, for fear of offending the Eye of a Mistress whom he was uncertain of obtaining; and yet let it grow, when a *Husband*, without having the Fear of wounded Beauty before his Eyes; and without any Apprehensions of hurting that Face by his Roughness, that charm'd him by its Softness.

I DWELL the more upon this Subject, as inconsiderable as it may seem to some, because it is a Male Vice that I have frequently taken Notice of, and as often wish'd to see remedied for the sake of the fair Sufferers, who are wedded to such unpolish'd Barbarians. A Marriage Conversation ought to humanize and temper Men; on the contrary, these, instead of growing tamer, are made more savage by Matrimony.

You shall see a Lover in a fine Campaign Peruke, and an embroider'd Suit of Cloaths, alter'd into a Husband, with an aukward Country Bob, and a Surtout made out of a Rug. You shall find his Manners following his Dress, and his Complaisance degenerating
into

into Bluntness. It is in all Degrees alike. You shall see one, whom before Marriage, you would take for a Lord, alter'd, after it, into a Coachman; many that seemed Senators transmuted into Jockies; a hundred ceremonious Beaus turn'd Clowns, and numberless Sir *Clements* transformed into Country *Lob-bins*.

SURE, as old as I am, I have a more amorous Nature in me still, than these mysterious young Fellows, whose Affections and Actions are so different, I cannot tell what to make of them. I can easily guess it would tickle my Ear strangely, to hear a young beautiful Creature telling me, how I should become more agreeable to her, by adorning myself, and intreating me to do it. For Example, if *Patty Amble* and I were upon absolute Terms of Agreement, There are not any little Customs, that I would not depart from for her Ease. As fix'd an Aversion as I have profess'd against clouded Canes, I should, however, be easily perswaded to carry a painted Stick, instead of an Oaken, if by *walking* with it, I was sure to make *Progression* in my Wife's Affection; nay, I would admit a *Knot of Ribbons* to it into the Bargain, provided it would render our *Marriage-Knot* the easier. Again, I have known Women, who have a prodigious Aversion to a *Mouse*, and are not only very wary at guarding their Petticoats upon the Approach of that little noxious and nimble Animal, but do

do not even care that any Thing, which looks the least like it, should come near them; Now, if my *Patty* was of that Temper, I, who know how far Women are apt to stretch some Antipathies, would alter the very Colour of my Gloves for fear of Offence; and though I have affected *Mouse-colour* for so many Years, I would fit myself with a Pair of White, or, at least, of a less frightful Complexion, before I would come within Arm's Length of her Hoop. In fine, tho' I wear a little *Mustache* (the Fashion when I was young, and a Peculiarity I have not mentioned of myself 'till this Day) that would rather tickle than offend, yet sooner than that should interpose, it should be devoted to the Edge of the Razor. For I am absolutely for rescinding the least Obstacles between a Man and his Wife, before Matters are carried too far.

A GREAT many People will object, that these are Trifles; but I say, They are Matters that have more Consequences than they dream of. However, granting the Objection true, if conforming one's-self in little Matters is sufficient to please, it is the least a Man can do, to indulge so amiable a Creature.

COMPLIANCE in Dress, is a Piece of Matrimonial Wisdom, *Fine Feathers making fine Birds*: Women often chuse more judiciously than the Men; and have Regard to Sense,

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Sense, Temper, and Behaviour, but they will have a Mixture of Appearance too, in the Composition of their Man, if possible; and Dreſs paſſes, with ſome of them, even beyond Looks; inſomuch, that though Finery, in the general Rule, be the Glory and darling Paſſion of a Woman, yet there are Exceptions of many, who would rather ſee their Huſbands fine, than themſelves. Nothing is more common, than to hear *ordinary* Women, eſpecially, who, after they are married, are very free in declaring the Source of their Affections, ſay, That the Neatneſs of her Huſband, the Smugneſs of his Look, and the Cleverneſs of his Shape, &c. firſt made her in Love with him. If this be the Caſe, when the Cauſe ceases, the Effect will ceaſe too: The Moment he grows dirty, wears a long Beard, or drowns himſelf in a large *Joſephus*, the pleaſant Picture, that his Wife had painted of him, in her Fancy, vaniſhes; and if not re-imprinted ſometimes, her Liking inſenſibly wears away. In fine, as much Trifles as theſe are, a Wife's Heart, if *that* be a Trifle, is loſt by the Diſuſe of them; and perhaps made a *trifling* Preſent of, to a Stranger that minds Dreſſing.

I HAVE been credibly informed, That it is a political Piece of Cunning, among thoſe unlucky Sparks, who affect to ſhine by the Means of modiſh Wickedneſs, to obſerve, how the Huſband, who grows careleſs after Marriage, appeared in the Times of his Court-

Courtship, and to equip themselves accordingly. They Play the Part of the *Suiter* so well upon the *Husband*, as to estrange from him the Affections of his Spouse, and transfer them to their proper Purpose. They dress in the same Manner, wear Cloaths of the same Colour, are punctual in his very Pinch and Cock of the Hat, mimick his Air, Gait, Mien, and by this Policy in Love, make the Husband his own Rival. But as the Face is the Mart of Love, so these Inconveniencies happen mostly from an Over-neglect of that Part; the being not shaved ruffles a Woman's Temper against her Husband; while the Gallant, by being trimm'd, smoothes a Passage to her Inclination.

I AM sure, if the Case stands thus, a Barber is an Artisan of Importance, since, besides taking off the *Beard*, he lops away such growing Evils.

LET Him, therefore, that values his Head, look to his Beard; and be mindful.





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— *Cinis & Manes, & Fabula fies.* PERS.

FRIDAY, August 14. 1724.

EVER since I was a School-Boy, I have been fond of walking in *Westminster-Abbey*, where, when my Heart is heated, by the Violence of some unruly Passion, I enjoy a cool Composure, and a kind of Venerable Refreshment.——Its dusky Cloisters, majestick Isles, Quire, Organs, Royal Tombs, and reverend Variety of strong, impressiv, Images, have a never-failing Power to *reduce* my Mind from Transport, when Hope, Prosperity, or Pleasure, have betray'd it into Vanity; or, to *relieve* it, when disorder'd, by a Weight of Anguish, or Oppression.

DEATH, and the Sun, says a French Writer, are Two Things not to be look'd upon with a steady Eye.——Though there is something in his Observation, rather pretty, than just, yet so far is certainly true, That we are unqualify'd

qualify'd to think, serenely, on our *Dissolution*, while we are surrounded by the Noise, and Hurry of the World, in its ambitious Scenes ; or soften'd into sensual Wishes, by the Languor of an idle Solitude. — While we are Part of our own Prospect we can never view it justly : But, in such a Situation as the *Abbey*, we are plac'd as it were, out of ourselves, and, from this ancient *Stand* of Death, look back upon a Country, which we seem no longer to have any Concern in ; and which, therefore we can judge of with the necessary Clearness and Impartiality.

THE Mind that is stedfast enough to meditate, calmly, on Death, will be arm'd to resist the Strength, and the Flattery, of human Passions. — Such Thoughts, if they make us not *better*, will, at least, make us *wiser* ; since that must moderate our Wishes. which puts us out of Countenance at their Levity : And, who can reflect, without being ashamed, that while every Thing, in *Life*, is accidental, and *Death*, the only Certainty ; we go on to act notwithstanding, as if all Things, else were *infallible*, and Death but *accidental*.

I, sometimes, suffer myself to be shut up for Five or Six Hours among the *Tombs*, where I sit down without Ceremony, or Reprehension, among the proudest of those Princes, who were once, too stately to be convers'd with, but at Distance, and with Fear and Reverence. — I possess, in common, with the Spiders (their Companions, and most constant

stant Servants, who spread Net-work over their Trophies) the unenvied Privilege of surrounding those last Beds of forgotten Majesty.—Here I bury myself, in solemn Silence, and imprint my Imagination with Images, which awaken Thought and prepare me for Humility.—The stain'd, and melancholy Light, that enters faintly through the painted Windows, as if it wore a decent *Mourning*, to become the Scene it opens to me, guides me, slowly, by the cloister'd Allies, dusty Tombs, and weeping Statues, till I am lost in that still Pomp of figur'd Sorrow, which, on every Side, incloses me.

*From finish'd Pray'r, the Flock disperse apace,
And each glad Foot forsakes the dreary Place:
The hooded Prebend, plods along before;
And the last Virger, claps the ringing Door.
Then, thoughtful, ling'ring, curious, and alone,
In the dark Temple, when the rest are gone,
No Noise invades my Ear; No murmur'ing Breath
Not one low Whisper, in the Hall of Death!
No trampling Sound swims o'er the silent Floor;
But the slow Clock, that counts the sliding Hour!*

HERE, indulging Contemplation, I forget my Cares, and Misfortunes, and disencumber myself from the Forms, and Embarrassments of Converse. I become the Inhabitant of a quiet, and unbusy World, where all is serene and peaceful: I am disturb'd by no Fears, inflam'd by no Anger, inspir'd by no Hope, tormented by no Jealousy: I can expect,

without Impatience ; and be disappointed, without Affliction : The Dust, which is scatter'd round me, and which once, was Living Flesh, as I am, choaks the Fountains of my Pride, and produces in me a Mortification, that is too strong for all my Passions.

I WAS present, very lately, when of those Monumental Historians, whose Employment it is to draw a Profit from reading Lectures, on these Resting Places of our antient Princes, was shewing the Tomb of *Henry the Fifth*, to a Circle of Holiday Strollers.—After having inform'd the tasteless Wonderers, That this was *He* who conquer'd France ! That His Son was crown'd in *Paris* ! That he married *the French King's Daughter* ! And what else he had been Able to collect from the Records of this great Prince's Reign ; he pointed to a Plain, Wooden, Worm-eaten, Coffin, that was plac'd upon the Ground, by this Tomb's Side, and told them, That it contain'd the Body of Queen *Catherine*, the beautiful Wife of this Triumphant *Henry*.—Adding, That for a small, additional, Contribution, he would unlock the Coffin, and let them look in upon her Corpse, which lay there, perfect, and undecay'd, though she had been dead almost Three hundred Years. They had Curiosity enough to pay the Price demanded, and the Proposer made good his Promise, unveiling to their Sight, and Touch, the Reliques of that Royal Charmer.

I CANNOT express the Indignation, and Concern which this Scene gave me.—Her lovely Limbs, which, once, were thought too tender for the Wind to blow upon; and which were never seen without Joy, Reverence, and Wonder, by the Conqueror of Her Father's Kingdom, and the Sovereign of This in which she died: *Now*, lay neglected, and expos'd! denied even Earth to cover her! and made a Spectacle, for Entertainment of a Croud of common Wanderers!

SUPERIOR, as this Lady was, in her Beauty Birth, and Fortune, what Præ-eminence in Death have all these given her above the *Meanest*, and most *Unlovely*?—After having made her *Life* a changeful Course of Sorrow and Calamity, they left her destitute, in *Death*, without the Decency of a *Grave* to shelter her!—There, now, she lies, a Proof of transitory Greatness! To comfort the *Wretched*, with this Reflection, when they look in upon her expos'd Remains, that *Nature* has made no Difference between a *Royal*, and a *Vulgar*, Body; But, that, taking away what was added by *Fortune*, each, from the Moment of Death, is the other's Equal to Eternity.

WHAT Rank, or Condition, is there among us, which may not draw, from this great School of Moral Reasoning, some Observation for their Benefit?—Even the *Unwary* and *Extravagant*, whose Lives are a continued Luxury! and to whom the Miseries

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of *Debt* appear remote, and without Terror! Even *They*, may find a Lesson among these *Tombs*; for there they may be shewn the Bodies of great Men, doing Penance in their Velvet Coffins, and *imprison'd after Death*, to satisfy the Malice of their stubborn Creditors, as if the Influence of sordid Money could extend its Cruelties beyond Life, and had a Privilege to disturb, by Avarice, the sleeping Ashes of departed Sovereigns!

Is a Man insulted? wrong'd? betray'd? Does he hate his distrustful Enemy? Are his Thoughts employ'd on Revenge? And does he break his Sleep with Stratagems, to avoid, or retaliate, the Injustice that may be done him? Let him walk with me in this instructive Circle, and I will shew him the Dust of a murder'd Monarch, mixing quietly with *his* who murder'd him.—I will tread with him over Earth that is passive, and ferments not, though compos'd of united Atoms from the mingl'd Bodies of those Men, whose battling Interests and Affections, while they *liv'd*, shook the Kingdom like an Earthquake! —When the *Quarrelsome* consider *This* they ought to blush at their little Hatreds, and grow asham'd to let their Souls be divided by Animosity, when Death may crumple their Bodies together, and incorporate them with their most malicious Enemy!

THERE is no Fortune so *exalted*, but it may find a *Check* in this dark Mansion: Nor any Condition so *dejected*, but that it may be

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be sure of a *Comfort* : Every Stone that we look upon, in this Repository of past Ages, is an *Entertainment*, and a *Monitor*.—I never leave its venerable Gloom, without finding my Mind cooler, and more compos'd than when I enter'd.—I sink deep into myself, and see my Heart without Disguise; in its good, or evil Propensities : And I gather Power from these strong Impressions to resist Pleasure, Pride, Ambition, or low Avarice: And to fortify the Impulses of Humility, Forgiveness, Charity, and the Virtues of Content and Quietude.

THERE WAS publish'd, a few Years since, a Poem, call'd WESTMINSTER-ABBEY. *by h^c Daul* I am sorry the Author's Name was not printed with it. There is something highly elevated in his Genius, that is sweetly serious, and sublimely melancholy!—The Verses inserted above, I am indebted for to that Poem : And I shall borrow from the same Piece, these following, which, I will take the Liberty to affirm, are as fine ones, as were ever written. —I ask Pardon for a Transposition, and Alteration, or Two, which I have only made, that I might have the Pleasure of collecting into one view, as many of the Beauties, as could possibly be drawn together in the narrow Compass of my Paper.

*Lead on, my Muse! while, trembling, I essay
To trace thy Footsteps, through the Cloister'd Way :
Throw a thick Veil around thy radiant Head,
And lead me through the Dwellings of the Dead.
Where the still Banner, faded, and decay'd,
Nods, pendant, o'er its mould'ring Master's Head,
Where Loves, transform'd to Marble Angels, moan :
And weeping Cherubs, seem to sob in Stone.*

*Seize Time : and by the Pinions, urge his Stay ;
Stop him, a while, in his Eternal Way.
Bid him recline his Scythe, on each pale Tomb,
And name the Tenant of the darksome Room.
O, Muse ! with Care, the blended Dust explore ;
And re-inspire, and wake, the sleeping Floor.*

*To mount their Throne, here, Monarchs bend their Way,
O'er Pavements, where their Predecessors lay :
Ye Sons of Empire ! who, in pompous Hour,
Attend, to wear the cumbrous Robe of Pow'r !
When ye proceed along the shouting Way,
Think, there's a Second Visit, still to pay.
And, when in State, on buried Kings you tread,
'And swelling Robes sweep o'er th' imperial Dead !
While, like a God, your worshipp'd Eyes move round,
Think, then, O think ! you walk on treach'rous Ground.
Though firm the chequer'd Pavement seems to be,
'Twill, surely, open, and give Way, for Thee !*

*While crouching Lords, address their Duties near
Th' anointing Prelate ! and the kneeling Peer !
While with obsequious Diligence, they bow,
And spread the careful Honours, o'er thy Brow :*

While

*While the high-rai'd Spectators shout a ound,
And the long Isles and vaulted Roofs, resound :
Then, snatch a sudden Thought and turn thy Head,
From the loud Living, to the silent Dead.
With conscious Eye, the neighb'ring Tombs survey :
These will instruct thee, better far, than They !
What now, thou art, in yon gay Homage see :
But These best shew, what thou art sure to be !*

I AM ignorant what Reception this excellent Performance met with in the World ; but I, hope, for the Honour of my Country, that it was not a bad one !——The whole Poem is full of Beauties ; but, if it had no other Merit than appears in what I have here copied from it, every candid Judge of Poetry, must allow it to have deserved the highest Applause and Admiration.





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Hic murus aheneus esto
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa. HOR.

MONDAY, *August* 17. 1724.

But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt, amidst the War of Elements,
The Wreck of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.
Add, Cato.

MR. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ I Am an old Man, as you are, and when
‘ I reflect on the fantastick Vicissitude of
‘ human Affairs ; when I consider the Short-
‘ ness of Life, and the small Pretensions I
‘ have to any longer Share in it, it fills my
‘ Mind with something grave, solemn, and,
‘ I must own, melancholy ; but when I give
‘ my Thoughts a more unbounded Scope,
‘ and pass over that short Intermission of Life,
‘ into the Contemplation of an Eternal
Being,

‘ Being, my Mind recovers from that Gloom,
 ‘ which the first Reflection fill’d me with,
 ‘ and grows gay, in Proportion to the Influ-
 ‘ ence which this latter has upon it.

‘ I WAS, last Night, reading that celebrated
 ‘ Speech of *Cato* whence I have taken the Motto,
 ‘ with which I head this Letter, and whether
 ‘ it was from the serious Thoughts which
 ‘ that Soliloquy inspired, or the last strong
 ‘ Glimpses of a Mind almost expiring, and
 ‘ habituated to such Speculations, I am not
 ‘ able to determine ; but I was no sooner fallen
 ‘ asleep, than the following Dream, or rather
 ‘ *Vision*, grew into Form, and fill’d my Fancy,

“ **M**ETHOUGHT the dreadful Hour
 “ was come, in which I was to resign
 “ this Life; my Bed was surrounded by a
 “ silent Company of weeping Friends, whose
 “ Sorrows touch’d me more, than my own
 “ approaching Dissolution, which happen’d
 “ in less Time, than human Nature can con-
 “ ceive, and therefore (though at that Period
 “ I felt it sensibly) it is impossible I should
 “ now describe it. I was no sooner freed from
 “ the Incumbrance, and Obscurity, of *Mat-
 “ ter*, but my Soul became refined to such an
 “ infinite Degree of Conception, that my
 “ Eyes, having nothing to interrupt, or con-
 “ fine their View, were strengthen’d with
 “ such piercing Beams, that they darted
 “ every Glance through an innumerable Pro-
 “ gression

“ gression of Worlds, and illuminated me
 “ with a particular, and perfect, Knowledge
 “ of the Harmony, and Fabrick of each ex-
 “ tended System.

“ W H I L S T I was thus lost in Contem-
 “ plation (for infinite Space, like an endless
 “ Source, still afforded me new Objects to
 “ nourish that inextinguishable Thirst of
 “ Knowledge, which is the Employment of
 “ Eternal Life) I felt a Heavenly Transport,
 “ which diffus’d itself, swifter than Thought,
 “ through the Frame of my new Being; and
 “ which, at the same Time it made my
 “ Soul tremble with its Influence, invigora-
 “ ted, and enabled it to support the Energy.

“ I N O W enjoy’d perfect Felicity, and
 “ whilst my Soul (whose Desire of Know-
 “ ledge increased in proportion with its Power
 “ to gratify it) imploy’d each different Sen-
 “ sation in pursuit of that Branch, which
 “ which was peculiar to its Nature; on a sud-
 “ den, I heard an universal Crack, which seem’d
 “ to arise from the whole Number of created
 “ Worlds, and resounded from Globe to
 “ Globe, with a long Continuance of rever-
 “ berated Uproars,

“ A T last, the Chain that link’d them in
 “ that dependant Order, in which, from the
 “ first Moment of their Creation, they have
 “ perpetually been moving, shiver’d, of it-
 “ self: The loosen’d Orbs, thus disunited,
 “ began to roll, with an unconceivable Swift-
 “ ness, through the vast Expanse of Space,
 “ and

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“ and met, and shock’d each other in the
 “ dark Vacuity ! The *Sun*, now robb’d of
 “ Light, whirl’d rapid, and irregular ! The
 “ *Moon* let loose her Seas, and rain’d a De-
 “ luge in her falling ! The *fixed Stars*, that,
 “ from the Birth of Time, had kept their
 “ appointed Stations, no longer aw’d by the
 “ all-powerful *Word*, broke loose, and rush’d
 “ together. Prodigious was the Sound ! and
 “ horrible the Conflict ! The Elements, for-
 “ getting their respective Qualities, and urg’d
 “ by the immutable Decree, met, all, and
 “ *mix’d*, and lost themselves, in ruinous
 “ Confusion.

“ WHEN all seem’d bury’d in profoundest
 “ Darkness, the wild Uproar ceas’d at once ;
 “ and as I wonder’d at this sudden Silence, a
 “ Pyramid of Fire broke thro’, that in a
 “ Moment, enwrapp’d the Whole, and,
 “ having nothing left to prey upon, at
 “ length, devour’d it self.

“ THUS was the *End* of *All* ! When from
 “ that inaccessible Brightness, where the Di-
 “ vine Presence conceals, yet makes it self
 “ known, a Beam of Day shot out, which
 “ lighting up the infinite Extent of Heaven,
 “ and rendering it transparent, discover’d all
 “ its Glories. I there perceiv’d the Stream of
 “ Life, which running through the midst of
 “ Heaven, *quicken’d* where-ever it roll’d, and
 “ watering the Tree of Knowledge, nou-
 “ rish’d it eternally : Next, I saw numberless
 “ Swarms of Beings, like myself, that fill’d
 “ the

“ the Vastness of Infinitude, and seem’d lost,
 “ like me, in Wonder, Praise, and Adora-
 “ tion. I heard a Voice (which had more
 “ Influence, than the most perfect Harmony
 “ of human Art, and communicated itself
 “ to all alike) cry, *Come, Eat of the Tree of*
 “ *Knowledge, and Drink of the Water of*
 “ *Life.*

“ IMMEDIATELY the Angelick Host,
 “ and all the Children of Earth (who, by
 “ Obedience to this Command, were become
 “ one, and the same) eat, and drank, as
 “ they were commanded. The first Effect
 “ of this, that I found on myself, and per-
 “ ceived in all the rest, was a perfect Recol-
 “ lection of whatever I had done since my
 “ first entering into Life: Various were the
 “ Consequences! The *Ungrateful*, the *Mur-*
 “ *therer*, the *Miser*, the *False Friend*, and
 “ the *Rebel*, remember’d, with Horror,
 “ their past Crimes, and grew frantick, at
 “ every Thought, with the Consciousness of
 “ what they had merited. They felt the se-
 “ verest Pangs of that most lively of all
 “ Torments, *Despair*; but the *Just*, and
 “ those who had the least to reproach them-
 “ selves with, found, yet, they had too
 “ much to answer for, when, in the Book of
 “ Record, which was thrown open to the
 “ View of all, they perceived, that the mi-
 “ nuteest of their Thoughts were registered.

“ Now we all became sensible, how easy
 “ the Rule was by which we were to have
 “ liv’d;

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“ liv’d; and how adapted to the required
 “ Obedience of human Nature! Whilst we
 “ were thus lamenting our unhappy States,
 “ and aggravating our Misery by Self-Con-
 “ viction, in an Instant, we discover’d a
 “ fiercer Blaze of Light, and beheld the my-
 “ stick Veil drawn off, that shrouded the
 “ Almighty’s Presence: Raised on a Throne,
 “ to which the Brightness of the Sun would
 “ have been dim, the Divine Father of all Things
 “ disclos’d Himself; His Countenance was
 “ mildly awful; Paternal Tenderness shone
 “ out in every Feature of His Face, and dis-
 “ covered a Concern for us, which, we knew,
 “ proceeded from a Divine Idea, *That if He*
 “ *should be Merciful, He must be more, than*
 “ *Just.*

“ ON His Right Hand sat the *Second*
 “ *Person*, our known Redeemer; In Him,
 “ the Beauty of the Father was divinely
 “ manifested; In Him, the Glory of His
 “ Power at once was soften’d, and exerted.
 “ Behind Him the fatal Figure of that Cross,
 “ on which He suffer’d, hung, like a dread-
 “ ful Comet, prognosticating the Hour of
 “ Judgment. On the Left, was placed the
 “ *Third* Adorable Person, in the, now, no
 “ longer *Mystick Union*. In Him, an equal
 “ Mixture of the Father, and the Son, re-
 “ veal’d itself, uniting, in his Countenance,
 “ the severest Glory of the One, with the
 “ most ineffable Sweetness of the Other.

“ BENEATH,

“ BENEATH, and on the Right of the
 “ World’s triumphant Saviour, sat his
 “ Twelve Disciples: Their Eyes were fix’d
 “ on their great Master’s Looks, and seem’d
 “ to borrow thence, by Reflection, all their
 “ Softness, and their Lustre. In equal Sta-
 “ tions, on the Left of the *Holy Spirit*, ap-
 “ pear’d those Antient *Philosophers*, who,
 “ through the Dusk of Superstition and Ido-
 “ latry, by the Light of Reason, and mere
 “ Nature, saw, and taught, One True,
 “ Eternal God; and in Defence of that Be-
 “ lief, had Courage even to suffer Martyr-
 “ dom.

“ WHILST I contemplated this Divine
 “ Appearance, I heard a Voice, which, pro-
 “ ceeding thence, pierc’d the profoundest
 “ Space of Heaven, proclaiming, *That each*
 “ *should be his own Judge, and from the Testi-*
 “ *mony of his own Conscience, acquit, or con-*
 “ *demn himself.*

“ IMMEDIATELY all the *Just*, and those
 “ whose Consciences, by due Allowances for
 “ the Frailties of human Nature, could ac-
 “ quit, and encourage them, advanced, and
 “ (with a Modesty, at once more humble
 “ and assured, than any thing on Earth) as-
 “ serted, and made known, their Virtues
 “ and Obedience to the Divine Commands,
 “ concluding, that, though they had ac-
 “ quitted themselves, and were intitled, by
 “ the *unalterable Word*, to Everlasting Feli-
 “ city, yet could they not pretend to claim
 “ it,

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“ it, ’till they had received the Almighty
“ Sanction, which they hop’d for, through
“ the Mediation, the Merits, and the Blood
“ of his beloved Son, who died for Man’s
“ Redemption, Pardon, and Salvation. Af-
“ ter which, they prostrated themselves be-
“ fore the Throne, and, receiving Diadems
“ of Glory, *were admitted as Partakers of*
“ *Beatitude without End.*

“ I THEN heard the same Voice repeat,
“ *Let each be his own Judge, and from the*
“ *Testimony of his own Conscience, acquit, or*
“ *condemn, himself; But, far from seeing any*
“ more advance (though still there were infi-
“ nite Numbers remaining) I observ’d, that
“ they drew back, reproaching each other,
“ beating their Breasts, and making such
“ Variety of Lamentations, that the violent
“ Noise awaken’d me, in such a Mixture of
“ Joy, and Horror, that it will be long be-
“ fore my Memory wears out the Impression
“ of so strong a Vision, which, if it affects
“ you enough, to make you judge it worth
“ publishing, I shall have *slept*, as I love to
“ *wake*, for the Service, or Warning of others.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

C. D.

The



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Obsequium amicos, veritus, odium parit. —
T E R E N.

Fortior, est qui se, quam qui fortissima vincit
Mœnia ————— V I R G.

Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit. —
H O R.

FRIDAY, *August* 21. 1724.

I was visited, some Days ago, by several of my distinguish'd Friends; and, on this Occasion, must particularly name the *Major*, and *Ned Volatile*, in regard they were the principal Persons concerned in that Afternoon's Conversation, which gave Birth to this Day's Paper.

THE Discourse turn'd upon a Subject, to which a late unhappy Rencounter furnish'd too many Materials: 'Twas the Dispute between Two dear and inseparable Friends, which ended not, but with the Life of one of them.

them. The Personal Acquaintance, that some of us had with one, or both, of the Gentlemen, continued our Conversation longer, and carried our Reflections farther, than we should else have allow'd of, at a Time, when we met to give, and receive a mutual Pleasure.

THE *Point of Honour*, which is usually the Foundation, upon which these unhappy Disputes are grounded, was, by the *Major*, beautifully explain'd, and set in a just Light, opposite to the too generally mistaken Notions of that noble Qualification; and which *Ned* had too warmly debated, 'till *Will. Weathercock* diverted his pushing it to Extremity, by the seasonable Interposition of his peculiar Judgment. *Will's* Decisions, as the *Pagans* painted their *Janus*, always appear with *Two Faces*, which favour both Parties, and reconcile them in good Humour. Nevertheless, we could not leave the Subject intirely, without a Progress of Reflection upon the Fatality of sudden Startings, and ungovernable Passions, which are too much indulg'd, and but too little provided against, by the Generality of Mankind.

I REMEMBER 'twas agreed to, that most of the ill Blood, Debates, and Quarrels, that happen, owe their Original to Unconcern, and Carelesness about our Humour in Conversation. A Man must be Master of himself, and preserve a watchful Guard over his Behaviour in Company, if he would either *please*,

or be *pleased*. There is a natural Liberty, which all Mankind claims by Right; but the mistaken Use of it leads to Mischief. A licentious, or rambling, Tongue proves, as injurious to Society, as Treason to a State; and Traitors smart no more, frequently, for *This Guilt*, than Prattlers for *That Folly*.

NED VOLATILE, not yet quite cool, broke in upon our Chain of Reasoning, by asserting, 'That a strict Watch over one's Words, Actions, and Humour, in all Companies, is a Restraint, which, in his Opinion, differ'd nothing from Torture. What! said he, must I be always under the Slavery of *thinking* before I speak? Shall I never have the Pleasure of expressing my own Sentiments? Who would sacrifice his natural Rights, to please another Man? Would any but a *Fool*, or *Flatterer*, praise what he *bates*? or declare himself an Enemy to what he *loves*, merely to shew his good *Humour*, or *Complaisance*? No Gentlemen, I maintain, That *Grandeur itself*, would be too dear bought at this Price; and whoever affirms the contrary, is no Friend to *Plain-Dealing*.

HE paus'd here, and look'd at me for Approbation; I was going to distinguish, and remark the Circumstances that should be punctually regarded, when the *Major* begg'd to be heard. 'The Restraint, said he, that you represent so dreadful, gives more Satisfaction, than Pain. Your Complaisance, and

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‘ and good Humour, is more your own Interest, than your, Companion’s. Is it not
 ‘ for your own Sake, that you accommodate
 ‘ yourself to his Humour, from whom you
 ‘ hope good Offices or expect agreeable Entertainment? Do you take for Dissimulation
 ‘ a Guard of Prudence, which induces you
 ‘ to seem in the Sentiments of a Man, whom
 ‘ you would willingly draw into yours, when
 ‘ either your Interest, or Inclination, requires
 ‘ it? For my Part, I think you have a
 ‘ Right to applaud yourself, when you can
 ‘ enter agreeably into opposite Humours :
 ‘ What induc’d all the Anticents to admire
 ‘ the pliant Conduct of *Alcibiades*? And
 ‘ why do we *still wonder*, that a Man could
 ‘ so aptly accommodate himself to the different
 ‘ Manners of the several Countries
 ‘ where he liv’d? Nothing was so much
 ‘ talk’d of at *Athens*, as his *Eloquence* and
 ‘ *Gallantry*. Among the *Persians*, he was
 ‘ always *feasting*, and nothing was seen more
 ‘ splendid, than his *Dress* and *Equipage*; but
 ‘ he pass’d over to opposite Manners, when
 ‘ he was obliged to go to *Sparta*; for *there*
 ‘ the most rigid *Lacedemonian* led a Life less
 ‘ *austere* than *Alcibiades*.

‘ *ALCIBIADES*, cry’d *Ned Volatile*, was
 ‘ an Affecter of *Popularity*. His Maxim was
 ‘ like that of a Friend of mine, *Cum fueris*
 ‘ *Romæ, Romano vivito More*. But, hang it.
 ‘ —I hate that Suppleness of Humour,
 ‘ It may be necessary for Embassadors and

Travellers ; but *Ned Volatile* has nothing to do with it.

HE was proceeding, in his usual Volubility of Speech, when I interrupted him, in the following Manner.

‘ I AM sorry my Friend *Volatile* would decry one of the Blessings, upon which the Happiness of *Society* is in a great Measure, founded. The Commerce of Life requires our Regard to Variety of Humours every Day, and when *Nature* denies the Mastery, of them, Men should endeavour to *acquire* it. Who would not *rejoice with* a Friend, newly, and happily, married? *Congratulate* one just arrived from his Travels? Or *Condole* with *another* on the Loss of an only, and valuable Son? This is no Suppleness, no Inequality of Humour? ’Tis a Sweetness, ’tis a Virtue. Tell me; Would not yourself, in the Presence of a Gay Prince, devoted to his Pleasures, appear with a chearful Countenance? Or, Would you accost with a smiling Air, a cloudy, and suspicious, one? No more is it fitting to carry a Passion into Company disagreeable to that which reigns in it, or to discover a *Mien* which condemns the Sentiments wherewith the Company is prepossessed. In short, nothing is more opposite to the Maxims of Civil Society, than an Opinionative, and Dogmatical, Conduct; and he who will obstinately follow it, is in Danger of never getting new Friends, and even of losing his old ones.

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‘ ones. I wish I could say, That these Duels,
‘ and Deaths, we have been speaking of, are
‘ not its common Consequences.

‘ I HAVE heard, and enter into your Senti-
‘ ments with Pleasure, said *Ned Volatile*; but
‘ allow me, at least, to affirm, That one who
‘ is thus Master of his Temper, must never
‘ abuse this Power; never betray his Senti-
‘ ments, in maintaining an Error, or in giv-
‘ ing Praises to Words or Actions, that he is
‘ sensible do not deserve it.

‘ RIGHT, answered I.—*How* then, said
‘ he, or *wherein*, do you appear Master of your
‘ Humour?—When I submit it, replied
‘ I, to that of others, or decline my own
‘ Will to theirs, to whom I would shew a
‘ Deference, my *Words*, at least, my *Silence*,
‘ should carry Tokens of my Complaisance.
‘ As for Example; Did one whom I would
‘ not displease, commend an ill Man, not well
‘ known to him? or who had wrong’d, or
‘ disoblig’d me? In such Case, I would stifle
‘ and conceal my Resentment; and be silent,
‘ since I could not be of the same Opinion
‘ with a Person whom I was unwilling to
‘ offend.

‘ No, no cry’d, *Ned Volatile*, if ever I sub-
‘ ject my Humour, it shall be to the *Ladies*;
‘ There are many *Capricio’s*, that must be borne
‘ with, from them; but, in all other Cases,
‘ *my Mind is my Kingdom; I am absolute, and*
‘ *will be so.*

HE ran on, to this Purpose, near a Quarter of an Hour ; and, at last, happening to touch again on the Article of Honour and Friendship, which had introduc'd the Subject of our Discourse, the *Major* requested him to hear a Story, in which, an *Example* of both these valuable Distinctions would better plead for their right Use, than any Account he could give of *his own particular Sense* of them. The Story, said the *Major*, is Modern ; but not well known ; and amongst all the Instances of Bravery, is a fine, and uncommon Display of it. 'Tis what most *Fighters* would think below them, yet, what none, but a Conqueror, could come up to.

ALTAMONT, and *Honorius*, were both Men of Quality, and of Eminence in the Army, wherein they had served long in Friendship together. *Altamont* was, deservedly, placed in the full Height of Power and Preferment : *Honorius*, inferior but a small Degree in Post, was greatly so in Fortune ; but he was fill'd with Princely Virtues, and his Soul had a distinguish'd Greatness : He had been a Sharer in the whole Course of *Altamont's* innumerable Glories, — *Honorius*, on some after-Occasion, whether, as suppos'd, by *Altamont's* Breach of Promise, or what other Ground for Resentment happened, is neither known, nor material to be debated ; 'tis sufficient to tell you, That *Honorius* was so disoblig'd, that he sent *Altamont* a Challenge, to determine their Difference, in a Duel, at a Time appointed, in *Hyde-Park*.

AT the Time in which *Altamont* received this Challenge, he was so deeply engaged in a Trust, whereon depended the Preservation of the King's Person and Government, that he could not sacrifice, or neglect them, by risking his important Life, in a Personal Quarrel, at that Juncture; but knowing well the Honour and Bravery of *Honorius*, and jealous too of his own, he sent for *Carolinus* early that Morning, in which he was to fight.

—— ‘ *Brother*, said he, You know how much of the Weight of Government lies at this Time upon my Shoulders, and there are some secret Concerns of State, to which you are yet a Stranger. I am called upon to a *Duel*: It concerns a Case of *Honour*, and my Adversary is a Man of Bravery. You must meet him, in my Stead, and give him the Satisfaction he requires. ’

CAROLINUS, resolved to act in his Brother's Cause, as in his own, without Delay, went to meet his unknown Opponent; but when he arrived at the destin'd Spot, he was confounded, to see him the *dearest Friend he had upon Earth*! ‘ Good God! said *Honorius*, to what am I fated? I expected your *Brother*, and is it *You*, my *Carolinus*! ’ *It is*, replied *Carolinus*, with a Sigh! They gaz'd on each other; their Breasts were agitated by a Tempest of warring Passions! — After a Length of silent Confusion, *Honorius* thus addressed himself to *Carolinus* —— ‘ You are that very Friend, I ever called, and thought

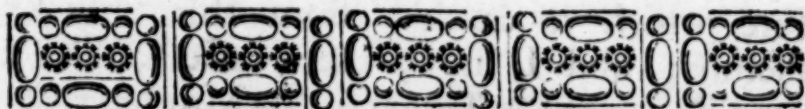
‘ you; You are the Man who have so often
 ‘ vow’d the most sincere, and exalted Friend-
 ‘ ship for me.’ ‘ I am, replied *Carolinus*,
 ‘ and I bring with me the same devoted
 ‘ Heart, a Sacrifice to your Disposal! If you
 ‘ survive, you will know my Innocence, and
 ‘ the Cause why I am here, which weighty
 ‘ Reasons forbid the Discovery of at present;
 ‘ But come — *Since it must be thus*’ —
 They both advanc’d, and in that Instant,
Honorius cry’d, *Hold my Carolinus! ’Tis done!*
The Struggle of my Soul is over, and our Dis-
pute at an End. I am determin’d! I will not,
I cannot break the Chain that has bound our
Souls so long together; no, not for your Bro-
ther’s Power, or my Prince’s Crown. — They
 continued some Time in Disorder and Expo-
 stulation. Both of them were brave, sove-
 reignly brave! and none ever lived, who
 better knew what Honour was, or could de-
 fend it more nobly!

HONORIUS went on; — ‘ Well,
 ‘ my Friend, ’till now, I never felt Extre-
 ‘ mity. Your Brother, who has done me
 ‘ Wrong, ought to give me Satisfaction, and
 ‘ were he here, I could not sheath my Sword
 ‘ unsatisfied; but you are my *Friend*, with
 ‘ whom *I can have no Difference.* I would
 ‘ die a Thousand Deaths to *save*, or to *serve*
 ‘ you; and I will put the greatest Force up-
 ‘ on my Nature, and even *ask Pardon* of the
 ‘ Man who has *injur’d* me, rather than ha-
 ‘ zard a Life, so much more precious than
 ‘ my

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‘ my own. But, let us leave this Place with
 ‘ Speed ; I’ll give up my Resentment : Let
 ‘ your Brother, let the World, treat my
 ‘ Conduct, at their Pleasure : There is no-
 ‘ thing, but my Hopes of Heaven, that I
 ‘ would not hazard for my *Carolinus* : —

He went, and did as he said ; and whatever
 Constructions the World might put upon
Altamont’s Behaviour, and *Honorius’s* Con-
 descension, a noble Example was here gi-
 ven of the most generous, and exalted,
 Friendship ; and of that absolute *Self-Conquest*,
 which *Solomon*, the wisest of all Men, prefers
 to the *Conquering of a City*,



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Scribere jussit Amor. ——— OVID.

MONDAY, *August* 24. 1724.

I DEDICATE this Paper to the Ladies ;
 for I design it as a Lesson of *Love* : which
 a certain perverse Foreigner, will have to be
 no more than a Phantom ; *Because* says he,
Like an Apparition, Every Body has heard of,
but No-body has seen it. Ir

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IT is much easier, indeed, *to love*, than to explain *what Love is*; For it is one, among the *Paradoxes* of that ungovernable Passion, that it strikes the Tongue *dumb*; but makes every other Part of the Body *eloquent*.

THE *Major*, to please *Ned Volatile*, has indulg'd him the Perusal of that PICTURE OF LOVE, from which he recited the Verses, in my XXXIVth Paper. — I had the Misfortune to be present, and to hear him read it over. I call it a *Misfortune*, because my Passion for that wild *Insensible*, my Coquet, who is rambled away to *Tunbridge*, was half suppress'd before, for want of Occasion to inflame it; but has rekindled itself, at the Fire which it catch'd from this unlucky Picture; and I, now, bleed afresh, like a dead Body, at the Touch of its Murderer.

YET, why do I complain, that I am sensible of a generous Passion, which, to lay aside the Pride of Wisdom, and the Formality of Age, and Gravity, he who is insensible of, is *stupid*? — The Philosopher defin'd Love prettily, when he said, It was a *Circle*, returning *through Happiness, to Happiness, from Happiness*. The Emblem was ingenious, and the Lover's *Ring* is a proper, and significant, Allusion to it.

I AM so far, when I think *seriously*, from being asham'd to be call'd a *Lover*, that I am, sincerely, of Opinion, that whoever has not lov'd, has put his Virtues to no Tryal, — Love is the Breeze of Life: A healthful,
and

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and refreshing, *Gale*, which, by its Agitation of the Spirits, keeps our Faculties in lively Motion; so, as neither to stagnate, in unfruitful Rest, nor drive tempestuously, with the most stormy Passions. — The Heart of a Lover is impress'd with Sweetness, and Humanity. His Soul receives Extension, beyond its natural Power; and is as much more refin'd, than a *selfish*, common, Soul, as that Soul, which it so excels, is above the Body it belongs to.

THERE is something, in Love, that is stronger than *Calamity*, and more gentle than *Pity*! serener than *Silence*, more splendid than *Riches*, and statelier than *Honour*! More trembling than *Fear*, and more charming than *Pleasure*! It is, even more powerful than *Conscience*: For whom we love, we imagine, always, *present*, and passing Judgment on our most secret Purposes. We regulate them, therefore, according to our Apprehension of what She would *approve*, or *condemn*; and, so, supply ourselves with a constant Vigilance, and Propensity to noble Actions.

IN some Sense, he who *loves*, may be said to be *like a God*; for he has but one, Care, and *That*, a Great, and a Heavenly, One! He is, wholly, intent upon *Beneficence*. — He has the Prophet's sacred Privilege, to be rapp'd, out of himself! To enjoy perpetual Ecstasy! To be emptied of his own Soul, that he may be animated by one,
more

more dear to him! — Our Ideas of the Joys of *Heaven*, can represent them no other, than that we are, there, to *love*, and to *be beloved*: And they, who love, here on Earth, are *above* the World, while they are *in it*. Nor can *Death* disunite Lovers so intirely as it does other People, since *Love* dies not, with the *Object lov'd*. She lives, so tenaciously, in our charm'd, and retentive, *Memory*, that her *Death* seems no more, than a long, and lamented, Absence, rather indearing, than defacing, her Image. — So that *This* is the only Difference, which *Death* seems capable of making, when he interposes between *Lovers*; — While both *liv'd*, their *Two Bodies* had no more than *One Soul*: And, now one is *dead*, their *Two Souls* have no more than *One Body*.

NEITHER has *Age*, that alters all Things, a Power to deface our *Love*; for, whom we love, can never seem Old. Our Remembrance presents her Beauty everlastingly in its Spring: And her Idea is retain'd enchantingly, in the very Attitude, which, first, she struck us by.

THE restless, but unwearied, Lover, seeks for himself, *out of himself*; Let him gaze, touch, listen, and be bless'd, for ever, yet, still, he *longs*, and is unsatisfied! — There is a Droply, in his Mind, and his Thirst augments, with drinking. — His Soul is either not at home, or in a starting, and impatient Posture. — If he presses his
Charmer's

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Charmer's Hand, it darts, with Violence,
into his *Fingers*. If he leans at her lov'd
Side, it beats against his *Breast*, as if it
would break its Prison, to be nearer her.
When she speaks, it is in his *Ear*: When
he looks on her, it is in his *Eye*: But, he
has *no Soul at all*, when she is absent.

*Absent from her, in whom, alone, we live,
Life grows a Bankrupt, and no Bliss can give:
Friends are importunate, and Pleasures lost;
What, once, most charm'd us, now, disgusts us, most!
Fretful, to silent Solitudes we run,
And Men, and Light, and noisy Converse, shun.
Pensive, in Woods, on Rivers Sides, we walk,
And to th' unlistning Winds, and Waters, talk.
How, next, we shall approach her, pleas'd, we*
(weigh!

*And think, in Transport, All, we mean to say.
Tenderly bowing, Thus will we complain;
Thus, court her Pity; And, Thus, plead our*
(Pain.

Thus, sigh, for fancied Frowns, if Frowns
(shou'd rise,
*And Thus, meet Favours, in her softning Eyes.
Restless, on Paper, we our Vows repeat,
And pour our Souls out, on the letter'd Sheet.
Write, blot, restore, and in lost Pieces, rend
The Mute Entreaters; yet, too faint, to send.*

*Unblest'd, when no Admission we procure,
'Tis Heav'n, at Distance, to discern her Door.*
Or,

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Or, to her Window, we, by Night repair;
 And let loose Fancy, to be feasted, there.
 Watch her lov'd Shadow, as it glances by:
 And, to imagin'd Motions, chain our Eye.
 Has she some Field, or Grove, or Garden, blest'd?
 Pleas'd, we retread the Paths her Feet have
 (press'd.

Near her, by Chance, at Visits, or at Plays,
 Our rushing Spirits croud, in speaking Gaze,
 Light, on her varied Airs, our Eye-balls ride,
 Dark, as the Dead, to the full World, beside.

LOVERS converse, like Angels, by a kind
 of *Intuition*! They bear one another's Souls;
 and prevent each other's *Wishes*. — Like
 Divinities quitting their Shrines, they disrobe
 themselves of their *Bodies*; and intermingle
 their meeting *Minds*, as we see Two *Lights*
 incorporate. — Their Souls glide out, from
 their Eyes, to snatch Embraces, at a Di-
 stance; and return, enrich'd, with the fan-
 cy'd Treasure. — There is more Harmony,
 in Love, than in Musick: A Harmony!
 like that which the old Philosophers imputed
 to the Spheres! Only Two Spheres are *acted*;
 by one, and the same, *Intelligence*. For the
 Strings of Two Hearts sympathize, like those
 of Two Lutes, with correspondent Trepida-
 tions.

How mistaken are they, who call Love
 an *idle* Passion! — *Thought* itself is scarce
 more active. There is an unsatisfied, and
 continual Thirst, in the Appetite of a Lover:

A

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A constant Spring, in his Delights, and Torments. He pursues his Discoveries, with a restless, and impatient, Vigour: And, tho' like the shining, heavenly, Bodies, he is, everlastingly, in Motion, yet, he is so far from becoming weary, that he is rather refresh'd, by his Labour.

I WILL copy, yet farther, from the Picture abovementioned, the following Group, or Assembly, of the *Symptoms, Moles, and Tokens* of this Passion. — It is upon the Lover's first Approach to his Mistress's Person: We recover, slowly, from our sweet Surprise, says this *Doctor of Cupid's-College*, and, advancing, with a blushful Tenderness,

*Bowing, we kneel; and her giv'n Hand is press'd,
With sweet Compulsion, to our beating Breast:
O'er it, in Ecstasy, our Lips bend low,
And Tides of Sighs, 'twixt her grasp'd Fingers,*

*(flow.
High beats the hurried Pulse, at each, forc'd,
(Kiss:*

*And ev'ry burning Sinew akes, with Bliss:
Life, in a Souly Deluge, rushes o'er;
And the charm'd Heart springs out, at ev'ry
(Pore!*

*The first fierce Raptures, of Amazement, past,
Confusion quits us, and Desire grows, fast.
We sit: And, while her gaz'd at Wonders rise,
A humid Brightness fills our sparkling Eyes:
Modest Disquiet, every Action wears;
And each, long Look, the Mark of Passion bears.
Disorder'd*

Disorder'd Nature, no cold Medium keeps;
Transport, now, reigns, and dull Reflection sleeps.
All, that we wish, or feel, or act, or say,
Is above Thought, and out of Reason's Way!
Joy murmurs, Anger laughs, and Hope looks sad:
Rashness grows prudent, and Discretion mad.
Restless, we feel our am'rous Bosom burn:
Now, This Way look we; And, now, That
(Way, turn.

Now, in sweet Swell of Thought, our list'd Eyes
Lose their low Languor, and attempt to rise:
Now, sinking, suppliant, seek the Charmer's Feet;
And court wish'd Pity, in their glanc'd Retreat.
Oft, in full Gaze, they dwell upon her Face;
Then, start, astonish'd, from some dazzling Grace.
Now, in bold Liberty, fly out, unbid:
Now, aw'd, 'scape, inward, 'twixt the closing Lid.

*If we dare speak, and wou'd our Wish pursue,
The Words fall, feath'ry, like descending Dew,
The soft'ning Accents, ev'n in Uttr'ance, die:
And the Tongue's Sweetness, here, outcharms
(the Eye.
'Till mingled Sighs our fainting Voice confound:
But Lovers Meanings speak, though robb'd of
(Sound.*

I AM fond of thinking we might draw, from Love, a Proof of the *Soul's Immortality*: What, else, mean our Desires, when they extend themselves, beyond the utmost, that willing Nature can indulge us in. — Why, else, are the Joys of Love mix'd with melancholy,

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melancholy, and unsatisfied Tremblings? — They increate, indeed, and refine, the Pleasure: But they convince us, That there is a Union, more adapted to our Mind's free Essence; and, which, Bodies are not *fine* enough to permit them the Enjoyment of.

HENCE, that exquisite *Expansion*! That *Liquefaction*, of the Heart! when it refuses to allow us the Possession of our dearest Wish, in the very Moment we become Masters of it! The subtle Workings of this exalted Passion, upon the Refinements of our Mind, have *Deified* the beloved Object, 'till we faint, with Awe, when we should receive her Tenderness: And, by a fantastical kind of Envy, consider ourselves, as our own Rivals! — The *supremest Joy* of Love must, if Men will have it so, be *call'd Bodily*: But All, that heightens it, to be worth the Wish of a wise Man, it must be indebted to the *Mind* for. — Whence could Images so *warm*, as these which follow, receive a Purity, in their Expression, that adapts them to the chastest Ear, if the *Mind's* Part were not strongest, even where the *Body* pretends most Influence?

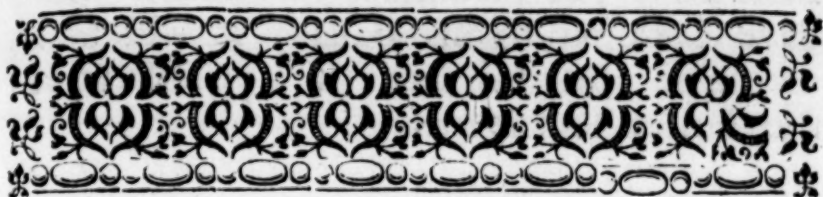
Is there no more? Oh! yet the Last remains!
Crown of our Conquest! Sweetner of our Pains!
There is a Time, when Love no Wish denies:
And smiling Nature throws off All Disguise.
But, who can Words, to speak those Raptures,
find?
Vast Sea of Ecstasy, that drowns the Mind!
 VOL. I. C c That

*That fierce Transfusion of exchanging Hearts!
That gliding Glimpse of Heav'n, in pulsive Starts?
That veiny Rush! That warm, tumultuous,
(Roll!
That Fire that kindles Bodies into Soul!
And, on Life's Margin, strains Delight, so high,
That Sense breaks short — and, while we taste,
(we die!*

BUT, I am going, I know not whither. The Painter of this *Picture* has bewitch'd me, from my Purpose; which was to have enter'd upon a *Philosophical* Dissertation, concerning the *Qualities* of Love: Instead of which, I am rambling into a *natural* one, upon the *Effects* of it!



The



The Plain Dealer. No 46.

— *Partes speculamur in omnes.* CLAUD.

FRIDAY, *August* 28. 1724.

IN my XXXVIth Paper, I published some Remarks on an excellent Old Ballad, called WILLIAM, and MARGARET. I was charm'd with the Strength, and Beauties, of its masculine Simplicity: and, really, took it to *be*, what it *appear'd*, The Work of some Old Poet, long since *dead*; but I have been agreeably undeceiv'd: The Author of it is alive, and a *North-Briton*; I congratulate his Country, on the Promise of this rising Genius: For the Gentleman, it seems, is very young, and received his Education in the University of *Edinburgh*.

AMONG many fine Qualities, which adorn him, he is so unconscious of his own Merit, or possesses it with so sincere a Modesty, that he declines being publickly nam'd: But, as he

has oblig'd me with a Letter, containing the short History of an unhappy Accident, which gave Occasion to his Ballad, it will be an agreeable Entertainment if I publish it, as the Author sent it me.

S I R,

‘ **Y**OUR PLAIN DEALER, of *July* the
 ‘ 24th, was sent to me by a Friend.
 ‘ I must own, after I had read it over, I was
 ‘ both surpriz’d and pleas’d to find, that a
 ‘ simple Tale of my Writing, had merited
 ‘ the Notice, and Approbation, of the Au-
 ‘ thor of the PLAIN DEALER.

‘ AFTER what you have said, of WILLIAM
 ‘ and MARGARET, I flatter myself, that
 ‘ you will not be displeas’d with an Account
 ‘ of the Accident which gave Birth to that
 ‘ Ballad.

‘ YOUR Conjecture, that it was founded
 ‘ on the real History of an unhappy Woman,
 ‘ is true — A vain, young, Gentleman,
 ‘ had, for some Time, profess’d Love to a
 ‘ Lady, then in the Spring of her Life, and
 ‘ Beauty. He dress’d well, talk’d loud, and
 ‘ spoke Nonsense, with *Spirit*: She had good
 ‘ Understanding; but was too young to
 ‘ know the World. I have seen her, very
 ‘ often. There was a lively Innocence in her
 ‘ Look. She had never been address’d to by
 ‘ a Man of *Sense*: And, therefore, knew not
 ‘ how despicable, and unsincere, a *Fool* is.
 ‘ In time, he persuad’d her, that there was
 ‘ Merit

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‘ Merit in his Passion. ——— She believ’d
‘ him, and was *undone*.

‘ SHE was upon the Point of bringing in-
‘ to the World the Effect of her ill-plac’d
‘ Love, before her Father knew the Misfor-
‘ tune. Judge the Sentiments of the good
‘ Old Man! yet his Affection outweighed
‘ his Anger. He could not think of aban-
‘ doning his Child, to Want, and Infamy. He
‘ applied himself to her false Lover, with an
‘ Offer of Half his Fortune; But the Temper
‘ of the Betrayer was savag’d, with cruel Inso-
‘ lence. He rejected the Father’s Offers, and re-
‘ proach’d the Innocence he had ruin’d, with
‘ the Bitterness of open Scorn. The News
‘ was brought her, when in a weak Condi-
‘ tion, and cast her into a Fever. And, in
‘ a few Days after, I saw her, and her Child,
‘ laid in one Grave, together.

‘ IT was some Time after this, That I
‘ chanc’d to look into a Comedy of *Fletcher’s*,
‘ called, *The Knight of the burning Pestle*.
‘ The Place I fell upon was, where old *Mer-*
‘ *ry-Thought* repeats these Verses;

*When it was grown to dark Midnight,
And all were fast asleep:
In came Margaret’s grimly Ghost,
And stood at William’s Feet.*

‘ WHICH, I fancy, was the Beginning
‘ of some Ballad, commonly known, at the
‘ Time, when this Author wrote. — These

' Lines, naked of Ornament, and simple,
 ' as they are, struck my Fancy; I clos'd the
 ' Book, and bethought myself, that the un-
 ' happy Adventure, I have mentioned above,
 ' which then came fresh into my Mind, might
 ' naturally raise a Tale, upon the Appearance
 ' of this Ghost. — It was, then, Midnight.
 ' All, round me, was still, and quiet. These
 ' concurring Circumstances work'd my Soul
 ' to a powerful Melancholy. I could not
 ' sleep. And, at that Time, I finish'd my
 ' little Poem, such as you see it here. If it
 ' continues still to deserve your Approbation,
 ' I have my Aim; and am,

S I R,

Your most Obliged,

And most humble Servant,

J. S. Mallet. &c.

It does, most justly, continue to deserve,
 and will, *for ever*, deserve, not only Ap-
 probation, but the Applause, of all true
 Judges of Wit, and Nature. The Author's
 Copy, which he inclos'd to me, is different in
 several Places, from that which fell into my
 Hands; but the Sense of both, is exactly
 the same; and the Variation, in some Ex-
 pressions, not considerable enough to make it
 necessary to republish that excellent Ballad.

HAVING

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HAVING this Occasion to speak of *Scotland*, I judge it the properest Place to insert my Acknowledgment of a Letter from *Edinburgh*, sign'd *Fergus Bruce*. I take this Name to be fictitious; but, whoever the *Writer* is, I am pleas'd with his *propos'd Correspondence*, which will open a New Scene of Intelligence to the Expectation of my Readers; as they may see by the following Extract of the Letter itself, which is writ, with the Politeness of a Gentleman, and in the Stile of a Man of Learning.

Edinburgh, the 16th. of *July*, 1724.

S I R,

‘ THE first PLAIN DEALER, that
 ‘ came to my Hand, was that, where-
 ‘ in you represent, in true Colours, the
 ‘ Character, and Conduct, of the present
 ‘ Emperor of *Russia*, with Regard to his Son,
 ‘ Prince *Alexei*. — My Fancy was charm’d,
 ‘ and my Judgment intirely satisfied, with
 ‘ the Account you gave: Our Coffee-Houses
 ‘ take in your Papers, and I observe, with
 ‘ Pleasure, the Welcome which our politest
 ‘ People receive them with. Not the Men
 ‘ alone, of all Ranks, but the Ladies also,
 ‘ make them their Entertainment. The ge-
 ‘ neral Conversation of both Sexes turns, on
 ‘ the Matter you afford.

‘ I CANNOT help writing to you, that I
 ‘ may let you know your Influence. It must

‘ be a Pleasure to your generous Soul, to be
 ‘ conscious of the Extent, and Power, of
 ‘ its Beneficence: And I should be wanting
 ‘ in my Duty to the Man, who gives me
 ‘ Weekly Delight, and Instruction, if I con-
 ‘ ceal’d from him, what might, any way,
 ‘ contribute to his Satisfaction.

‘ I WILL presume, if you please, to send
 ‘ you, now-and-then, my Reflections, upon
 ‘ the Matter which the *Beaux*, and *Belles*, of
 ‘ this City, may furnish, for a PLAIN-DEALER.
 ‘ Something happens here every Day, not un-
 ‘ worthy Publick Notice. And there are a
 ‘ Thousand Things, that fall, naturally, un-
 ‘ der your Cognizance, that neither the *King*,
 ‘ the *Parliament*, the *Pulpit*, or the *Bench*,
 ‘ have any Thing to do with. Perhaps, too,
 ‘ it would be of Use to our Gentry, at *Edin-*
 ‘ *burgh*, to know, you have a *Spy*, here, up-
 ‘ on their Conduct. Pray tell them so, and
 ‘ depend on the most watchful Fidelity of,

S I R,

Your sincere Friend,

And most humble Servant,

FERGUS BRUCE.

I CANNOT forbear confessing, that I
 shall expect, with a very sensible Pleasure,
 the Event of this Northern Correspondence:
 For I have retain’d, from my Infancy a kind
 of

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of affectionate Partiality, for the generous Bravery, and gallant Plainness, of our Brothers, beyond *Tweed*. When I travell'd, in my Youth, I scarce ever saw a Court, even in the remotest Parts of the civiliz'd World, where some Gentleman, or other, a *Scot*, by Birth, or Descent, was not, one, of its noblest Ornaments : And, now, since the *Muses*, and the *Graces*, have, very visibly, from the Beginning of the present Century, fix'd, and seated themselves, in their learned Seminaries, their rising Youth, of both Sexes, seem to vie, with one another, in a warm, and generous, Emulation which shall most adorn their own, or soonest match the Elegance, of other, even the politest, Nations.

NOT the Gentlemen alone, but the very Ladies, of *Edinburgh*, form themselves into select, and voluntary, *Societies*, for the Improvement of their Knowledge, instead of the Entertainment of their Fancy : And go on, at the same Time, to refine their Conversation, enrich their Understanding, and polish, and render amiable, their Personal Deportment.

I SHALL, in the Course of my Observations, take Occasion to demonstrate the Truth of this Remark, by a Variety of Particulars ; which, while they are doing Justice to the *North*, will contribute, in no small Degree, to the Pleasure of the *South* Part of this Kingdom. At present, I shall produce but Two Instances : And the First is, A Society of
Young

Young Gentlemen, most, if not all of them, Students in the University of *Edinburgh*, who from a Sympathy of Affections, founded on a Similitude of *Parts*, and *Genius*, have united themselves into a Body, under Title of *THE GROTESQUE CLUB*; the Reason of which Name, I shall explain in a future Paper. Their Business, to express it in the Words of one of their own Members, is, *A Friendship that knows no Strife, but that of a generous Emulation, to excell, in Virtue, Learning, and Politeness.*

To how surprizing a Degree these fine Spirits have succeeded, in their noble *End*, let the following Sentiments declare; conceiv'd, and express'd, with all the Clearness, Depth, and Strength, of an *experienc'd Philosopher*, by a Member of this *Grotesque Club*, who was in his *Fourteenth Year only*, when he compos'd, in Blank Verse, a Poem, now in my Hands; and founded on a Supposition of the Author's sitting, a whole Summer Night, in a Garden, looking upward, and quite losing himself, in Contemplation on *the Works, and Wonders, of Almighty Power.*— If this was a Subject, naturally above the Capacity of so very a Boy, to what a Degree does it increase our Wonder, when we find it treated, in this Masterly Manner!

Now, I survey'd my native Faculties :
 And trac'd my Actions to their teeming Source,
 Now, I explor'd the universal Frame ;
 Gaz'd Nature through, and, with interior Light,
 Convers'd

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*Convers'd with Angels, and unbod'y'd Saints,
That tread the Courts of the Eternal King!
Gladly, I would declare, in lofty Strains,
The Power of Godhead, to the Sons of Men.
But Thought is lost, in its Immensity!
Imagination wastes its Strength in vain:
And Fancy tires, and turns within itself,
Struck, with th' amazing Depths of Deity!
— Ah! my lov'd God! in vain, a tender Youth,
Unskill'd, in Arts of deep Philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky Mass of Matter:
To trace the Rules of Motion: and pursue
The Phantom Time, too subtle, for his Grasp!
Yet may I, from thy most apparent Works,
Form some Idea of their wondrous Author;
And celebrate thy Praise, with rapt'rous Mind.*

*How can I gaze upon yon sparkling Vault,
And view the Planets, rolling in their Spheres,
Yet be an Atheist! — Can I see those Stars,
And think of others, far beyond my Ken,
Yet want Conviction of creating Power?
What, but a Being, of immense Perfection,
Cou'd, through unbounded Spaces, thus, dispose
Suth num'rous Bodies, All, presumptive Worlds?
The undesigning Hand of giddy Chance,
Cou'd never fill, with Globes, so vast! so bright!
That lofty Conclave! —*

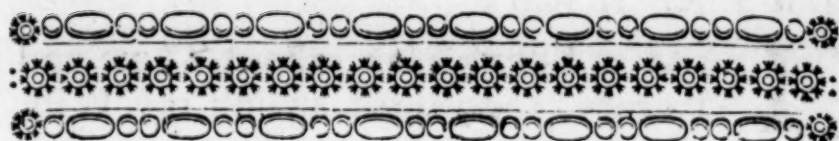
*Where shall I trace the Sources of the Light?
What Seats assign to th' Element of Fire,
That, unconfin'd, thro' all the Systems, breaks! —
Here, cou'd I lie, in Contemplation wrapt,
And*

*And pass, with Pleasure, an eternal Age !
 But, 'tis too much for my weak Mind to know :
 Teach me, with humble Reverence to adore
 The Mysteries, I must not comprehend !*

LET this *prodigious Young Man*, bear the Blame, of my not having left myself Room in this Paper, to pay that Respect, which I intended, to THE FAIR INTELLECTUALS : A Club of Ladies, at *Edinburgh*, who set a Pattern to *Female Excellence* : And whose *History, Rules, and Constitutions*, I have the Pleasure to see, before me, with the conventual Address of *Mistress Speaker*, to the lovely *Sisterhood* ; and the *admissory Speech*, of one of the Ladies : as set forth by the able Pen of *Mistress Secretary*.——I shall say more, on a future Occasion, of the Honour done to the whole Sex, by the dangerous Ambition of these Ladies: And of the Political Necessity, which, I conceive, there will soon be, of putting a Stop to the Progress of such unlimited Improvement of a Power, already too exorbitant !



The



The Plain Dealer. No. 47.

— *Veniunt a Dote Sagittæ.* Juv.

MONDAY, *August* 31. 1724.

I HAVE endeavour'd to shew, in a former Paper, that Parents are highly to blame, when they force their Children to marry for the Sake of a Fortune which can never repair the least of those innumerable Mischiefs, that are inseparably annexed to it. Using Authority in such a Case, turns the most Indulgent of Fathers, into an insupportable Tyrant, who by one inconsiderate Decree, that is irreverfible, dooms his own Child to the most doleful Imprisonment for Life. The following Epistle, gives us so sad, but so lively a Representation of this Truth, that I insert it for the Sake of those, who might, possibly, be betrayed, in their Conduct, to give the same fatal Proofs of their Affection to their Off-spring, that seem to *Edge* all the Sufferings of our present Complainant.

S I R,

S I R,

‘ I AM a Young Man, about Three and
 ‘ Twenty, that much against my Will,
 ‘ have complied with the incessant Importu-
 ‘ nities of my Friends; or, rather, obey’d
 ‘ the absolute Commands of an indulgent
 ‘ Father, and a fond Mother, in marrying a
 ‘ very Rich Maid of about Thirty Six, who,
 ‘ it seems, is only mine, because several Sui-
 ‘ ters of equal Pretensions in Wealth with
 ‘ herself, that liked her Person, left her, as
 ‘ soon as they had conversed with her suffici-
 ‘ ently to sound her Temper.

‘ BEFORE I married her, I enjoyed Health,
 ‘ and good Humour, and thought my For-
 ‘ tune good enough as it was, and abundant-
 ‘ ly sufficient, with a Female Companion
 ‘ that brought the like Ingredients towards it,
 ‘ to make Life tolerably happy.

‘ SHE has not been my Wife, quite a Year,
 ‘ and yet has managed her Time so well, that
 ‘ she has robb’d me of all my Quiet. The
 ‘ natural Gayety of my Disposition is fowr’d,
 ‘ almost enough to make me think of grow-
 ‘ ing her Torturer, as she is mine: The Flo-
 ‘ ridness of Health has left me; and I am
 ‘ overcome by an inward Pining, that wastes
 ‘ me outwardly: In fine, she has convinced
 ‘ me, that a Man may be emphatically Poor
 ‘ in the Affluence of Wealth, and truly, and
 ‘ properly said to Want, amidst the Abun-
 ‘ dance of all Things.

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‘ I HAVE industriously studied to shew
 ‘ Gratitude, and true Friendship. For I
 ‘ really had an Intention to render my-
 ‘ self as agreeable as possible; and the
 ‘ more, because, during the Time of our
 ‘ *modish* Courtship, she had told those, from
 ‘ whom I should hear it again, that she
 ‘ lik’d me: By this *habitual Art* of *Tender-*
 ‘ *ness*, I almost brought it to be *Natural*,
 ‘ and began to deceive myself into an Opini-
 ‘ on, that I should not be incapable of even
 ‘ *loving* her at last. She, in Return, began,
 ‘ after a manner *then* perfectly unaccountable,
 ‘ to do every Thing, not only that she
 ‘ thought would disoblige me, but that she
 ‘ knew would be a sincere Affliction to me.
 ‘ I find *since*, I am taken, by way of shew-
 ‘ ing, she could have *her Man*; and I am
 ‘ the Subject of her Revenge, because she lost,
 ‘ the Person, she had a Liking to.

‘ SHE is a Woman of a strong, but mis-
 ‘ chievous Understanding; and letting it be
 ‘ *guided*, by what it should *correct*, her *Hu-*
 ‘ *mour*, which is my inveterate Enemy, she
 ‘ can be as poignantly cruel to me as she plea-
 ‘ ses. She lets me know, by broad Hints,
 ‘ that she *sees* what would delight me, but
 ‘ is *blind*, like a *Jew*, out of Hardness of
 ‘ Heart. If I ask how I may oblige her, she
 ‘ is *Dumb*; but if I drop an ambiguous
 ‘ Word, that may be tortured into a malig-
 ‘ nant Construction, she can use her Tongue
 ‘ like a Larum. — If I explain, the Sim-
 ‘ plicity

‘ plicity of my Meaning, and beg Pardon
 ‘ for want of Caution in expressing my-self;
 ‘ her *Ears* are *shut*, and she is like the *Deaf*
 ‘ *Adder*. The Comparison is true beyond the
 ‘ *Deafness*: she is like it in my Bosom; she
 ‘ stings like it, she poisons like it, only with
 ‘ this Difference, That her Poison is of an
 ‘ *Italian kind*; it lengthens out Torment, and
 ‘ kills, at Distance of Years, after a painful
 ‘ Confinement.

‘ I N my Father’s Presence, this fair Hy-
 ‘ pocrite, is never *dumb*, but ever *eloquent* in
 ‘ my Praise. — Such a Husband! and such a
 ‘ Wife! We are the happiest Couple: —
 ‘ Then she calls often upon me, with an Air
 ‘ of Friendship, to be merry, under the Ef-
 ‘ fects of the Melancholy she causes. Her
 ‘ *Eyes*, her *Ears*, her *Tongue*, her *Hands*,
 ‘ seem all too little to oblige me. — The
 ‘ Old Gentleman doats on her. — I help to
 ‘ carry on the *Farce*; it would be *Tragedy*,
 ‘ if he knew otherwise. — He blesses his
 ‘ Stars, and very comfortably puts me in
 ‘ Mind, how much I possess the Joy he
 ‘ wished me.

‘ W H A T is to be done with this Riddle
 ‘ of a Woman, so much *in* her Senses, and
 ‘ *out* of them, as she pleases? What Pro-
 ‘ spect can I have of Happiness, but from
 ‘ her Death; whom, by my Publick Vow,
 ‘ and *hard-tugg’d Virtue*, I am obliged to sup-
 ‘ port, in *Sickness*.

‘ I WOULD

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‘ I would never have complain’d, but
‘ that I hope it may be a proper Caution,
‘ and serve for the Preservations of others ; I
‘ am pleas’d, that I never discover’d these
‘ Grievances, because, had I complain’d eve-
‘ ry Time, I had Occasion, I should have
‘ been asham’d to complain any longer, and
‘ she would have appeared as irreprehensible,
‘ as an Angel : Thus I have a Fortune,
‘ which has been the Purchase of Misery.
‘ To make me rich, my Relations have made
‘ me wretched ; and, for my part, I have
‘ nothing to hope, but that long Patience,
‘ and Sufferings may make me insensible.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

A. Z.

To what a Multitude of Sorrows is this genteel Complainer betray’d ; The first Considerations, that ought to precede a Matrimonial Choice, are the Piety, Education, Person, and Liking of both Parties ; indeed, a competent Fortune, is a material Consideration to be weigh’d together with the others ; but never separately from them. Of this *Pliny*, the politest Gentleman, as well as finest Writer of his Age, has given us a satisfactory Account in Two of his Epistles, which I am glad, for the Benefit of the La-

VOL. I. D d Ladies,

Ladies, to find published in Two Volumes in in *Englsh*. In one, he shews us his Judgment in chusing a Husband, for a Friend's Relation; in the other, the happy Effects of a judicious Choice, in the Person of his own Wife.

To JUNIUS MAURITIUS; on chusing
a Husband for his Relation.

‘ THE particular Opinion you have of
‘ my Choice of a Husband for your
‘ Brother's Daughter, is very obliging; you
‘ well know, how much I loved and esteemed
‘ that great Man; with what Advice he che-
‘ rished my Youth, and by his own Com-
‘ mendation, gave me the Credit of being
‘ thought Praile-worthy: You could have in-
‘ joined me nothing of greater Consequence,
‘ or more agreeable, nor any Thing I would
‘ undertake with more Honour, than to
‘ chuse a Man fit to continue the Family of
‘ *Arulenus Rusticus*, which, indeed, might
‘ prove a Work of Time, did not *Minucius*
‘ *Acilianus* luckily present, who, as young
‘ Men do each other (for he is some Years
‘ younger) loves me intimately, yet treats
‘ me with a Respect due to Age. He is plea-
‘ sed to be form'd and instructed by me, as I
‘ us'd to be by you. His Country is *Bresica*,
‘ of that Part of our *Italy*, that does yet re-
‘ tain, and keeps up much of the Antient
‘ Modesty, Frugality, and even Rusticity.
‘ His Father *Minucius Macrinus*, eminent in
‘ the

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‘ the *Equestrian* Order, for he aimed no high-
 ‘ er, being chose by *Vespasian* into the *Præ-*
 ‘ *torian*, with great Constancy preferr’d an
 ‘ honest Ease to this our Ambition (shall I
 ‘ call it?) or Honour. His Grandmother, of
 ‘ the Mother’s Side, is *Serana Procula* of *Pa-*
 ‘ *dua*; you are acquainted with the Manners
 ‘ of the Place, yet *Serana* is to the *Patavins*
 ‘ an Example of strict Virtue. His Uncle
 ‘ *P. Acilius* is a Man of singular Discretion,
 ‘ Prudence, and Honesty; in Truth, you
 ‘ will meet with nothing in the whole Fami-
 ‘ ly less agreeable than in your own. *Acili-*
 ‘ *anus* himself, has a great deal of Vigour
 ‘ and Industry, accompanied with the utmost
 ‘ Modesty. And having already discharged
 ‘ the Offices of *Questor*, *Tribune*, and *Prætor*,
 ‘ with Abundance of Credit, yet he has re-
 ‘ ferr’d it to you to make his Court for him.
 ‘ He has a comely Face, a sanguine Comple-
 ‘ ction, his whole Person Gentleman-like,
 ‘ with a becoming Gravity in his Mein,
 ‘ Things, I think, not to be disregarded,
 ‘ but due to the Merit of a virtuous Woman.
 ‘ I am in Doubt, whether I need take No-
 ‘ tice of the large Estate of his Father; for
 ‘ when I consider You, for whom we propose
 ‘ a Son-in-Law, I think I need not: When
 ‘ I reflect on the *Common Custom*, and even
 ‘ the Laws of the City, which principally
 ‘ have Regard to the Fortunes of Men, *that*
 ‘ seems, by no Means, to be omitted, and
 ‘ to one that thinks of Posterity; this, in

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the making of a Match, is not the least material Consideration. Perhaps you will think I have indulged too much the Love of my Friend in this Account ; but I will stake my Credit, you shall find every thing exceed my Description : I love the young Man, indeed, most ardently, as he deserves ; but it is the Duty of Friendship, to be moderate in Commendation.

To HISPULLA, his Wife's Aunt.

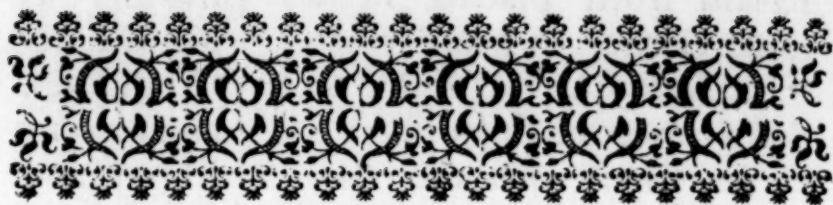
AS I remember that great Affection, which was between you and your excellent Brother, and know you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only to express the Tenderneſs of the beſt of Aunts ; but even ſupply that of the beſt of Fathers : I am ſure it will be a Pleaſure to you to hear, that ſhe proves worthy of her Father, worthy of you, and of your and her Anceſtors. Her Ingenuity is admirable, her Frugality extraordinary : She loves me, the ſureſt Pledge of her Virtue, and adds to this, a wonderful Diſpoſition to Learning, which ſhe has acquired from her Affection to me : She reads my Writings, ſtudies them, and even gets them by Heart : You would ſmile to ſee the Concern ſhe is in, when I have a Cauſe to plead, and the Joy ſhe ſhews, when it is over : She finds Means to have the firſt News brought her, of the Succeſs I meet with in Court ; how I am heard, and what Decree is made. If I

recite

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‘ recite any Thing in Publick, she cannot
 ‘ refrain from placing herself privately in
 ‘ some Corner to hear, where, with the ut-
 ‘ most Delight, she feasts on my Applauses.
 ‘ Sometimes she sings my Verses, and accom-
 ‘ panies them with the *Lute*, without any
 ‘ Master, except Love, the best of Instru-
 ‘ ctors. From these Instances I take the most
 ‘ certain Omens of our perpetual and in-
 ‘ creasing Happiness, since her Affection is
 ‘ not founded on my Youth and Person,
 ‘ which must gradually decay; but she is in
 ‘ Love with the immutable Part of me, my
 ‘ Glory and Reputation. Nor, indeed,
 ‘ could be less expected from One, who had
 ‘ the Happiness to receive her Education from
 ‘ you; who, in your House was accustomed
 ‘ to every Thing that was virtuous and de-
 ‘ cent, and even began to love me by your
 ‘ Recommendation: For, as you had always
 ‘ the greatest Respect for my Mother, you
 ‘ were pleased from my Infancy to form me,
 ‘ to commend me, and kindly to presage, I
 ‘ should be, One Day, what my Wife fan-
 ‘ cies I am. Accept therefore our united
 ‘ Thanks; mine, that you have bestowed
 ‘ her on me, and hers, that you have given
 ‘ me to her, as a mutual Grant of Joy and
 ‘ Felicity.





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— *Quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum.*
JUVEN.

FRIDAY, September, 4. 1724.

DETRACTORS may be said to lead their Lives in a Habit of most injurious Falshood towards good Men, and of the most offensive Impiety to Heaven. Persons, of this itching and abandoned Appetite, may, If we consider the numerous Milchiefs they do to human Society, be compared to the most ravenous Beasts of Prey, with this Difference, That, as Beasts of Prey do good sometimes, in worrying one another, these, on the contrary, will not fall upon, or devour any thing but what is excellent.

WIT, Wisdom, Beauty, good Humour, Modesty, Valour, Integrity, in fine, all the Virtues and all the Graces, which can illustrate any Person of either Sex, are as so many tempt-
ing

ing *Spoils* to the savage Slanderer, and strong Provocatives to Detraction. There is scarce a Man living, that has many little, infamous Stories, more than ordinary, privately handed about with great Industry, from one to another, in order to depreciate his Character in the World, but what will be found, upon a close Examination, to have merited publick Applause for some noble Action or other ; Examine still farther, and it will as certainly be found, that *that* noble Action was the very Source of a *secret* Envy and a *private* Hatred, which broke out in a Hundred *whisper'd Traditions*, till it spread and enlarged itself into *publick Defamation*.

THE most unhappy Circumstances which attend the illustrious Sufferers in this Way, I reckon to be these ; That, as Persons, who seek after Fame the most eagerly, do, for the most part, very plentifully deserve it ; so they are the most frequently interrupted in the Search, and the least able to bear the Trouble of such unwelcome Interruptions. No Men are more *Ideally* fond of Glory, than such as most *substantially* deserve it ; this is a pleasant Weakness : But then no Men have a quicker Sensibility of unjust Reproaches than those who take Care never to deserve them ; and this is a sore Frailty, which opens, through the Bosoms of the Generous and the Innocent, a Way to a Thousand unnecessary *Heart-Achs*. It is Pity, it should be so much in the Power of Calumny, as Experience shews it is, to strike

a Damp upon the most Generous Spirits, and throw a Load over an aspiring Mind, that is upon the Stretch after Glory. But what seems at present the most of all to be regretted, is, That, by the frequent Complaints I have lately received, this Vice is as prevailing, as it is insupportable.

I HAVE a Letter from a Gentleman, containing a very lively Description of a Lady, whose Charms have been so long drowned in Tears, that they are almost worn out and carried away by the wasting Tide of her Sorrow, which she hides, but cannot stop :—He proceeds to tell me, “ That, upon Inquiry
 “ into the Source of this mighty Woe, he
 “ finds it arose from Two or Three ambiguous
 “ and broken Sentences, glancing at her Virtue,
 “ and Conversation, artfully dropp’d by a
 “ malicious Woman in the Ear of a Youth
 “ of a Jealous Disposition, who loved her
 “ whom *she* loved, who was contracted to her,
 “ and departed from her on this Account.—
 “ What signifies talking to her of her innocence,
 “ and telling her, that no Mortal living
 “ credits it but that *one* Jealous young
 “ Man ?——Alas ! it is only *his* not believing
 “ it, that must pour Comfort upon
 “ her Affliction. — ‘Till then she must remain
 “ as *Inconsovable*, as she is *Innocent*.”

My Correspondent goes on to say, “ That
 “ he had the Curiosity to go and see this De-
 “ tractress. He found her, as he tells me,
 “ Old, Wrinkled, Ugly ; her Visage of a
 “ pale, just turning black, as with a Mor-
 “ tification ;

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“ tification ; her Conscience he takes to be
 “ much of a Complexion with her, Face ;
 “ for, when he charged her with it, she own’d
 “ it as some *trifling Mistake* ; then, drawing
 “ her Mouth into a scornful Smile, to con-
 “ tradict her Words, cries out, That *she did*
 “ *not mean it as it was taken.*—When the
 “ *fatal* Consequences were press’d upon her,
 “ — she said, *She was sorry*, but express’d
 “ her Grief so very *unconcernedly*, desiring to
 “ *be troubled no more about it, since it was not*
 “ *Actionable*, that she might have fate for the
 “ Picture of *Envy’s* Look, when she has just
 “ stollen from doing one of her most *precious*
 “ *Mischiefs.*” —

THIS Correspondent of mine, justly mov’d
 with his own Relation, concludes his Letter
 with warm Expostulations. — “ Shall
 “ GUILT *sm* thus ! and shall INNOCENCE
 “ look *pale* for it ; is there no Redress, —
 “ Yes, there is — Others, who are out of
 “ the Question, may, and ought to rise up
 “ in the Defence, of Innocence. — Let the
 “ PLAIN DEALER, says he, whenever any
 “ Scandal is traced to the Fountain-head,
 “ but mark the Quarters of the Detractors,
 “ as Crosses in the Time of the Pestilence are
 “ placed upon the Doors of the Deceased, and
 “ that Method will effectually strike the
 “ Tongue of Detraction dumb.”

ANOTHER Account has been lately trans-
 mitted to me, concerning a young Gentle-
 man, who is said to have numerous good
 Qualities,

Qualities, and has been divided from the Estimation of his Friend, by the as constant as false Insinuations of a worse than once perjured Woman, who insists, That the young Gentleman betrayed his Friend's Liberty for a Bribe. — The contrary has been made out, and attested to her Face — She continues, behind his Back, to load him with the Calumny. — Finding, since she began her Evil Reports, that they would not take without putting on an Air of Charity and Sanctity, she now concludes her Story to Strangers thus.

“ — He (meaning the Person she aims to scandalize) is generally allowed to be a good Man, an honest Man — Pretty generally indeed. — But what is there to be said for Accidents in this World? — There is nothing wonderful — Nothing new under the Sun. — I have so often Occasion to Wonder, that I am resolved never to let any Thing, for the Future, surprize me into a Fit of Admiration. — He is no Lover of Money — that is certain, as some say. — But, say they what they will, there is such a Prevalence in Bribes, no one knows his own Strength till he be tried. — There is no trusting any Body. — I would not have believed it of him if *Every-Body had not said it*; but, *What Every-Body says must be true.*” —

HERE my Correspondent says, he asked the Detractress, *How Every-Body came to know it?* and she immediately boasted, That she was

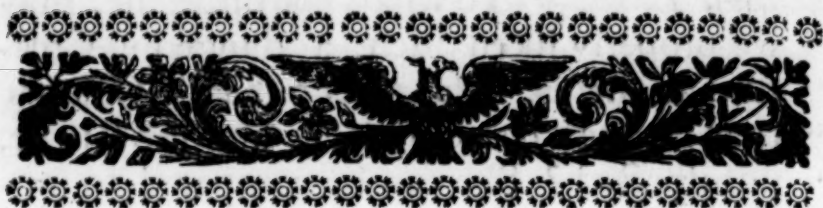
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was the Discoverer of it, to all who heard it at *first Hand*, “ To what, continues he, may
“ we properly liken such a dangerous Crea-
“ ture as this is, who puts out false Colours
“ that she may come up safe, and rob Virtue,
“ unsuspected? She can be compared to no-
“ thing that resembles her so nearly as a
“ *Witch*, in one of those fatal Operations,
“ where Murder is the Consequence of her
“ Incantations. The Detractress molds her
“ Descriptions, as the *Witch* does her Waxed
“ Images. When the *Witch* has made an
“ End of her Image, the bewitch’d Body
“ perishes; and where the Detractress ends
“ any of her Descriptions, she makes an in-
“ jur’d Reputation die!”

I HAVE other Accounts of the like Sort, to all which I shall give an Answer, in a future Paper, when I shall explain my self at large upon this Head,



The



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*Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala, derisum semel exceptrumque sinistre.*
H O R,

MONDAY, September 7. 1724.

THE Entertainment of this Day shall be furnished by my restoring to my Correspondents, in this *publick* Manner, what they were so kind to lend me *privately* for that Purpose.

S I R,

I HAVE been Married about Two Years to a Young Woman that is every Way agreeable to my Temper, but only she is given to be a little too Superstitious. The Truth is, she was determined in her Choice of me by the Prediction of a Fortune-teller. Without thinking myself more oblig'd to him, than in good Reason I should,

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‘ should. I may safely say, without Supersti-
 ‘ tion, that I shall like him for having cau-
 ‘ sed my good Fortune, by foretelling it, the
 ‘ longest Day I have to live. She would be
 ‘ the best-natur’d Creature in the World, if
 ‘ her Mind was not haunted by Spirits, Sto-
 ‘ ries of which, take up most of her Con-
 ‘ versation by Day, and make her waken me
 ‘ a Nights very frequently. I laugh’d at
 ‘ these little Tales at first, but, not being
 ‘ able to get her out of them, I indulged her
 ‘ in the relating them, which she has conti-
 ‘ nued to do so prettily, that, though I
 ‘ know, according to right Reason, I ought
 ‘ not to be Terrified, I am brought to trem-
 ‘ ble at the tumbling of a Saltsteller. — If
 ‘ my Wife could be once cured, I am sure I
 ‘ should be well soon after. — She has been
 ‘ for these Three Months last, counting
 ‘ our Hours by a Death-watch, and has
 ‘ made me almost sick with Fear, that she,
 ‘ who so often speaks of her Death, should
 ‘ die in good Earnest — This splenetick Cast
 ‘ of her Temper having an Effect on me,
 ‘ who sympathize with her in every Thing,
 ‘ throws a Gloom over our Hours, which
 ‘ would otherwise pass as delightfully, as any
 ‘ Couple’s upon Earth. — Pray give her
 ‘ some better Reasons, than I am able to in-
 ‘ still into her, to fortify her Mind against
 ‘ these little Surprizes of Superstition; and you
 ‘ will make her the best Wife in the World,
 ‘ who studies to *be*, and *is*, EASY to me
 ‘ in

‘ in every Case, but this, that she is
‘ UNEASY to her ownself.

Your most Humble Servant,

MARK DOCILE.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

‘ **Y**OU have pretended to give Laws
‘ about People’s Behaviour in Marri-
‘ age, and there is no such Thing in Nature
‘ to be done. I am a Man of the best Hu-
‘ mour in the World, or otherwise I could
‘ not please my Wife, by appearing to be
‘ the Worst. If I am not angry half a do-
‘ zen Times a Day, she will be out of Hu-
‘ mour, and not speak to me. I found
‘ out her Delight, and have got many a sweet
‘ Kifs for what in another Couple would have
‘ gone near to have caused a Divorce. She
‘ uses a hundred Plots to put me out of Hu-
‘ mour, all which encreases my good Nature,
‘ so much, knowing that poor *Molly* falls out
‘ for nothing but to make Friends, that I
‘ sometimes find it *hard* to be *pleas’d* to be
‘ *angry* with her. I am, perhaps, the *merri-
‘ est* Man of a *passionate* one, that was ever
‘ known; and my Wife, the most *contented*
‘ of all *Sufferers*. I should weary your Pa-
‘ tience, if I was to tell you the different
‘ Stratagems, by which she almost tires out
‘ my good Humour, to make me exert it in
‘ trying her Patience. My Shoemaker, has
‘ a

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‘ a Wife as like her as *Two Lasts*. But she is
 ‘ more violent in her Cravings; insomuch
 ‘ that he is forced to proceed, from *Sound*, to
 ‘ *Substance*. — He says, she never is a kinder
 ‘ Bedfellow, than when she has induc’d him
 ‘ to do her the Kindness to bang her into Bed.
 ‘ He adds, that he has bound her to him in
 ‘ all Kindness, by laying his Strap over her
 ‘ Shoulders almost every Day she lives. If
 ‘ he miss it some Days together, the poor
 ‘ Thing cries, and thinks herself neglected.
 ‘ You, see what Happiness there is in Matri-
 ‘ mony: And that there are other Rules for
 ‘ Behaviour, between Husband, and Wife,
 ‘ besides those of your Teaching.

Yours,

BOB. MERRY-THOUGHT.

S I R,

‘ **Y**OU lately gave us so lively a De-
 ‘ scription of the Races at *Newmarket*,
 ‘ that I cannot but wish you would exert
 ‘ your *Wooden-Horse*, as Men of your Age
 ‘ commonly call their *Oaken-Sticks*, and take
 ‘ a Journey from your *Watch-Tower* of *Bar-*
 ‘ *bican* to *Exchange Alley*. You will find
 ‘ that the Citizens, who have been a long
 ‘ Time injuriously misrepresented as a plod-
 ‘ ding Generation of People, have as *brisk*
 ‘ Imaginations, in *their way*, as any of the
 ‘ *quickest Wits* that inhabit the *Temple*, or
 ‘ any

any courtly Part of the Town beyond the
 Bar. Their *Fancies* run upon *Wheels*, but
 they are *substantial* ones, and, since the Lot-
 tery has been set up, they all seem to turn
 upon that great and important One, of
Fortune. They are so clever in their Devi-
 ces, that they have formed several *Streets*
 into *Courses*, and fix'd a convenient *Mar-*
ket just at hand, where a Man may pur-
 chase a *Racer*, at any Hour of the Day,
 to try his Luck upon, and scower away in-
 to a large Estate, between Sun and Sun.
 In fine, the Scene of *Newmarket* is shifted
 to *London*, and *Smithfield* translated into
Exchange-Alley. As ill a Figure as the top
 Citizens have been said to make on Horse-
 back, with all their Pageants about them on a
Lord-Mayor's Day, yet, to do them Justice,
 now, they are become serious in *Horseman-*
ship, and have turned Play into a Trade,
 you cannot imagine what *expert Fockies*
 they make. Our News-Papers have lately
 diverted us with strange Accounts of *slow*
 Beasts called *Asses*, that have been brought
 up to be very nimble, and of *Cows*, turn'd
 into *Gallopers*, for the Sport of our ingeni-
 ous Brethren that have *running* Heads in the
 Country: We have very far *overmatch'd*
 them, in Town, for we have *Exchange*
Bears, and *Exchange Bulls*, that will mount
 a *Titt* as *cleverly* as if they were born to it.
 They will purchase you a *Nag* for *Three*
Half Crowns, and count him but a mere
 Fade,

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‘ *Fade*, if he wins the *Rider less* than a
‘ *Thousand Pounds*. *Guildhall* is the Goal they
‘ run to, and if one of your *City-Racers*
‘ comes in at the *Nick*, as we call it, (for
‘ we run the *Twelve Hours* by *lucky Minutes*.)
‘ two *Boys* hold up their *Hands*, and bid the
‘ Man, that has run the *Course*, be happy all his
‘ *Life* after. I don’t doubt but when *Bar-*
‘ *tholomew Fair* was put to so early a *Period*,
‘ you deplored the *Accident*, because, lasting
‘ a little longer, the odd *Mirth* of the *Peo-*
‘ *ple*, that frequented it, would have fur-
‘ nished you with *Materials* without going far
‘ from your *Neighbourhood*. But this *Bull*
‘ and *Bear Fair*, in the *City*, will be of long
‘ *Continuance*, and make you ample *Amends*
‘ if you will but come and see it; When I see
‘ the *Wheel* go round, and the *Racers* are by
‘ at the *Twirling* of it, my *Imagination* re-
‘ presents it to me, like the flying *Chariots*,
‘ and *Machines*, for young *Travellers* in *Smith-*
‘ *field*, in which, methinks, I see an *Ap-*
‘ *prentice* seated over the *Head* of a *Com-*
‘ *mon-Council-Man* ; a *Suburb-Habardash-*
‘ *er* of *Small Wares* mounted three *Stories*
‘ higher in *Fortune* than a grave *Alderman*
‘ with a *Gold Chain* about his *Neck* ; and
‘ a *Semstress* more lofty than a *Lady Mayo-*
‘ *ress*. But I am giving you a *Description*
‘ which I had rather you should come and
‘ take; I dare say it will make as diverting
‘ a *Paper*, at least, as the *List* of the *Lot-*
‘ *tery Tickets*, and you need not desire a
Vol. I. E e ‘ better

' better Prize than to have yours read by equal
 ' Numbers, with equal Curiosity, Desire, and
 ' Circumspection. I am of the *Mule Kind* in
 ' Trade, and sometimes *Bellow* in the Alley, like
 ' a *Bull*, upon the *Fall*, and sometimes *Dance* like
 ' a *Bear*, upon the *Rise* of the Stocks: You
 ' shall be welcome to take a *secure Stand* in
 ' in my Den, from whence you may see all
 ' the Diversion: You will be presently directed
 ' to it, if you ask any one, out of the many
 ' Thousands of *City Fockies*, that you will
 ' see there, for

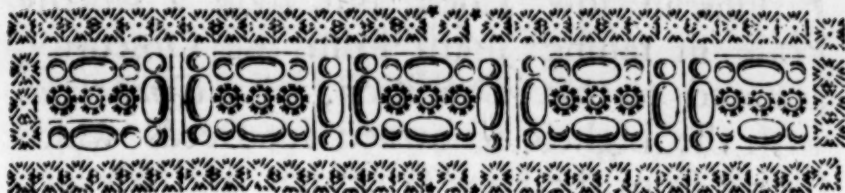
From my Den,
 near the Pope's
 Head in Corn-
 hill, Sept. 2.

Your very Humble Servant,

URSA MAJOR.

P. S. *A Vintner had but one Leg of a
 Horse, which whole Horse cost but Three
 Half Crowns, and won Five Hundred
 Pounds to his Share by that Leg. Pray
 come and see the Sport, and you will say,
 That as old as you are, you never saw the
 like since you was born; nor do I think,
 except the Time of the South-Sea, there
 was ever such merry Trading in the Memory
 of Man. If you continue to like Mrs.
 Patty Amble, bring her with you, I
 must put her in a Way of making a pro-
 perer Wife for you by teaching her how to
 mend her Paces and her Fortune together,
 both which you may remember, you left in a
 desperate Way at that Place, which you
 describ'd, in a most delightful and instruct-
 ive Paper of yours, by the Name of Mend-
 All-Market.*

The



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Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori. HOR.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ

Intaminatis fulget honoribus,

Nec sumet aut ponit secures

Arbitrio popularis auræ. Ibid.

FRIDAY, September 11. 1724.

THE Estimation, of publick Actions, seems to me to be unjustly calculated, Men derive the *Quality* of Actions from that of the Actor; Would it not be more just to measure the Actor by the Action? The Ancients considered the Degrees of Superiority to consist in those of Merit and Virtue. *Pliny* has distinguish'd himself, by Remarks, on this Head, in his admirable Epistles, and tho' he was at the *Head* of the *Nobles*, as well as the *Wits* of his Age, he thought it not below him, to pay Acknowledgments,

may, refined Compliments, to the Merit of Persons in low Life; but took a worthy Pride in raising them from the Obscurity, annexed to that Condition, by a *Comparison* with the highest renowned for Deeds which sprang from the same Greatness and Elevation of Spirit. As Titles are often but Accidents, this is a just Way of Judging; since Worth is not the Consequence of a Name, but a great Name ought ever to be the Consequence of Virtue.

“ MODERN Writers, ” said our *Critick*,
 the other Evening, “ have gone into a
 “ different Turn of Thinking: They extol,
 “ to the Skies, the indifferent Actions, and
 “ palliate the Blemishes, of Titled People,
 “ who disgrace the Figure of Life they ap-
 “ pear in; but meanly, decline the right
 “ Use of Art upon Subjects, where they
 “ might point out Greatness in obscure Men,
 “ who were never *little* in any Thing but the
 “ *Accident* of their Birth, and who *living* and
 “ *dying*, did an Honour to Human Nature.
 “ Such Pen-men may be called, *The Rabble*
 “ *of the Wits*, who are dazzled by the false
 “ Glare of the Great, but can look at solid,
 “ Virtue, without the least Emotion, or
 “ Sign, of being able to see it. The Stiles
 “ of these petty Panegyrists, are, like their
 “ Subjects, glittering, but not solid; swell-
 “ ling, but rather empty than great; they
 “ seem never to have heard of that beautiful
 “ Sim-

“ Simplicity, which arises out of Nature,
 “ and forms the Sublime, so much admired
 “ by the Readers, and so masterly executed
 “ by the Writers of Antiquity.”

WE were led into this Track of Thinking, by my looking, the other Day, into a little Book, call'd, *The History of the Preservation of Charles the Second, after the noted Battle of Worcester*; which was fought in the Year 1651, on the Third of this very Month of *September*. I there meet with such a prodigious Instance of Fidelity, and Loyalty, in a poor mean Country Fellow, nam'd *Pendrell*, and all his *Family*, that I know not *any* so Illustrious, to which my Heart would lead me to pay greater, or sincerer Acknowledgements. I am not at all surprized, to find, that this amazing Incident, of Integrity, is coolly, and insensibly, treated by Men of slender Abilities; who have an Affectation to shine upon more pompous Subjects; who chuse rather to spend their Strength in relating the Fury of that Battle, and lay out all their mistaken Eloquence in raising the Powers of Hell, to push on its horrible Consequences; but it is both a Matter of Surprise, and Confusion, to think, that so many truly great Poets, and Orators, should live just after, and leave an Example, so beneficial to Posterity, in a manner forgotten, for want of being commended, with that Spirit it so richly deserves.

PERHAPS the History of the whole World, were we to turn it never so carefully over, could furnish us with but few Things more astonishing, more moving, and pathetick, more exemplary, and edifying, than this uncelebrated Passage! — A Monarch to be forced, by a prevailing Faction, to turn a Fugitive, in his own Kingdoms! And when discomfited Princes, disabled Lords, and routed Armies, could no longer assist their Sovereign, that it should be reserved for a poor simple Hind to preserve this Lord's Anointed from a cruel, pursuing Victor, whose præternatural Swells of Fortune made him the Terror of all *Christendom*! — That it should be reserved for an ignorant Countryman, to save a wise and mighty Prince from falling, like his good Father, to be afterwards, received as our Glory, with the Applauses and Acclamations, not only of our own Three Kingdoms, but all the Nations about us! And shall this *Englishman*, recorded with Honour, by foreign Writers, be only coldly spoken of by our own? — Is he a mean Man? Consider the noble Trust, and the nobler Discharge of it! and he grows great in Proportion to the Littleness of his Condition. Is he Poor? How does that Poverty add to the Richness of his Virtue, who hears *Præmiums* bid for the precious Life, he has in Custody, and yet, disdaining the Bribe of Gold, ventures his own for his Loyalty? Sure, nothing but a Soul, which is abandon'd

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to Barbarity and Meanness, can let a little Idea of him take Place, upon Account of his despicable Figure. It is the noblest Addition to his Greatness! As inconsiderable as he might be otherwise, he must, in this View, make a fine Picture, and he is a living Disgrace to that Herd of Titled Criminals, who follow'd the Fortunes, and partook the impious Greatness, of the Pursuer of Majesty. Let those, who look no farther than the outside of Things, think a *Plebian*, below *Eulogy*; I, who view him with other Eyes almost think him above it. Had he lived in more generous Times, and been the Preserver of an *Augustus*, his honest Contempt of Gold, would have justly given him a Place equal with *Camillus*, in the *Horatian Ode*, consecrated to the Praises of that Emperor.

It is a Scene, that the Imagination cannot entertain without a Mixture of Grief and Admiration, when we place before our Eyes that Prince in the Habit of a Rustick, amidst so many different Dangers, relying upon the Conduct and Fidelity of this *real Rustick*, this venerable Clown, and his little Family for his Guards. I remember to have been informed, by a very great Man, That
 “ He has heard the King tell the Story in
 “ Jest, and wonder'd to see many smile,
 “ when his Majesty said pleasantly, That He
 “ He was once in danger of losing his Guide in
 “ the Night-Time, but that the Rustling of
 “ Richard's Calves-Skin Breeches was a Dire-

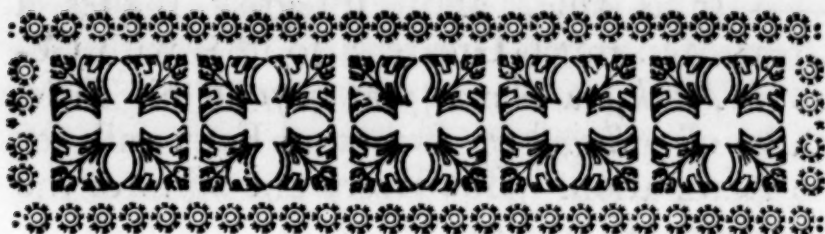
“ *tion to his Ear in the Dark.* The King
 “ might, indeed, make a Jest of it, said
 “ he, but I could not think of Majesty in
 “ such Distress, without being touch’d in
 “ good Earnest, by a Grief, which it was
 “ beyond the Notion of an odd and comical
 “ Dress to remove.” — I must say the
 same, as this Nobleman, with regard to the
 King; and even as to *Pendrell*, there is some-
 thing too serious in his Integrity, not to
 make us lose his Appearance, in our Venera-
 tion of his Virtues. As there was a Princely
 Person in one rough Garb; there was a noble
 Soul in the other; for when he attended the
 King, for the last Time, he shewed, he had
 a true Sense of the Weight of his Charge.
 For, his Majesty complaining of the Horse,
That it was the heaviest Fade he ever rode on;
Pendrell, smilingly told him, *That the Horse*
had the Weight of Three Kingdoms on his Back,
and ought not therefore to be blamed, if he went
a little heavily.

WHEN I Meditate the many Passages,
 that this little History recounts, between the
 King and *Pendrell*, my Attention is so fixed
 to the Parts, which exercised this Man’s Fi-
 delity, that I scarce have Room in my
 Thoughts, for the Glories of a Restora-
 tion, that he was reserved for. I love to
 dwell upon this good Man: It is a familiar
 Example, but it is the more useful; the Least
 Man may be faithful, and Fidelity will make
 him Great; while the Greatest Man, with-
 out

out Integrity, dwindles into a Little one. — It is true, also, Integrity makes a Great Man much Greater; so it is with *General Monk*, a Name, far beyond his Title. Duke of *Albemarle*, strikes no Ear; calls for no Admiration. But Every one admires the *General* and the *Restorer*.

A LITTLE gentlemanly Estate was afterwards settled upon his Descendants; and had he been advanced by the Pleasure of the King, from that lowly Degree, to the Nobility, no Lord could have thought himself injur'd, by having for his Peer, and Companion, the Heir of that worthy Man, who preserved the Fountain of Honour.





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————— *Fallacia*

Alia aliam tradit.

TEREN.

MONDAY, *September* 14. 1724.

CREDULITY is a Weakness, from which very few are exempted. It is the Ground-work of Craft and Imposture; and the Means by which they are propagated.

I HAVE often reflected, with Concern, upon the Condition of Humanity, in this Regard: And nothing can be more afflicting, than to behold one Part of the rational World making a *Trade* of misguiding the other! If all the Errors, into which People are drawn, had but 'the Marks of *Truth*, some Excuse, might be found for their *Credulity*; but the Shame is, in their receiving what is *new*, at the Expence, even of *Probability*.

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bability. Vulgar Minds are most struck with what is most incredible; and the Way to *convince*, is, to *amaze* them. *Reason* makes few *Proteytes*: But *Mystery* rarely fails. And the less they know why, the sonder they grow of the *Imposture*.

BECAUSE I would not dip into Controversies, wherein *Religion*, and *Government*, are concern'd; I must descend into Low Life, and only touch the little Artifices which owe their Reputation to this Weakness.

THE World is wearied with Stories of *Witches* and *Fairies*, and begins to see thro' the *Imposture*. The Craft of *Astrologers*, *Conjurers*, and *Prophets*, begins also to be exploded, by the Vulgar, whose *Oracles* they have long been. But I am not a little amaz'd to find, that, instead of the Delusions, once practis'd on the Multitude, They, now, work strongest among the polite and fashionable People. What Staring, what Clapping, what Waste of Time and Money have *Harlequin* and *Faustus* occasion'd? The Madness, both of *Actors*, and *Spectators*, has so provok'd me almost to Tears, that I could even have *wept over the City*!

I WILL not be so partial, to our Worshipful Society of FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, as to forbear reproving them, on this Occasion, for the unaccountable Pother and Noise they have lately made in the World. What Stories have been told to amuse, and engage the *Credulous*? What
Reflections,

Reflections, what Reproach, have they brought upon That ANCIENT ORDER, by making Profelytes, in so cheap and so prostituted a Manner? It afflicts me sensibly, when I see Coxcombs introduc'd into our *Lodges*, and made privy to our *Secrets*. I have often enter'd my Protest against this Abuse, in private Society; and must use the Freedom to offer this Memorial, in my publick Character. 'Tis my Opinion, That the late Prostitution of our *Order* is in some Measure, the betraying it. The weak Heads of *Vintners, Drawers, Wig-makers, Weavers, &c.* admitted into our *Fraternity*, have not only brought Contempt upon the Institution, but do very much endanger it. And I have heard it ask'd, Why we don't admit *Women*, as well as *Tailors*, into our *Lodges*? I must confess I have met with as *sufficient* Heads among the *Fair Sex*, as I have found in the BROTHERHOOD: I have some Reasons to fear, that our SECRETS are in Danger. There is, in the Conduct of too many, since their Admission, the

*Cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem;
Arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro;*

which is expressly prohibited by our Excellent RULES and CONSTITUTIONS; and, which is the very Characteristick of the Fools, that were received into the LODGES at ROME, in the Days of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR;
and

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and whereof our Brother *HORACE* complain'd vehemently, in an *Ode* to *VARUS*, who was then GRAND MASTER. But whatever Freedoms others imagine they may lawfully and discreetly use, my Conscience cannot brook them.

——— NON EGO TE ----
INVITUM QUATIAM: NEC ----
SUB DIVUM RAPIAM ----

My Female Readers, and, I'm afraid, some of the *Brotherhood* may stop here, and stare, as if I had blabb'd out the whole *Mystery*. They may be doubtful whether the above Words, and Dashes may not be *decypher'd* into the famous *Mason Word*? But I leave the Ignorant to their *Wonder*; and proceed to assure my *Brethren*, that they have promoted *Superstition and Babbling*, contrary to the Peace of our Sovereign Lord, the King, by their late Practices, and Condescensions. Alarming Reports, and Stories of LADDERS, HALTERS, DRAWN SWORDS, and DARK ROOMS, have spread Confusion and Terror: And, if the Government does not put the Laws against us in Execution, it will be an extraordinary Favour, or *Oversight*. For my own Part, I am so faithful a Subject, and have the Weal of Our *Ancient Order*, so much at Heart, that unless the GRAND MASTER puts a Stop to these Proceedings, by a peremptory Charge

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Charge to the BROTHERHOOD, I wish I cou'd honourably enter into ANOTHER.

AND, now I have hinted at ANOTHER Order, I must entertain my Readers with Two Letters; the first address'd to my self, and the last written from *Rome*, to the Author of the first.

HANG CHI *to the* British PLAIN-DEALER: *Health.*

Sage S I R,

“ BY the Help of my *Secretary* and *In-*
“ *terpreter* I peruse your *Lucubrati-*
“ *ons*; and write this *Epistle*, to assure you
“ of my *Esteem*.

“ I AM inform'd, that you have taken
“ Notice of the *Advertisement* I caused to be
“ publish'd in the *News-Papers*; and that
“ you call'd at the *Castle*, to be satisfy'd of
“ the Truth of my *Arrival* in this Place.
“ Your *Enquiry*, and the *Conversation* you
“ had with my *Secretary*, give me *Occasion*
“ to gratify you farther; and I am proud to
“ have it in my *Power* to distinguish one of
“ your *Merit* in the *Manner* I intend.

“ THE *Laws* and *Constitutions* of the
“ most ancient and illustrious *Order*, of the
“ GORMOGONS oblige us to be *cau-*
“ *tious* and *frugal*, in admitting *new Mem-*
“ *bers*. Remarkable *Virtues* have always re-
“ commended the *Candidates*. No *Rank*,
“ *Station*, or *Condition* of *Life*, intitles a
“ Person

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“ Person to be of our *Fraternity*. We know
“ neither *Prejudice*, nor *Partiality*, in con-
“ ferring this Honour; and all the *Interest*
“ in the World to procure it, would be
“ fruitless, without *Merit*.

“ MY Residence here will be short. It
“ cannot therefore be expected, that I shou’d
“ invite many worthy Persons to enter into
“ our *Order*; nor dare I render it cheap and
“ contemptible, by admitting every Preten-
“ der: But I know several who deserve to
“ be received, and to whom I have promis’d
“ the Distinction.

“ I SHALL consider it as an Ornament
“ to our *most ancient* and illustrious ORDER,
“ which is the Honour and Ornament of all
“ its Members, if you, *Sage Sir*, will be
“ pleas’d to accept the Privileges that I am
“ empower’d to bestow on the *Deserving*. I
“ confess, you must first be DEGRADED,
“ as our Laws require, and renounce, and
“ abandon, the Society of *False-Builders*.
“ But, as your great Judgment must distin-
“ guish the Excellence of our *Order*, I hope
“ you will prefer being a *Fellow* with *Us*.
“ Nothing would more sensibly concern me,
“ when I leave *London*, than not be able to
“ transmit your Name in the List, that I
“ must send to the OECUMENICAL
“ VOLGEE in *China*.

I am,

Sage SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend,

HANG CHI.

SHIN

SHIN SHAW, to HANG CHI,
at London: *Health*:

Most Illustrious Brother and Friend,

“ I CONGRATULATE you on the
 “ speedy Progress you have made from
 “ the Court of the *Young SOPHY*, and
 “ your safe Arrival in the *Isle of Britain*.
 “ Your Presence is earnestly expected at
 “ ROME. The Father of High Priests is
 “ fond of our *Order*, and the CARDINALS
 “ have an Emulation to be distinguish’d.
 “ Our Excellent Brother GORMOGON,
 “ *Mandarin*, CHAN FUE, is well, and
 “ salutes you. Since my last, I had Advices
 “ from *Pekin*, which confirm former Accounts,
 “ that our new Emperor is an open
 “ Enemy to the *Jesuits*: But I pray, their
 “ Disgrace in *China* may not provoke the
 “ *Europeans* to use *Us* ill. Take Care of
 “ your Health. Farewell.

SHIN SHAW.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the Honour done me, by
 the illustrious *Mandarin* HANG CHI;
 and, though I cannot prevail with my self
 to be DEGRADED, in the *Manner* requir’d
 by the *Laws* and *Constitutions* of the
 Order of GORMOGONS, I approve,
 and applaud, their admitting none, but
 whom *Merit* recommends into the Fellowship
 of the OECUMENICAL VOLGEE.

Moreover,

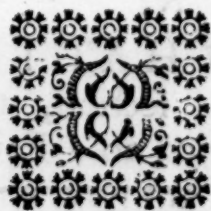
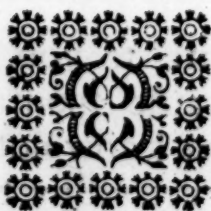
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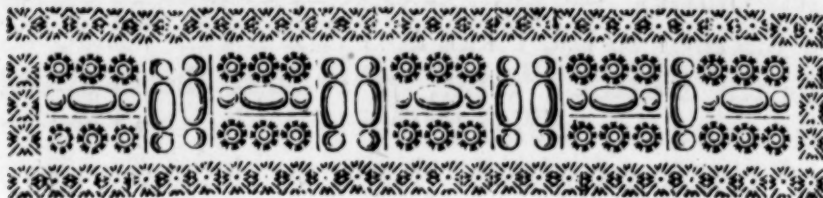
Moreover, I propose the Good Conduct, and Regularity of the GORMOGONS, as a Pattern to the FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, for the Future : And, if I shall be enabled to make any useful Discoveries for the Service of the *Brotherhood*, they may depend on my watchful Fidelity.

THE Letters, sign'd MÆCENAS, communicated to us, by PHILANTHROPOS, are come to Hand, and deservedly claim a Place in this Paper the first Opportunity.

Our Fair Correspondents, the one from *Edinburgh*, the other from *Surrey*, who, both so beautifully, and pathetically, pour forth their Complaints to the PLAIN DEALER, shall meet with a proper and early Regard.

THE ANONYMOUS Gentleman, who requests our speedy Opinion of a certain Case, which, he says, is *urgent*, is desired to suspend his *dangerous* Advice to his Friend ; and we shall touch upon that Subject, in an ampler Manner, than is consistent with the Haste he requires.





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— *De tot modo millibus unus :*

— *De tot modo millibus una.* OVID.

FRIDAY, *September* 18. 1724.

THE following Letters sign'd MÆCENAS, were written, as their Dates shew, some Time since, by a Gentleman from *London*, to his Friend at *Cambridge*, and being full of a generous Spirit, we have insert'd them, according to our Promise in our last.

London, December 20. 1723-4.

S I R,

‘ WHAT I here write to you, is Affection, true (because spontaneous)
 ‘ Affection to a Family who know not me, or
 ‘ that I am now writing, or intending to write
 ‘ to you, or any body concerning them.

‘ I AM

‘ I AM just now seated at a Coffee-house,
 ‘ not far from the *Royal-Exchange*, where I
 ‘ am very much affected (as I often have
 ‘ been) with the genteel, humble Deport-
 ‘ ment of the Bar-keeper; A Deportment
 ‘ most agreeably adapted to her present Sta-
 ‘ tion. — Yet, at the same time, such as
 ‘ betokens a Genius superior to this Way of
 ‘ Livelihood. It is known to every body
 ‘ that sees this Gentlewoman (seeing her is
 ‘ knowing it) that she is a Gentlewoman :
 ‘ But that, moreover, she has *this* additional
 ‘ Merit, To have been the Comfort, the lov-
 ‘ ing, and beloved Comfort, of the great
 ‘ and admirable *Favellus*; this perhaps is not
 ‘ so universally known.

‘ *FAVELLUS* was an eminent Preacher of
 ‘ the Town : Those that know his Character,
 ‘ can tell ’twas a Compound of all the good
 ‘ Characters belonging to a Christian, to a
 ‘ Divine, to a Gentleman. He had a most
 ‘ extensive Genius, which, with his own Edu-
 ‘ cation and Industry, made vast Acquire-
 ‘ ments in all sorts of Theological Literature.
 ‘ This will appear to a Man of any Sagacity,
 ‘ that makes use of That and his Sermons,
 ‘ when publish’d, which are now Printing by
 ‘ Subscription. The first of these Sermons,
 ‘ that was preached in my Hearing, gave me
 ‘ a most surprizing Mixture of Pleasure and
 ‘ Concern : *Pleasure*, in hearing, at once, a
 ‘ *Demosthenes*, and a *Euclid*, a *Chrysostom*,
 ‘ and a *Bentley* (*All* met together) *All* speak-
 F f 2 ing

ing in this accomplish'd Divine; who was
 himself a most powerful, a most pathetick
Orator, a most exact *Reasoner*, a most persua-
 sive *Theologer*,—in one Word, an *universal*
consummate Scholar.—This was the *Pleasure*.
 A *Concern* too it gave me (a Concern in-
 expressible) arising from a certain Uneasiness
 I felt in my own Breast, from reflecting,
 that tho' I had been Years in *London*, this
 was but my *First* Pleasure of hearing this
 inimitable Man. After this, you may be
 sure I became his eager Attendant: And
 of All the Sermons I attended, Head and
 Heart say this.—They were All, to a Degree
 that is incredible, *All* Edifying, All Enter-
 taining; Entertaining, I mean in that Way
 wherein Theological Performances *may* and
ought to entertain. 'Tis rare, *remarkably* rare,
 to meet with the Man that writes, or indeed
 is *capable* of writing, in that Close, that
 Mathematical, that Concatenating Way
 he excell'd in; or, that has the same Sa-
 gacity in *Pointing out* the Intricacies of an
 Argument, together with the same Acute-
 ness, the same Clearness in *Removing* 'em;
 — putting Prejudice to the Blush;—re-
 conciling Scripture to Scripture;—making
 Error *appear* to be Error, Truth to be Truth.
 You'd be sure not only to be pleas'd, but
 to *exult* in the Pleasure you took, if you
 had heard him frequently, as I did, ad-
 vancing (and that so ingeniously) some
 Truths that were uncommon, and defend-
 ing

‘ ing common ones in an uncommon Man-
 ‘ ner ; making obscure Things plain ; plain
 ‘ Things *surprizingly* plainer. — To raise
 ‘ Objections so *pertinently*, to state ‘em so *can-*
 ‘ *didly*, to answer ‘em so *unanswerably*, is a
 ‘ Talent, or rather *many* Talents, wherein
 ‘ but few Men, if few, cou’d come up to him.

‘ I ASK now, Shou’d it not be (Matter of
 ‘ *Wonder* to ALL Men, and) to Men of Merit,
 ‘ *Concern*, that this very Man, a Man of
 ‘ their own Number, a Minister of the Gos-
 ‘ pel too, an *eminent* Minister, an eminent
 ‘ Writer, — Great in Learning, — Great
 ‘ in Goodness, — Great in Renown, — Of
 ‘ a meek humble, winning Disposition, —
 ‘ Of a sweet, sober, edifying Conversation,
 ‘ — Of a blameless, of an unspotted Cha-
 ‘ racter, — Withal too, a Man of strict *Or-*
 ‘ *thodoxy* (and is not *This* alone a Thousand
 ‘ good Characters ?) — I say, shou’d it
 ‘ not, even in Point of *Humanity* (much
 ‘ more so of *Charity*) affect *All Men of Merit*
 ‘ or that *love* Merit, to observe how it pass’d
 ‘ unrewarded, slighted, discourag’d, tho’ seen
 ‘ plainly, tho’ admir’d universally, in this
 ‘ excellent Man?

‘ THINK — (and grieve when you think)
 ‘ how he Died ! How Indigent ! How *exceed-*
 ‘ *ingly* Indigent ! — and this, after a Life
 ‘ wherein there was nothing of Excess, — ex-
 ‘ cept that of its being painful, *willingly* pain-
 ‘ ful to *Himself*, — and that purposely that
 ‘ it might be useful to *Others*.

‘ BEHOLD him, *when Living*, living
 ‘ blamelessly in every Thing; — *Blamelessly*
 ‘ did I say? It had been just to have said,
 ‘ *Admirably* in every Thing: Admirably
 ‘ every where: *At Home* Studious, at Home
 ‘ Frugal, in all his Oeconomy: *Abroad* sel-
 ‘ dom — except at his Church: *At Church*
 ‘ attended with a full Congregation (perhaps
 ‘ the fullest in this great City, wherein were
 ‘ Persons of almost all Denominations, all
 ‘ all Ranks and Perswasions; all pleas’d, all
 ‘ *greedy* to hear this incomparable Man. —
 ‘ And yet,

‘ BEHOLD him, *when Dying*, not worth
 ‘ enough to defray the Charge of his Funeral!
 ‘ Now, it appears (thro’ his own singular
 ‘ Modesty, it did not *till now*) What a poor
 ‘ Livelihood (— Wonder, and be astonish’d!
 ‘ and yet this was *All* his Livelihood (for
 ‘ himself and Family) he got by the Mini-
 ‘ stry: Poor! so deplorably poor, that his di-
 ‘ stress’d Widow, and Two or Three young
 ‘ lovely Children, at least *some* of ’em, are
 ‘ likely, e’er long, (— O pity! pity!) even
 ‘ to ——— I *cannot* speak it! ——— What
 ‘ shall I say? ——— My Heart bleeds when I
 ‘ think of it. He died, as I’m told, not
 ‘ worth Ten Shillings.

‘ WITHIN the Circle of your Acquain-
 ‘ tance, and my own, there are, *some*, no
 ‘ doubt, that have Inclinations, but want
 ‘ *Abilities* to be Beneficent; some, that have
 ‘ Abilities, but want Inclinations: Some,
 ‘ that

‘ that have *Both*, and would imploy both, but
 ‘ know not *where* to employ ’em. To these
 ‘ last sort of Persons, to all these able-well-in-
 ‘ clining Persons, namely, To all that have
 ‘ *no Heirs* of their own to inherit after them,
 ‘ or have more Riches than enough for their
 ‘ Heirs, and for such like Reasons have gene-
 ‘ rous Design, I say, To *these* surely I need
 ‘ not say more.

‘ PITY, even common Pity, mov’d me
 ‘ thus to throw in a Word or two (I hope,
 ‘ at least, ’twill have *some* favourable Conse-
 ‘ quence) in Favour of this unhappy Widow
 ‘ and Children (the Melancholy Remains of
 ‘ that Learned Good Man I have been speak-
 ‘ ing of); and the this rather, because, as you
 ‘ see, they are now reduc’d, for the Sake of a
 ‘ Subsistence, to the Business of a Coffee-house.

‘ THE Widow’s Demeanor, in this new Way
 ‘ of Life, as I told you, *genteel* Humility, sub-
 ‘ missive, easy, chearful in this the Station
 ‘ allotted her, *Because* ’tis allotted her. She
 ‘ has this Character, in all its Beauty and
 ‘ Elegance, in all the Nicety and Goodbreed-
 ‘ ing belonging to it. See the *Whole* of her
 ‘ Conduct. See in that, the *worst* of Adver-
 ‘ sities in its best Dress. Whoever attends to it
 ‘ (and whoever beholds *cannot but* attend to
 ‘ it) has a very *instructive* Amusement. There
 ‘ is scarce an Action she does, that in this Way
 ‘ is not an excellent Document, being itself
 ‘ a Comment on that polite Humility I
 ‘ am speaking of. To see her, just now, bring-

ing me the Dish of Coffee, I call'd for, with
 ' HER peculiar Way of doing it, is an admir-
 ' able Criticism on those Words of St. Paul,
 ' I know *HOW* to be abased. And to attend
 ' her, saying Sir, I thank you, and her Man-
 ' ner of saying it (—with the Curt'sy an-
 ' nex'd) to a Gentleman that a while ago
 ' laid his Penny at the Bar, is perhaps a bet-
 ' ter Sermon than many a Divine cou'd have
 ' made on this Text of St. Peter [*Be Courteous*]
 ' So much for the Widow.

' THE Children (poor, fatherless, undone
 ' Children!) seem to carry an Hereditary
 ' Goodness in their very Aspects. It wou'd
 ' melt any Heart to behold them; any, es-
 ' pecially, that remembers that worthy Fa-
 ' ther they descended from.

' SIR, Sure you are affected with this Me-
 ' lancholy Narrative: 'Tis Truth. Inquire,
 ' and you'll find it *All* to be Truth, as related
 ' to you, by

Your most Affected

MÆCENAS.

London, May 21. 1724.

Dear SIR,

' IN my last I griev'd, in this I rejoice;
 ' as you will, when I tell you that the
 ' outtress'd Widow of the late Reverend and
 ' Excellent *Favellus* is lately Married to a
 ' Good Man, and an ample Estate, ample
 ' enough

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' enough to provide handsomly for her and
' her Children. Behold the Benevolence, be-
' hold the Goodness, the Superlative Good-
' ness of *Amasius*! that has thought fit to be-
' stow Himself, and his All! and this with-
' out Hurt to any Relation of his own. I
' esteem, I admire the Man, 'tho I know
' him not. I'm all Joy and Transport, and
' impatient to tell it you. I can write
' nothing else; — therefore conclude in an
' Extasy.

Yours,

MÆCENAS.

Sept. 1. 1724.

S I R,

' **T**IS the Opinion of me, and of many
' that the two Letters, I inclose, may
' pals with Advantage thro' your Hands to
' the Publick. If too long, abridge 'em as
' you think fit. I was at *Cambridge*, when
' I reciv'd both from *Mæcenæ*, who I must
' tell you, is a Gentleman of the *Temple*, that
' won't permit me to say more of him; nor
' need I to a Person, of *your* Taste and Dis-
' cernment, that can read the Soul of a Man
' in his Letters.

' BE just, Sir, to such a remarkable Piece
' of Generosity as this of *Amasius*, and con-
' vince the World, that it is not only an un-
' common *Generosity*, but an uncommon good
' *Sense*; a good Sense, perhaps, which a
' great

‘ great many *foolish* People have not a *Notion*
 ‘ of, and which a great many wise ones have
 ‘ only a *Notion* of.

‘ THE like Conduct to this of *Amasus*, was
 ‘ t’other Day, that of *THEODOSIA*, a Lady
 ‘ of an amiable Character, and of a very con-
 ‘ siderable Family and Fortune. She has had
 ‘ a long and intimate Knowledge of *Honestus*,
 ‘ and of All his Good Qualities. She has of-
 ‘ ten heard, often seen, what a kind Hus-
 ‘ band he made to his Wife, whom he has
 ‘ lately lost, and with her an Estate, that
 ‘ was all he had to subsist upon. He had met
 ‘ with many Adversities, many Trials before.
 ‘ But this was the greatest. He bore it man-
 ‘ fully ; hoping, trusting, resting, firmly
 ‘ and chearfully, in an Almighty Wisdom,
 ‘ Goodness, and Providence. With this Re-
 ‘ solution, he made a friendly Visit to his Ac-
 ‘ quaintance in the Country ; among the rest,
 ‘ to *Theodosia*, who receiv’d him kindly, and
 ‘ pity’d him. He there fell ill of a Fever,
 ‘ during which, she gave him a Thousand
 ‘ Proofs of her Tenderneſs ! and, after he had
 ‘ recover’d, added this to the Number of ’em,
 ‘ *She Married him* — Not without the Ad-
 ‘ vice of her best Friends and Relations. —

‘ THIS is the Character of *Honestus* ; a great
 ‘ deal of *Merit*, but, withal, a great deal of
 ‘ *Poverty*, and *Four Children* along with it.
 ‘ For *this* she’s reflected on. Cruel World !
 ‘ thus to treat the generous *Theodosia* ! And
 ‘ thus to treat her, *because* she is generous !
 ‘ — Cruelty

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‘ — Cruelty itself! But incourage her, I
‘ beseech you, Sir, and let it be *your* Gene-
‘ rosity to say all you can in behalf of *Theo-*
‘ *dofia*’s.

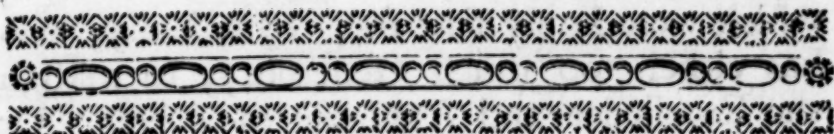
‘ HEREBY, (if speedy) you’ll oblige many
‘ besides,

SIR,

Your Sincere Friend,

And Humble Servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.



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*Trahimur omnes laudis studio: & optimus
quisq; maxime gloria ducitur. CICERO.*

MONDAY, September 21. 1724.

WE regard not Rivals in *Love*, with
more Malice than Rivals in *Fame*:
And the softer Sex, is most liable to the ma-
lignant Impressions of Envy; because their
Pursuits being fewer than ours, their Appli-
cation is more *intense* and *collected*: And they
brook Disappointments with less Comfort and
Moderation.

WIT

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WIT and *Beauty*, are the Arms they conquer by ; It is with Jealousy, therefore, that they behold them in any Hands but their own. The Praise of one Lady, is considered by another, as a Reproach : And *her* Soul must be sublimely Great, who, not only observes with Pleasure, the Fame and Influence, of a powerful Rival ; but contributes her own Endeavours, to the Support, and Increase of them !

I HAVE been led into these Reflections, by the Delight, with which, I perus'd the following Letter, and Copy of Verses, which were lately sent me, by a Lady, who has either too much Generosity, to malign the Excellence and Applause of others : Or too large a Share of both, herself, to be alarm'd, at their Advance, in either.

S I R,

“ I HAVE found, That your Paper
 “ has a Power to move the Soul ; and
 “ holds a Command over the Passions. Your
 “ PLAIN DEALER on *Death*, is one con-
 “ tinued Beauty. He ought, methinks, to
 “ *live* for ever, who can make *Death* so de-
 “ firable. While I was reading in it, all
 “ Vanity, and Love of Life forsook me.
 “ — My Eyes resign'd themselves to Tears :
 “ and I even seem'd to *feel* the Grave. The
 “ beautiful Verse glided through my Veins ;
 “ and I trembled, with a *pleasing Horror*.

“ While

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“ W H I L E my Mind was, thus delight-
 “ fully sadden’d, Death depriv’d me of a
 “ *perfect Friend*, to whose dear Memory, I
 “ have devoted the Lines inclos’d. They
 “ have little Beauty, but the Truth and
 “ Passion of my Concern. Perhaps, *That*
 “ will plead their Pardon.

“ T H E Lady, whose Loss I lament, was
 “ an Ornament to one Sex; and the Re-
 “ proach and Admiration of the other. I
 “ wonder, a Death, so considerable, appears
 “ so little deplor’d. — Where is *Friendship*?
 “ — Was it buried, in *Delia’s* Grave? Let
 “ me invoke it, to lament her. — *She* who
 “ cou’d, so gracefully, *mourn*, let us mourn
 “ *her*. — She, who cou’d give *Life* to our
 “ Imagination, let us be sorry for her *Death*,
 “ and assist her Fame, by our Gratitude.

“ Y O U, Sir, who know how to Charm
 “ your Readers, as you please, I wish, you
 “ would chuse this inspiring Subject of *Friend-*
 “ *ship*. Its divine Spirit is too much confin’d
 “ among Persons of narrow Natures. — As
 “ for me, I am not insensible of it : I
 “ feel its Power at my Heart ; but can’t do
 “ Justice in expressing it. — The Descent
 “ to *Age*, and *Affliction*, is smooth’d and sof-
 “ ten’d, by the Aid of *Friendship*. It rebates
 “ the Edge of sharpest Mileries. We seem
 “ *not to grow Old*, when we have a *Friend*,
 “ to make *Life* tasteful to us : Time flies
 “ over us, indeed ; but he seems to brush us
 “ with downy Wings ; and marks his Way,
 “ with slight Impressions. W H E N

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“ WHEN I see a Face, more serene, or
 “ more lovely, than usual, I take Pleasure
 “ to imagine, she owes her Sweetness, to
 “ the Influence of some charming Friend’s
 “ Society. The Soul is quicken’d in its
 “ Energy, by the Power of so divine a Soft-
 “ ness, nor shares, nor laments, the *Body’s*
 “ Miseries.

“ EXCUSE the Fullness of my Heart, on
 “ this favourite Subject : And I will be frank
 “ enough to own, that I am sometimes
 “ blest, with a Friend ; of *your* Sex, too :
 “ And, while I have the Joy of listening to
 “ his Wisdom, methinks, we have already
 “ pass’d the *Grave*, and are enjoying the De-
 “ lights of *Heaven*.

I am, SIR,

Your most Respectful,

Humble Servant,

CLEORA.

VERSES, Written by a LADY : On the
 Death of Mrs. MANLEY.

PALE bleeding Friendship, and distracted
 (Grief,
 Leave me no Voice, to give my Woe Relief :
 Ev’n the soft Gratitude my Eyes should pay,
 Flows from my Soul, and speaks, this nobler Way.
 My weeping Pen shall my Distress impart,
 And its dark Tears dissolve the Reader’s Heart :
 Till

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*Till Tears on Tears, in social Grief, descend,
And the World mourns my Soul's lamented*
(Friend.

*Yet does my Muse, but a brib'd Off'ring give:
Since, join'd to Thine my Name is sure to live.*

*Why wert Thou ravish'd from my Love, so soon?
Why gleam'd thy Evening only, on my Noon?
Had thy dear Friendship warm'd my Morning Lays,
I had deserv'd the Glory of thy Praise:*

*Sprung, lively, forward lighten'd by thy Ray;
Chear'd, for the Race; and darted into Day.*

*But thou wert held, from my desiring Sight:
And my Muse wander'd, distant from Thy Light.*

How strong, yet soft, was Her accomplish'd
(Mind!

Sincere, like Heaven; and, as its Angels, kind.

Safe, as the Sun, in her Superior Rays,

How full shone Merit, in her graceful Praise!

Such active Flame, did her warm Fancy give,

That ev'ry glowing Letter seem'd to live!

Where's now th' unconscious Heart, that cou'd
(descend,

To bless my Wishes, with the Name of Friend!

Senceless, and cold, 'twill, now, no longer move,

At Pity's tender Voice, or weeping Love!

Where shall we, now, those bright Ideas find,

That peopled Thought, from thy creating Mind?

Death has turn'd back the intercepted Store:

But thy Fame lives, and thou can'st die no more.

Such Immortality Thy Friendship gave;

For none, whom Delia sung, can fear the Grave.

Life of my Genius! whither art thou flown?

To what new Regions, to my Soul unknown!

Let

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*Let me o'ertake thee — for I weary grow ;
And sicken at the World, that's left below.
The Sunless World, where Friendship has no Part,
Is cold, and dead, to my be-winter'd Heart.
In Life's vain Joys, no Comfort can be found,
No Cure for Mem'ry's ever-smarting Wound.*

*When the bright Traces of thy Mind I read,
Oh ! how will waking Recollection bleed !
Thy Angel Pen, aw'd ev'n unblushing Vice :
And chas'd high Guilt, from its proud Paradise.
But Innocence and Vertue, were thy Care :
Thy tow'ring Genius, shone Triumphant there.*

*Oh ! Delia ! tuneful Mistress of my Mind, }
Dear to my Friendship, to my Errors kind, }
Where shall my Muse another Delia find ? }
What wish'd Intreaties did I still receive !*

*Such, the true Great, alone, have Soul, to give.
While, in immortal Honours she was dress'd, }
She stoop'd, to raise me to her gen'rous Breast ? }
And woo'd my distant Merit, to be blest ? }*

*I grasp thy Tomb, nor wou'd I thence depart ;
The World has, now, no Charm, that tempts my
(Heart.*

*Dark, let me sigh, to thy departed Shade,
Nor Light, intruding, solemn Grief invade :
My trembling Arms, wou'd this cold Marble bind.
Till my lost Body, joins my buried Mind.*

I AM charm'd, almost equally, with the
Verse and Prose, of this Lady : — There is
in her *Stile*, a peculiar *Mark*, or *Mole*, which
her *Minerva* may be known by. It is a cer-
tain majestick Shortness in her Periods, im-
pregnated

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pregnated with Sense and Fullness. And her *Poetry* is so rich in Beauties, that her *Eyes* have scarce more *Fire*; or her *Mind* more Scope and Sweetness.

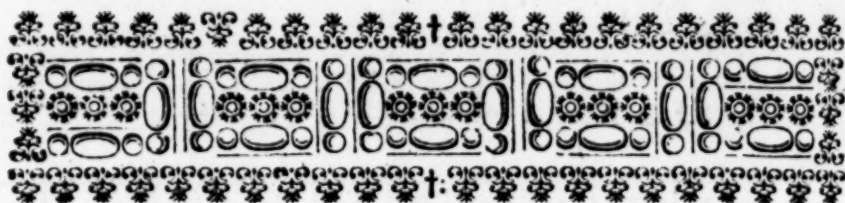
It has often been observ'd, That the Ladies of this Island, are the most *beautiful* in the Universe. I shall endeavour, for my Country's Honour, to prove them also the most *Witty*. And, that they are most *Wise*, we are under a Political Necessity of maintaining, because no Remark is more obvious to Foreigners, than, that the Superiority of our Women's Talents, has almost universally prefer'd the Sex, in this happy Corner of the World, to a Right of Governing their Husbands.

BUT when I come to speak of the *Wit* of our *English* Ladies, I will not do 'em the Injustice of comparing them with our Male Poets. — There was a *Corinna* among the Antients, who carried away the Prize of Poetry from the Immortal *Pindar* himself. — To write better than the *Men*, therefore, is a Triumph below the Genius of some of our Female Wits, whom I could name, since other Women have been already, *so far* Conquerors in other Nations. But, if I match our modern Muses, against the *Sappho's*, and *Corinna's* of Antiquity, and they shall be victorious over those fam'd Victors, That, indeed will be a Glory.

I SHALL consecrate Three future Papers, to the Great, and different Excellence of Three

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English Ladies, who are all now living ; And whole Writings shall be tryed, in a most impartial Compariſon, with the fineſt, and moſt celebrated Remnants of Female Genius, which have been preserv'd and wonder'd at, through a Length of applauding Ages. — And, I doubt not, but I ſhall make it demonſtrable, in thoſe Three Papers ; that the *English* Ladies have excell'd the Antients, in the *Depth*, the *Tenderneſs*, and the *Sublimity* of their Compoſitions.



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Cur ego, ſi nequeo, ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor ?
H O R.

FRIDAY, September 25. 1724.

IN a Coffee-Room, the other Day, where the Converſation turn'd on Wit, a Gentleman was taking Pains to draw an odd kind of Demonſtration, from the Liſt of Subſcribers to Mr. *Pope's Translation of Homer*, That there never was an Age ſo favourable to Poets,
as

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as *This* : — And, That, from the Number of our *Noble Patrons*, the Glorious Reign of King George will shine brighter to Posterity than the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*.

THOUGH I love Loyalty, at my Heart, and am as conscious as I ought to be of the Influences of His Majesty's Glory, yet, I confess, I was a little startled, at the Novelty of this Assertion ; and express'd my Surprise, with some Emotion. — I find then, cry'd I, that I have lived in profound Ignorance ! — As for the *Politicks* indeed of the present Age, I have always consider'd 'em as too *remarkable* to be soon *forgot* : But, for the *Wit* of it, I was in Hopes, there cou'd be no Danger of its being *remember'd*.

It seems, continued I, the severest Misery of Men of Learning, that Custom has misled them to depend, for their Encouragment, on those *Great, Little, Creatures*, whom we call *People of Quality*. — Were Wildom the Consequence of Riches, Rank, and Power, it had been prudent, and reasonable, for Merit in Distress to apply itself to the *Mighty*. — But, since the Flattery, and Indulgence, in which Those called *Great Men*, are educated, must give Liberty to their *Passions*, and Restraint to their *Intellects*, (for Understanding is scarce necessary to Men who can pay others, to think for them !) therefore, with due Regard to a few shining Exceptions, a Lord is *above Wit* : And most of 'em

would have found it more to their Taste, and their Talent, to subscribe to *Heidegger*, than to *Homer*, but that the numerous Acquaintance of this fine, and happy Genius united themselves, so powerfully, to recommend his Translation, that, to be out of the List, was to be out of the *Fashion*: which Misfortune, no Doubt, it was well worth *Six Guineas*, to be delivered from the Disgrace of ——— But, let me see these shining Names to Mr. *Dennis's Miscellaneous Tracts*, which he is now publishing by a Subscription, scarce the Sixth Part so chargeable, and I will afterwards, suppose, that They can *read*, as well as *purchase*. ——— This, however, is what I know them too well to expect at their Hands, unless Mr. *Dennis* shall become as much *The Mode* as Mr. *Pope* is.

I WAS surpriz'd to observe, that at my Mention of Mr. *Dennis*, almost every Person present, join'd in a Clamour against *Criticks*. They affirm'd, *Thus it was but just, to neglect the Writings of a Person, who only writes, to censure Others.* And, *That the World should, without Regard to a Critick's Learning, declare War, against his Malice; and treat, and consider him, as a King of Common Enemy.*

I CONTENTED myself with smiling, at the Extravagance of this Reasoning, and reply'd, That I doubted not, however, but the Name of Mr. *Pope* would be found among Mr. *Dennis's Subscribers*; because He has Soul to know, That though Living Merit, may

may sometimes, as in his own Case, be popular, yet Popularity is so far from being the *Mark* of Living Merit, that Real Excellence, for the most Part, both *wants* and *disdains* it.

IN the Progress of my Papers, I am determined to examine into the Foundation of this silly Notion, *That Criticks are Enemies to Wit and Learning*: And I dare be positive, before-hand, that I shall discover it to take its Rise from a Cause, of the same Nature with that, which makes the *Pickpocket* hate the *Horsepond*.

To pretend a Love of Learning, and at the same Time to despise Criticism, is as ridiculous an Absurdity, as to delight in noble Buildings, and exclaim against Architecture.

— If there is not some *Rule*, whereby we are to measure *Wit*, then Wit has no Dependence on the Reason, and the Judgment; and, to be a *Wit*, or a *Fool*, are in that Case, Terms Synonymous. — But, if Wit is to be judg'd, by the Examination of our Reason, then that Reason is *Criticism*; And he, who is a Critick, is the Champion of Wit, and defends it from Prophanation. — How can he, therefore, be the *Enemy*, of what is supported by his Influence?

THE true Friends of Learning ought to be cautious, how they give up *Criticks*; lest, to free themselves from a present Fear, they destroy their future Hope, and fall into Oblivion, under the Growth of assuming Ignorance;

rance: Like the Degenerate *Roman* Armies, who slackening the Severity of their old martial Discipline, came at length, says *Procopius*, to think Helmets and Corsets too *hot* for them.— They were cumbersome and insupportable:—They *fainted* under the *Weight* of 'em: — And had Courage enough, they were sure, to fight, as successfully without 'em. — They tried it; And the Consequence was, They were never, from that Time forward, able to stand, against the *Arrows* of the over-numbering *Goths*, and *Vandals*: So depriv'd of their Defence, they lost their Empire to *Barbarians*.

BUT, since no Truth operates so powerfully as that which convinces by Example, let the Good, or Ill, of Criticism be decided, in fair Combat, between the Gentleman I have nam'd above, who professes, and forms himself on it; and one of our most rapid, and voluminous Compilers of Poetry; who tho' one wou'd imagine him too *heavy* to *ride Post*; yet, trusting wholly to Inspiration, breaks over Hedges and Ditches, and never checks his Horse's *Speed*, whether *out* of the Road, or *in* it.

THIS *Merchant Adventurer* was for engrossing Trade to Himself: And began with firing the Magazines of Those who dealt in the same Commodity. — One of his first *witty Performances*, was, A *Satire against Wit*. — An Accident befell me, the other Day, that may furnish him with Matter of Speculation.

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ation. I am very fond of a *Cat* : And, ever since I lodg'd in *Barbican*, have delighted in the Society of a Tabby Favourite of my Landlady's Children. But, it happen'd, a few Days since, that, not being in a Humour to be so familiar with her as usual, she open'd one of her Claws, and was pleas'd to scratch my Leg, with no small Freedom, and Impertinence : Upon which, in great Wrath, I took her up, by the Tail, and toss'd her out of Window.—The Cat got no Harm : but I have quite lost her Heart upon it. And now, I may call, coax, and tempt her, as much as I please, she keeps, always, out out of my Reach : And I dare be positive, I shall never catch her, though I were to live and die in *Barbican*.

BUT, to go on, with what I propos'd. — After his *Satire against Wit*, he set forth his *Wit against Satire* ; and publish'd an *Epic Poem*, call'd PRINCE ARTHUR.—The Excellent Critick, abovenam'd, saw, upon perusing this Piece, that the Gentleman wanted Skill and Application, in the Art he was bent on practising. He put himself, therefore, to the Trouble of composing, for his Use, a just, and generous Reprehension, which he intitled, *Remarks upon Prince Arthur*. — Had the Author been either humble, or wise, enough to make Advantage by it, This wou'd have serv'd him as a Plan, to build stronger, for the future ; and given a Turn to his Reflexion, that might have made him, him

what he had so earnest a Desire to pass for.

BUT it was, then, as it is now, the Custom to despise a Critick. And the Author of *Prince Arthur* fell, so couragiously, into the Fashion, that in almost His Coach-Load of *Epic Poems*, which he has, since oblig'd the World with, from *Arthur*, down to *Alfred*, (I speak it without Compliment) The same distinguishable Purity, Fire, Elegance, Fancy, Copiousness, and Elevation, shine, alike, in every one of 'em : And, All, are equally secure, as well from Criticism, as Imitation.

BUT, not content with raising, and adorning *Human Nature*, He aspir'd, at last, to write, upon *Divinity Itself*. — The Great Almighty, and His *Works*, were, now, to be the Subject of his practis'd Panegyrick. — Here, sure ! if ever, He was to guard himself with Caution, and put on the Critick's Armour. — *Creation* opened to him, with its boundless Lustre ! — Worlds beyond Worlds, were to be discover'd, by his Poetic Telescope : And *other Suns*, whose *Light* (tho' swift enough, to travel a Hundred and Fourscore thousand Miles, in one *Second* of Time, is notwithstanding, spent, and lost, in unconceivable Immensity, before it reaches, *This*, our own, *Sun's* Confines !) *This Light* was to be more *Illuminated*, by His Muse, and shine down, upon his Reader's Fancy.

HERE,

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HERE, the admirable Critick, his old Friend, had, Himself, set an Example ; such, as can never be too much applauded.— The noblest, the most extensive, the most astonishing Ideas, which can expand the Human Soul, had enrich'd his powerful Conception. And one wou'd have hop'd, that Mr. *Dennis* had made it impossible for any future Writer to treat this Subject, in a mean and groveling Manner ; after he had oblig'd the World, so nobly, in his *Paraphrase on Te Deum*, with Verse, and Sentiments, sublimely suited to the *Vastness* of the Occasion,

*Where-e'er, at utmost Stretch, we cast our Eyes,
Thro' the vast frightful, Spaces of the Skies ;
Ev'n there, we find Thy Glory ! — There we*

(gaze

*On Thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze !
Ten Thousand Suns, prodigious Globes of Light,
At once, in broad Dimensions, strike our Sight.
Millions, behind, in the remoter Skies,
Appear but Spangles, to our wearied Eyes.*

And, when those wearied Eyes want farther

(Strength,

*To pierce the Void's unmeasurable Length,
Our tow'ring Thoughts, more vig'rous, farther*

(fly :

*And, still, remoter, flaming Worlds discry.
But, ev'n an Angel's comprehensive Thought,
Cannot extend so far as Thou hast wrought,
Our vast Conception, to such Swelling brought,
Swallow'd, in Infinite, is lost, in Nought !*

THIS

THIS is Poetry, that defies Censure, and is rais'd, even above Praise: for it is scarce possible to say so much of it, as it truly deserves.

—— But, now, behold ; on the opposite Side, an Abstract, from the Muse of *Prince Arthur*, in his *Hymn to the Creator*.

*Hail, King Supreme !—Of Power, immense Abyss:
Father of Light ! Exhaustless Source of Bliss !
Thou Uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
Controul'd by no Superior Being's Laws.*

THE first Three Lines being truly poetical, what Pity, that the Author's Pride depriv'd him of the Use of *Criticism* ! Had he buoy'd himself, by the Help of *That*, He cou'd never (though he had Sir *John Falstaff's Alacrity in Sinking*) have sunk, so soon, and so shamefully, as to tell us, in the 4th Verse—That *He, who is Supreme in Power, is controul'd by no Superior*.

ABOUT 20 Lines after this, God goes out with a Pair of Compasses, to mark the Limits of the World : Not that the Poet had any Design they should be made use of ; but Mr. *Milton* had described *Compasses*, upon this very Occasion : And our Author was resolv'd to be up with him.

*Thro' the black Bosom of the empty Space,
The Gulph confesses th' Omnipotent Embrace :
And pregnant grown, with Elemental Seed,
Unfinish'd Orbs, and Worlds in Embryo, breed.*

T a

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To suspend a short Remark, on the manifest Contradiction of these two Ideas ———
The Drawing out with a Pair of Compasses,
 ——— *And the Begetting, by Embraces,* ———
 I challenge the whole Tribe of Critick-Haters throughout *Europe*, to match this last Image with any thing so indecent, so improper, so ill-express'd, and, indeed, so almost blasphemous, and extravagant !

BUT, that no Cause of Complaint may disturb the Lovers of *Variety*, whoever likes not one Image, shall have a Dozen new ones, to make Choice of. ——— The Author, to do him Justice, is no Niggard of his Fancy : We are, all, kindly welcome to it, as far as it will go : And He, that desires more, is too unreasonable in all Conscience.

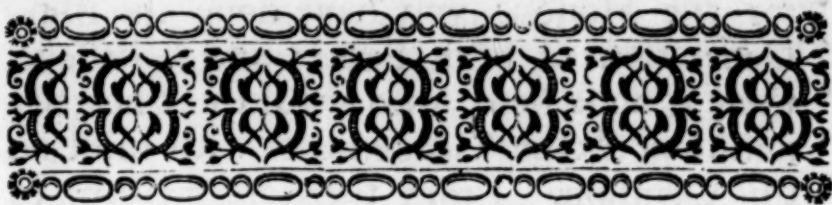
*From the Crude Mass th' Omniscient Architect
 For ev'ry Part, Materials did select :
 And with a Master Hand, the World erect. }
 Labour'd by him, &c. —
 By His cementing Words, the Parts cohere :
 And rolls, by His impulsive Nod, in Air.*

I AM sorry I have not Room to entertain my Reader with the whole ; but *we may measure Hercules, by his Foot.* ——— One of your creeping narrow, Genius's, Creatures, who stand in Awe of the *Criticks*, wou'd never have been capable of half this luxuriant Fullness ! nay, They might have been silly enough to suppose it blameable ! By which
 pusil-

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pufilanimous *Fear* of theirs, the Reader must have lost the Sublimity of these fine Ideas, Of His Creator, at one, and the same Time, *measuring* the World with a Pair of *Compasses*, — Omnipotently *Embracing* it — Impregnating it with *Seed* — *Breeding* Orbs in *Embryo* — *Picking Materials* from the Crude Mass — *Erecting* it, with a Master-Hand — *Labouring* it — *Cementing* it — *Nodding* at it — And setting it a *rolling*.

SHAMEFULL Heap of Inconsistencies ! — Are Images, that should elevate the Soul of Man, to an Astonishment, at His *Maker's* Power, in creating, with a *Word*, the Heavens, and the Earth, and All, that is in them all ! Are Images, *fit for This*, to be borrow'd from the Pains, and Postures, of a Common *Labourer* ? Had not he a nobler Lesson before him ? And does not *Moses* inform him, that, when God saith, *Let there be Light, there WAS Light* ? — But such as These, are the Effects of maintaining *War*, against *Criticks* : And the prodigious, and unbounded Difference between these two Gentlemens Performances, upon One and the Same Subject, may convince the *Self-sufficient*, That it is not a *dancing Brain*, a wild, *eruptive*, *Fancy*, that can qualify a Man to be a *Poet* ; though it serves, well enough, to *set him a going*, as a *Scribbler*.



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*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*

H O R.

MONDAY, *September 28. 1724.*

THE following Letter, from the Gentleman, who oblig'd me with a former, from *Edinburgh*, will speak so excellently for *Itself*; that the kindest Thing I can do for my Reader, will be, to say nothing concerning it, which may detain him from the Pleasure of perusing it.

Edinburgh, Sept. the 8th. 1724.

S I R,

‘ YOUR Paper of *Friday* the 28th. of
‘ *August*, is arrived in *North-Britain*,
‘ and has occasioned much Speculation; but
‘ all its Readers are sensibly obliged, by the
‘ Respect

‘ Respect you have shewn our Country, and
 ‘ for the Honour you have done the rising
 ‘ Generation of both Sexes; and I believe,
 ‘ there is none here, who would not heartily
 ‘ join their Acknowledgements with mine on
 ‘ this Occasion. I may therefore presume to
 ‘ thank you in the Name of all my Country-
 ‘ men, who may not use the Freedom to
 ‘ write to you: But the Gentlemen of the
 ‘ *Grotesque Club*, whom you have so remark-
 ‘ ably distinguish’d, must represent their
 ‘ Sentiments, in a better Manner than I can;
 ‘ and I will not pretend to speak their Sense,
 ‘ or anticipate their Gratitude.

‘ GIVE me Leave, SIR, only to express
 ‘ my Mind in the Sequel. You have brought
 ‘ me under strong Obligations to you, by
 ‘ the Notice you have taken of my Letter.
 ‘ And since you seem to promise to yourself,
 ‘ and the World, some Intelligence from
 ‘ this Quarter, by means of my propos’d
 ‘ Correspondence; I cannot but use my En-
 ‘ deavours, to answer, in some Measure,
 ‘ your Expectations. You have fix’d me,
 ‘ SIR, in the Character of your *Northern*
 ‘ *Spy*, and you may depend upon my most
 ‘ watchful Fidelity.

‘ *EDINBURGH* being our *Metropolis*,
 ‘ and the Place of my Residence, must be
 ‘ the chief Scene of Action, and the Date
 ‘ of your Intelligence from *North-Britain*.
 ‘ Here is a vast Variety of Humours, Cu-
 ‘ stoms, Manners, and Conversation, to be
 ‘ con-

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‘ considered. Many Things happen in this
‘ Place, that are worthy your Knowledge as
‘ a PLAIN-DEALER. Some deserve Praise
‘ and Admiration, others Displeasure and
‘ Reprehension; both Regards may be use-
‘ ful, either as Examples provoking Emula-
‘ tion; or, as Reasons, warning from Dan-
‘ ger: And sure, your Judgment, SIR,
‘ cannot err, in the Improvement and Ap-
‘ plication, of any Accounts I send you.

‘ I BEG leave to lay before you, several
‘ of the Advantages, and Disadvantages of
‘ our good Town, before I descend to Private
‘ Life.

‘ WE are blest with an able and active
‘ *Magistracy*. Most of Those intrusted with
‘ with the Superintendency of the City, are
‘ Gentlemen of Breeding and Letters, and
‘ all have a Bent of Mind, that favours the
‘ Publick Grandeur and Emolument. It seems
‘ to be the united Ambition of our Magistrates
‘ to adorn the Place, and by rendring it more
‘ beautiful and commodious, to invite new
‘ Inhabitants, to increase its Treasure and
‘ Revenue. They would surmount all the
‘ Difficulties it labours under, by a Superio-
‘ rity of Genius: And, as they appear true
‘ Friends to the Publick Interest, in respect
‘ of *Trade*; they are not wanting in giving
‘ Countenance and Encouragement to *Arts*
‘ and *Sciences*. Politeness thrives under their
‘ Influence, and some of them set an Ex-
‘ ample of it to the Youth, in their own
‘ Practice

‘ Practice and Behaviour. Here, SIR, are
 ‘ few cloudy, heavy-headed Aldermen,
 ‘ whose Length of Wigs and Gowns, is their
 ‘ sole Mark of Dignity. You would take our
 ‘ *Provosts* for First Ministers, and our *Bailies*
 ‘ for Courtiers. I have seen *Statesmen*, make
 ‘ a worse Figure than our *Deacons*, and
 ‘ heard as good Speeches in the *Town-Council*
 ‘ at *Edinburgh*, as at the Council-Board of
 ‘ *Great-Britain*. I wish all our *Peers* had
 ‘ Abilities equal to some of our *Weavers*,
 ‘ and that every *Clergyman*, had half the
 ‘ Grace of some *Bonnet-Makers* of our
 ‘ City.

‘ BUT, SIR, you know there is no *Body-*
 ‘ *Politick*, perfect; many Things are wanting,
 ‘ to make our City more flourishing and fam’d.
 ‘ And, perhaps, the greatest Misfortune we
 ‘ labour under, is Faction and Party. This,
 ‘ SIR, discourages many noble Purposes,
 ‘ and baffles glorious Undertakings. Self-
 ‘ Love, Pride and Ambition, prevail every-
 ‘ where, and sway all Men, more or less :
 ‘ These are natural to all Creatures. The
 ‘ Oldest Cock is Lord of the Roost, and the
 ‘ strongest Bull is *Grand Seignior* in his green
 ‘ *Seraglio*; the eldest Buck is Tyrant of the
 ‘ Park, and, from his Strength and his Horns
 ‘ claims a Right to be Chief in Power ;
 ‘ and, no doubt, but every individual Crea-
 ‘ ture, of every Species, with the same Force,
 ‘ would seek and exercise the same Jurisdic-
 ‘ tion. But Men are remarkably distinguished,
 ‘ by

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‘ by their Love of Precedency, and often
‘ add, to their natural Desire of Governing,
‘ a certain low-spirited Spleen and Malice.
‘ Our worthy Magistrates, meet with more
‘ Opposition and Discouragment, from little
‘ Pretenders to their Place and Authority,
‘ than from any other Cause. If the Town-
‘ Council, beholds not *Macro*, with the same
‘ Partiality, with which he considers himself,
‘ he wonders at their Blindness, and grows
‘ *peevish* upon it.; for the Root of the Spleen,
‘ is often *Pride disappointed*. Some carry it
‘ farther than mere *Envy*, by labouring to
‘ undermine and depose those who are above
‘ them, and commonly the greater the Merit
‘ is, the more obnoxious to Ill-will and Re-
‘ proaches. As the *Red Dragon* pursued the
‘ Woman in the *Revelation*, Faction or Pri-
‘ vate Malice, pursues the most deserving
‘ Man; and when it cannot overtake him,
‘ it opens its Mouth, and *throws a Flood*
‘ *after him* : People who have not Merit to
‘ rise themselves, would at least level others.
‘ And what has often been my greatest Won-
‘ der, in this Case, is, that most of our little
‘ Jars, are created and carried on by our
‘ *Clergy*. Priest-Craft is here, as *Infallible*
‘ as it is at *Rome*, and our *Popes* are as *abso-*
‘ *lute*, to the full Extent of their *Parishes*.
‘ For my own Part, I have neither Personal
‘ Partiality for any of the present Magistrates,
‘ nor Prejudice against their Adversaries : I
‘ never had, nor ever needed the Favour of any

' of them. I speak my Sense freely, and
 ' it is the Result of just Reflexion, and Ob-
 ' servation. And I heartily wish, I had
 ' not such Ground, to expole the Spirits of
 ' any of my Neighbours, to the *Plain-Dealer*.
 ' But what a Pity is it, that Faction should
 ' deface the Publick Good? And how vile,
 ' to plot the Downfal, or calumniate the
 ' Fame of Those, whose Power is their Coun-
 ' try's Blessing?

' My Concern for the Place of my Birth,
 ' has carried me farther than I ought to have
 ' allow'd myself Liberty; but as I am not
 ' to touch this Subject again, you will have the
 ' Goodness to excuse, what I judg'd, in some
 ' respects, to be requisite.

' I SHOULD not neglect giving you an
 ' Account of the State of *Trade* in this Place
 ' nor ought I to pass over in Silence, the
 ' *University* and *College of Justices*. Many
 ' of the *Clergy* too, deserve their Praises, and
 ' must, upon some Occasions, come under
 ' Consideration: But being unwilling to tire
 ' your Patience, and huddle my Materials
 ' too much together, I will conclude this
 ' Letter, when I have acquainted you with
 ' what the *Ladies* would have *most known*, and
 ' what every Body here would be glad to
 ' have your Opinion of: I mean, The FAIR
 ' ASSEMBLY. This, SIR, consists of our
 ' best-bred Ladies, of different Qualities and
 ' Ages: 'Tis but a late Institution, and at
 ' first, was thought to be a proper Theme
 ' for

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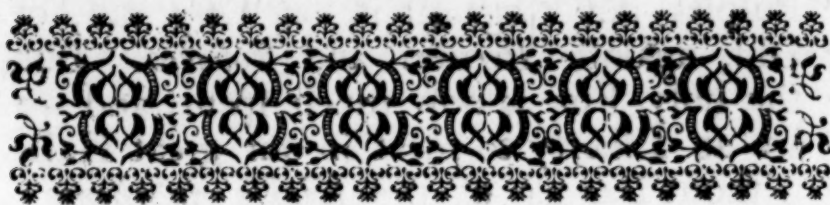
‘ for our *Pastors* Sunday Sermons; all our
‘ Pulpits rail’d against it, as they did, of
‘ Old, against *Perukes* and *Tobacco*. But
‘ the holy Fire is now much spent, and we
‘ are at Liberty to meet in our great Hall,
‘ without Danger of the *Kirk’s Anathema*;
‘ nay, some of the Wives and Daughters of
‘ the *Sanctified*, begin of late, to grace our
‘ Fellowship. For my own Part, I despair
‘ not to see the *Reverend* themselves, eating
‘ Sweatmeats in our Company: And mixing
‘ innocently, in our Country Dances. And
‘ I own, notwithstanding they are worthy
‘ Ladies, of undisputed Virtue and Honour,
‘ who preside over the *Fair Assembly*, I should
‘ be better pleased to see at our Head, a
‘ *Moderator* from the *General One*. Slander
‘ and Detraction would fly before him, and
‘ innocent Freedom, and Christian Commu-
‘ nion wou’d be cherished by his Influence.
‘ Husbands would allow their Wives to go
‘ into Company, without Jealousy, and Parants
‘ send their Daughters, without fear of their
‘ leaving behind them any thing, that they
‘ ought to bring back again. But till that
‘ *Halcyon Day* arrives, we must be contented
‘ with the want of *Sanction*, and dance, and
‘ drink Tea without them. I shall say more
‘ of our *Fair Assembly* hereafter, and at pre-
‘ sent only subscribe myself,

Sage SIR, *Your Trusty Spy,*
 And Humble Servant,

FERGUS BRUCE.

H h 2

The



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*Virtutem incolumem odimus
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi. HOR.*

FRIDAY, October 2. 1724.

To the Author of the PLAIN-DEALER.

SIR,

Sept. 21. 1724.

‘ I RETURN you Thanks for the Pleasure
‘ which I have received from several of
‘ your *Plain Dealers*, and particularly from
‘ that which you lately published concerning
‘ *Detraction*, which could never have obliged
‘ the World at a more seasonable Juncture;
‘ because, as you justly observe, Slander was
‘ never so prevailing, as ’tis at present, and
‘ never so insupportable.

‘ *DETRACTION*, or *Slander*, or *Calumny*,
‘ call it by what Name you please, is, for
‘ the most part, begot by *Knaves*, and nou-
‘ rish’d, and maintain’d, by *Fools*; and the
‘ more

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‘ more Fools and Knaves, there are, in a
 ‘ Nation, the more must Slander flourish in
 ‘ it ; but the more corrupt and degenerate a
 ‘ Nation grows, the more Fools and Knaves
 ‘ must abound in it. Now, whether this
 ‘ Nation was ever so corrupt and degenerate,
 ‘ as it is at present, I leave to others to de-
 ‘ termine.

‘ THE Fools, and Knaves, of either Sex,
 ‘ have a natural Aversion to *Merit*, and
 ‘ when they are neither able, nor willing, to
 ‘ reach a Height, to which others, more
 ‘ befriended by Nature, and more beloved
 ‘ by Heaven, have attained, they constantly
 ‘ endeavour, with all their Might, to bring
 ‘ the envied Object down to their own Pitch :
 ‘ And, the more extraordinary the *Merit* is,
 ‘ the greater is the *Envy*, and the stronger the
 ‘ Efforts, which it makes, to blacken the
 ‘ Deserving : Which has occasioned a famous
 ‘ Observer of Mankind to say, That when-
 ‘ ever he *hears* a great deal of *Ill* said of
 ‘ any one, and sees none at all in him, he be-
 ‘ gins to suspect, that *That* Person has a
 ‘ troublesome and offensive *Merit*, which
 ‘ eclipses that of others.

‘ As soon as a Knave has invented a
 ‘ Slander, a Fool cries out, *There must be*
 ‘ *something in it*, — *There is no Smoak with-*
 ‘ *out Fire* : Which is as much as to say, that
 ‘ there can be no such Thing as *Slander* ; or,
 ‘ that no Slander can be *propagated* ; which
 ‘ is equally contrary to common Sense, and

‘ to constant Matter of Fact. — How
 ‘ different an Opinion of this Matter, had
 ‘ the judicious, and penetrating, *La Bruyere*,
 ‘ who tells us, That *the Reverse of what is*
 ‘ *commonly reported, concerning Persons, or*
 ‘ *Things, is what may reasonably be believ’d of*
 ‘ *either.*

‘ THERE is another musty Proverb, made
 ‘ use of in the Propagation of *Slander*, which
 ‘ is mention’d in your last Paper, *viz. That,*
 ‘ *what Every-Body says, must be true.* —
 ‘ If they, who pronounce *this*, meant, that
 ‘ *Every thing must be True which has the univer-*
 ‘ *sal Consent of Mankind*, there might, per-
 ‘ haps, be something in it ; but, alas ! their
 ‘ Meaning is vastly different : They only in-
 ‘ fer, That *when a Report, or Opinion, in any*
 ‘ *Place, so far prevails, as to become, in that*
 ‘ *Place, general, that Report, or Opinion,*
 ‘ *must be true.* So that, in the Notion of
 ‘ these Gentlemen, If *Calumny*, at any
 ‘ Time, so far prevails, as to become *General*,
 ‘ ’tis no longer *Calumny*, but *Truth* ; and a
 ‘ sure Consequence of this Doctrine is, That
 ‘ *Popery is the best Religion at Rome, and*
 ‘ *Mahometism at Constantinople.*

‘ BUT, how little do they, who talk, at
 ‘ this Rate, know, either of the Frailty, or
 ‘ Malignity, of Human Nature, or the
 ‘ Transactions of their own Times, or the
 ‘ Records of preceding ones ? Some of the
 ‘ best, and most deserving Persons, both
 ‘ among Ancients, and Moderns, have labour’d
 ‘ under

‘ under general Calumny; under Calumnies
 ‘ which were not only inconsistent with com-
 ‘ mon Sense, but were directly contradictory
 ‘ of those Virtues, and great Qualities, for
 ‘ which they had long been eminent, and for
 ‘ which some of them have been celebrated,
 ‘ by *Twenty succeeding Centuries*; and tho’
 ‘ the Truth was so manifestly on their Side,
 ‘ yet some of these, and those of the *most*
 ‘ *deserving*, have been quite *oppress’d* by such
 ‘ Calumnies; as *Socrates*, and *Phocion*, a-
 ‘ mong the *Græcians*. — Among the *Ro-*
 ‘ *mans*, *Camillus*, and *Coriolanus*. —
 ‘ *SOCRATES*, the most Religious, and most
 ‘ Virtuous, of all the *Athenians*, was con-
 ‘ demn’d, and excuted, as an *Atheist*, and a
 ‘ *Corrupter of Youth*. Among the *Jews*,
 ‘ the Prophets were *ston’d*, and *Jesus Christ*,
 ‘ Himself, was crucify’d as an *Imposter*, and
 ‘ a *Blasphemer*.

‘ You have, very justly observ’d, That
 ‘ Detraction brings most Disquiet, to those
 ‘ who are most above it. — You may say
 ‘ such Things, without any Consequence,
 ‘ to a worthless Fellow, as will blow a
 ‘ Man of Honour into a Flame, not to be
 ‘ quench’d, but by Blood. But, if such
 ‘ Injuries are so insupportable, to a Man of
 ‘ Honour, when they come from one single
 ‘ Person, provok’d, perhaps, by some ima-
 ‘ ginary Offence, and quite frantick, with
 ‘ Passion, and Wine; what Impressions must
 ‘ they not make, when they are whisper’d

‘ in cold Blood, by a Number of different
 ‘ Persons? Such Slanders obstruct the Pro-
 ‘ gress of Arts, the Advancement of Learn-
 ‘ ing, and the Growth of Virtues, by the
 ‘ killing Impressions, which they make, on
 ‘ Individuals. — I wish you would proceed
 ‘ to show, what Disorder they bring to Families
 ‘ and what Desolation to States. *Hannibal*
 ‘ was undone, and *Carthage* was ruin’d, by
 ‘ the malicious *Slanders* of *Hanno*; and the
 ‘ Duke of *Marlborough*’s unparallel’d Victories
 ‘ cou’d not defend him against Ingratitude,
 ‘ while the Malice of his Slanderers met with
 ‘ Countenance from Men in *Power*, who,
 ‘ being, privately, his Enemies, had not
 ‘ *Soul* enough to sacrifice their *little Spleen* to
 ‘ the Love of their *Country*’s *Glory*.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant.

A. B.

DETRACTION is an Evil, which, how-
 ever hateful in its Nature, the World must
 always expect to abound with. And, there-
 fore, since my Correspondent has written so
 much, and so well, in Detestation of this un-
 generous Weakness, all I will add, upon
 the Subject, shall be, to advise those who
 suffer under the Severity of its Consequences,
 rather to *despise*, than *complain* of it. To
 which End, they wou’d do well to reflect on
 the

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the Answer of the Philosopher, whom his Friends were urging to contrive some publick Means, whereby to redẽem himself from the Disgrace which he suffer'd, under the Malice of some busy Slanderers. — *They who love me, said he, will give no Credit to malicious Rumours, to my Disadvantage: And, as for those who hate me, I will live, in a Manner so contrary to what they believe of me, that I will make 'em asham'd of their Credulity.*

THAT very Socrates, which my Correspondent so justly produces, as one of the most glorious of all the *Victims to Slander*, triumph'd over it, in the very Current and full Force, of its Influence. For when *Aristophanes*, in his Comedy, call'd, *The Clouds*, had expos'd this great, and virtuous Sufferer, with the utmost Bitterness of witty Malice, to the publick Spleen of the *Athenians*, Socrates came, in Person, to see the Comedy acted; and, taking his Place in the most remarkable Part of the Theatre, stood up, and exposing himself to the Observation of the whole Audience, told 'em, aloud, when the Play was over, that, *They had been at a merry Feast, where He was serv'd up, for their Entertainment; nor was he angry, to have been their standing Dish, because the Aversion which some had brought with them, wou'd last no longer than till they had tasted him.*

SINCE it is inseparable from Merit, to be expos'd to Envy, and Envy necessarily produces Slander, there is no hoping to live
free,

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free, from the Effects of this pernicious *Calumny*. But, next to not feeling it the most desirable Strength of Mind, is, *Not to appear to feel it.* — One of these is out of our Reach; the other we may attain, by Force of Reason, and Resolution: And its prettily observ'd, in *Ælian*, (asserting that Defamation sinks deepest in weak Natures) *The Slander of the Strong is like Water thrown against a Wall; but the Slander of the Weak is like the Wall thrown into Water.*

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

SIR,

Sept. 19. 1724.

‘ **T**HE Lady, who was the Occasion of
 ‘ my Writing the Song I have sent
 ‘ you, has Merit enough to justify me, both
 ‘ as a *Lover*, and an *Author*. — When
 ‘ you have Room for it in your Paper, you’ll
 ‘ oblige me if you publish it.

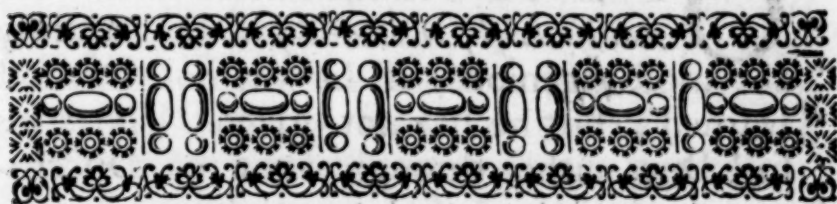
I am,

Your very Humble Servant,

PHILANDER.

O Love! thou never-absent Thought!
 Thou only Purpose of the Mind!
 All are to thy Subjection brought,
 Yet, not One Rebel canst thou find:
 Thou God! who dealst out every Human Lot!
 Whose Pow’r decrees, who’s Happy, and who not.
 Reign

Reign still, thus Mighty, as thou art !
 I wish not Liberty restor'd :
 For the bright Idol of my Heart
 Was born to Rule, and be Ador'd !
 But, oh ! the Passion which you raise, protect !
 Nor let such Truth be blasted by Neglect !



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— *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* VIRG.

MONDAY, October 5. 1724.

I HAVE lately received a Letter containing some Remarks on the Battle of the Angels, as 'tis describ'd by *Milton* in the VIth Book of his *Paradise Lost*, and I thought I could not find a more proper Occasion of publishing that Letter, than just after the Feast of *St. Michael*, on the 29th of the last Month, which was set apart by the Church to celebrate the Victory which that Arch-Angel got over *Lucifer*, and his rebellious Crew. I make no Doubt, but it will appear

pear, that *Milton*, by the Account which he has given of that Victory, has gained a very glorious one himself, and has carried away the Praise of Sublimity from all Poets, both Antient and Modern.

S I R,

‘ **O** F all the Commentators on the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. *Addison* was certainly the most ingenious, if he was not the most learned; but he has not given *Milton* his full Due, either through want of Discernment, or want of Impartiality. In the 17th Page of the small Edition of his Notes upon the *Paradise Lost*, he has these Words of the Author:

‘ *MILTON’S* chief Talent, and, indeed, his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other Part of Poetry; but in the Greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets, both Moderns and Antients, Homer only excepted.

‘ B U T as when a Man departs from Truth, which is the only Bond of Union and Agreement, both of our Sentiments with those of others, and of our Sentiments with themselves, he is ready immediately to differ from, and to grow inconsistent with himself; Mr. *Addison*, who expressly here

‘ here either equals or prefers *Homer*, for the
 ‘ Greatness of his Sentiments, before *Milton*,
 ‘ contradicts himself at least, no less than
 ‘ twice in the Course of his Observations :
 ‘ For, says he, in the 7th Page of the fore-
 ‘ said Edition, *There is an indisputable and un-*
 ‘ *questioned Magnificence in every Part of Pa-*
 ‘ *radise Lost, and, indeed, a much greater*
 ‘ *than could have been formed upon any Pagan*
 ‘ *System.* Now if there is a greater Magni-
 ‘ ficence in every Part of *Milton’s* Poem,
 ‘ there is by Consequence a greater Sublimity,
 ‘ than there is in the *Iliad*, which was form-
 ‘ ed upon a *Pagan* System.

‘ AGAIN in the 92d Page of the forefaid
 ‘ Edition, Mr. *Addison*, speaking of the
 ‘ Excellence of *Milton’s* Performance in
 ‘ the Sixth Book of his Poem, delivers him-
 ‘ self thus :

‘ *MILTON’S* Genius, which was so great
 ‘ in itself, and so strengthened by all the Helps
 ‘ of Learning, appears in this Book every way
 ‘ equal to his Subject, which is the most sublime
 ‘ that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet.

‘ NOW, SIR, if *Milton’s* Subject is the
 ‘ most sublime that could enter into the
 ‘ Thoughts of a Poet, and his Genius is
 ‘ every way equal to his Subject, it follows,
 ‘ That *Milton* is more exalted than any Poet
 ‘ who has not a Subject so elevated, and,
 ‘ consequently, than *Homer*, or any other
 ‘ Poet antient or modern. ‘ BUT

‘ BUT, as in the 91st Page of the foresaid
 ‘ Comment, Mr. *Addison* takes a great deal
 ‘ of Pains to shew the Greatness of one par-
 ‘ ticular Passage of *Homer*, and to describe
 ‘ it, after *Longinus*, in all those chosen Cir-
 ‘ cumstances, which may make it appear to be
 ‘ noble and exalted, which Pains he has not
 ‘ taken with any other Passage, we may rea-
 ‘ sonably conclude, that he believed this to
 ‘ be the most lofty of any that are in the
 ‘ Works of *Homer*, as indeed it really is :
 ‘ Now, as there is a Passage in the 6th Book of
 ‘ *Paradise Lost*, which was produced upon a
 ‘ parallel Occasion, let us see if we cannot
 ‘ find by comparing them, for the Honour
 ‘ of our Country, that the Passage of our
 ‘ *Briton*, is as much superior to that of the
 ‘ *Grecian*, as the Angels of the one are more
 ‘ potent than the other’s Gods, or as the *Em-
 ‘ pyrean* Heaven is more exalted than *Ossa*,
 ‘ *Pelion*, or *Olympus*.

‘ IN order to this, SIR, give me leave to
 ‘ lay before you the Words which Mr. *Addison*
 ‘ makes Use of to set forth the masterly Strokes
 ‘ of *Homer*. After he has told us, That there
 ‘ is no Question, but that *Milton* had heated
 ‘ his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods
 ‘ in *Homer*, before he entered upon the En-
 ‘ gagement of the Angels (of which, by the
 ‘ Way, I do not believe one Syllable : I
 ‘ would sooner believe the greatest Absurdities
 ‘ of the *Alcoran*) he is pleased to add what
 ‘ follows :

‘ HOMER

‘ *HOMER* there gives us a Scene of Men,
 ‘ *Heroes, and Gods, mixed together in Battle.*
 ‘ *Mars animates the contending Armies, and*
 ‘ *lifts up his Voice in such a Manner, that it*
 ‘ *is heard distinctly amidst all the Shouts and*
 ‘ *Confusion of the Fight. Jupiter at the same*
 ‘ *Time thunders over their Heads ; while Nep-*
 ‘ *tune raises such a Tempest, that the whole*
 ‘ *Field of Battle, and all the Tops of the*
 ‘ *Mountains, shake about them. The Poet tells*
 ‘ *us, That Pluto himself, whose Habitation*
 ‘ *was in the very Center of the Earth, was*
 ‘ *so affrighted at the Shock, that he leap’d from*
 ‘ *his Throne. Homer afterwards describes*
 ‘ *Vulcan, as pouring down a Storm of Fire*
 ‘ *upon the River Xanthus ; and Minerva, as*
 ‘ *throwing a Rock at Mars, who he tells us*
 ‘ *covered Seven Acres in his Fall.*

‘ *WITH* these imaginary *ne plus ultra’s*
 ‘ *had Mr. Addison so filled his Capacity, that*
 ‘ *when Ten thousand greater Beauties are be-*
 ‘ *fore his Eyes, he stops short of them, and*
 ‘ *never in the least discerns them, as you will*
 ‘ *see immediately ; for thus he goes on :*

‘ *AS* *Homer* has introduced into his Battle
 ‘ *of the Gods every Thing that is great and ter-*
 ‘ *rible in Nature, Milton has filled his Fight*
 ‘ *of good and bad Angels. with all the like Cir-*
 ‘ *cumstances of Horror. The Shout of Armies,*
 ‘ *the Rattling of brazen Chariots, the Hurling of*
 ‘ *Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire,*
 ‘ *the*

‘ the Thunder, are all of them employed to lift up
‘ the Reader’s Imagination, and give him a
‘ suitable Idea of so great an Action. With
‘ what Art doth the Poet represent the whole
‘ Body of the Earth trembling, even before it
‘ was created?

‘ Thus, with this very pretty trifling Remark, does Mr. *Addison* stop short, within the very Touch of one of the vastest, and the sublimest Beauties, that ever was inspired by the God of Verse, or by *Milton’s* Godlike Genius; when the very next Lines, the very next Words, strike and astonish us with such wonderful Ideas, as are able to lift up the Reader’s Imagination to a Thousand Times a greater Height, than either the Shout of Armies, the Rattling of brazen Chariots, the Hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, or the Thunder. But that these Beauties may be seen in all their Lustre, and in all their Glory, give me leave to set the whole Passage before you.

*Th' Arch-Angel's Trumpet through the Vast of
(Heav'n*

Resounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid Shock ; now storming Fury rose,
And Clamour, such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never ; Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd
Horrible Discord, and the madding Wheels

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*Of brazen Chariots rag'd; Dire was the Noise
Of Conflict : Over-head the dismal Hiss
Of fiery Darts, in flaming Vollies, flew,
And, flying, vaulted either Host with Fire.
So, under fiery Cope, together rush'd
Both Battles main, with ruinous Assault,
And inextinguishable Rage : All Heav'n
Resounded ; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her Center shook : What Wonder ! when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either Side, the least of whom could wield
These Elements, and arm him with the Force
Of all the Regions ?*

‘ BUT now, Sir, if Millions of fierce
‘ encountring Angels fought on either Side,
‘ and the very least, the very weakest of so
‘ many Millions, had Power to rend this
‘ Globe of Earth and Ocean from its Axle,
‘ and whirl it, with its dependent Atmo-
‘ sphere, through the Æthereal Regions, what
‘ must be the unutterable, the inconceivable
‘ Effect of so many Millions furiously con-
‘ tending against each other, and each of them
‘ exerting all his Might for Victory ? When,

————— *Each on himself relied,
As only on His Arm the Moment lay
Of Victory.*

‘ THESE are amazing, these are astonish-
‘ ing Ideas, worthy of the great Original
‘ Fight, the Battle of the *Empyrean*.

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‘ BUT now, Sir, if the least, if the
‘ weakest of so many Millions, as fought
‘ on either Side, had Strength to remove this
‘ Globe of Earth, with its dependent Ele-
‘ ments, what could not the greatest of them?
‘ what could not *Lucifer*? what could not
‘ the Prince of the Arch-Angels, *Michael’s*
‘ next-to-Almighty Arm, do? The follow-
‘ ing Lines, and our own Reflections on them
‘ may a little help to inform us.

— *Long time in even Scale*
The Battle hung, till Satan, who, that Day,
Prodigious Pow’r had shewn, and met in Arms
No Equal, ranging through the dire Attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus’d, at length
Saw where the Sword of Michael smote, and fell’d
Squadrons, at once.

‘ BUT, now, Sir, of whom were these
‘ Squadrons? Why,

Squadrons of those the least of whom could wield
These Elements, and arm him with the Force
Of all their Regions.

‘ WHAT must the Power of that Arch-
‘ Angel be, who, with one Stroke of his
‘ Sword, could fell whole Squadrons of those,

The least of whom could wield these Elements,
And arm him with the Force of all their Regions?

‘ BUT

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‘ BUT let us proceed to the Combat of
‘ the Two Arch-Angels, and we shall see
‘ something more, in a Passage that is won-
‘ derfully sublime, and worthy the Mouth
‘ of the Angel who relates it.

*They ended Parle, and both addrest for Fight
Unspeakable: for who, though with the Tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what Things
Likeness on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human Imagination to such Height
Of Godlike Power? For likest Gods they seem’d,
Stood they, or mov’d; in Stature, Motion, Arms,
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav’n.
Now wav’d their fiery Swords, and in the Air
Made horrid Circles; Two broad Suns their Shields
Blaz’d opposite, while Expectation stood
In Horror; from each Hand, with Speed, retir’d,
Where erst was thickest Fight, th’ Angelic Throng,
And left large Field, unsafe within the Wind
Of such Commotion.*

‘ NOW who were these that retir’d with
‘ so much Speed, and could not bear the very
‘ Wind of the Weapons of the Two Arch-
‘ Angels, and were threatned with Destruct-
‘ ion by their very Motion? Why, this An-
‘ gelick Throng were the same whom the
‘ Angel mentioned above;

*The least of whom could wield these Elements,
And arm him with the Force of all their Regions.*

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‘ So that we find, computing by just
 ‘ Proportion, that *Michael* the Prince of the
 ‘ Arch-Angels, or *Lucifer* before his Fall,
 ‘ had Might enough to confound and destroy
 ‘ in a Moment the whole Dominion of the
 ‘ Sun, to crush all the Planetary World de-
 ‘ pending on him, and whirling them through
 ‘ the immense Regions of the Sky, to scat-
 ‘ ter and disperse them in empty infinite Space.
 ‘ These, Sir, are vast, these are prodigious
 ‘ Conceptions ; and the Poet was so sensible
 ‘ that his Genius, though mighty as ever
 ‘ was that of a Mortal, and seeming to be
 ‘ inspir’d by that very Angel whom he intro-
 ‘ duces relating this ; he was so sensible that
 ‘ his Genius sunk under his vast Conceptions,
 ‘ that when he compares the Two contending
 ‘ Arch-Angels, to Two Planetary Worlds
 ‘ broke loose, and crushing and confounding
 ‘ each other, and sees this Image so vast in
 ‘ itself, and yet so little answering to his
 ‘ vaster Idea, he finds himself oblig’d to ex-
 ‘ press himself as follows.

*From each Hand with Speed retir’d
 Whereerst was thickest Fight, th’ Angelick Throng,
 And left large Field, unsafe within the Wind
 Of such Commotion : Such as, to set forth
 Great Things by small, if Nature’s Concord broke
 And War among the Constellations sprung,
 Two Planets, rushing with Aspect malign
 Of fiercest Opposition, in Mid-Sky
 Should combat, and their jarring Spheres confound.*

‘ T H E

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‘ THE Conflict of Two Worlds crushing
‘ and confounding each other, appear’d but
‘ trivial and light to him, to express his Idea
‘ of the Combat of the Two Arch-Angels ;
‘ And therefore he says, that he’s oblig’d to
‘ *set forth Great Things by Small.*

‘ WHAT immediately follows, accounts
‘ for all this, and is transcendently Sublime.

*Together both, with next-to-Almighty-Arm,
Uplifted, imminent, one Stroke they aim’d,
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of Power at once.*

‘ THAT Expression, *With next-to-Almigh-*
‘ *ty Arm*, includes more than the Thoughts
‘ of the greatest Reader can ever comprehend ;
‘ which recalls to the best of my Remem-
‘ brance, that noble, that wonderful Image,
‘ which the Poet gives of *Satan*, in the Se-
‘ cond Book of this exalted Poem.

*The Stygian Council thus dissolv’d, and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers,
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem’d
Alone th’ Antagonist of Heav’n.*

‘ I DEFY any one to name any Thing so
‘ sublime in *Homer*, as the latter End of this
‘ Passage above.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SIR,

I HAVE been so long conversant with
 you, and have so just a Knowledge of
 you, that I make no Doubt but that you
 are charm'd with these sovereign and im-
 mortal Beauties of *Milton*. But if any one
 into whose Hands this Letter may happen
 to fall, should think, that these vast Con-
 ceptions of so great a Genius, are rather
 extravagant and temerarious, than noble
 and sublime; I desire, that he would con-
 sider the Gradation of animal Beings which
 we find here below; what a prodigious,
 what an indefinite Distance is there, between
 a Mite and a Man? Yet, Man, who is
 a Creature, so frail, so impotent, so ignorant
 of himself, compar'd to a Mite, is a
 God, for Greatness, for Wisdom, for Power.
 Now can there be such a monstrous Chasm
 in Creation, as that there should be no De-
 grees of thoughtful Beings, between such
 an impotent, ignorant, wretched Creature
 as Man, and an eternal, independent, in-
 finite, omnipotent Being? No, certainly,
 there are Degrees of thinking Creatures be-
 tween us and Infinity, which as much excel
 our Species in Wisdom, in Goodness, in
 Beauty, in Power, as a Man surpasses a
 Mite. And 'tis reasonable to believe, that
 even among those glorious and powerful Be-
 ings, there are unutterable Degrees of Wis-
 dom

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‘ dom and Greatness, and Beauty, and Glory,
‘ and Power. As God, by his Vicegerents
‘ governs this sublunary World, so ’tis highly
‘ reasonable to believe, that by other Vice-
‘ gerents, he rules other Parts of the Universe;
‘ Vicegerents which are as far transcendent to
‘ these Earthly ones, as these surpass the
‘ Worm. In short, if there is such a Thing
‘ as an infinite Being, of which, nothing but
‘ Stupidity can doubt, there must be some-
‘ thing next to Infinity; and there must be
‘ something next to That : Let any one but
‘ consider what sort of Beings those must be ;
‘ Let any one but follow that Gradation, and
‘ that will justify *Milton*.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

*I am extremely sorry a Second Letter from my
fair Correspondent EUPHELIA, has prevented
what I designed to say with respect to her
First : But my next Paper shall be employed
upon the Subject of LUCINDA's Letter, which
I promised to consider at the same Time.*

The END of VOL. I.





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& Bond, & 2 contending Powers of
Light & Darkness. They wrote
turns, each 6 pages; & the character
of a work was observed regularly
to rise in Mr Hill's weeks, & fall
in Mr Bond's.

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